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THE MAN AND THE MILITANT

BY ALICE BROWN

I

ON an early June morning in London, Grace Harwich stood by a pillar box at the West End. She had dropped in an enclosure, and she now put out her hand again to the slit. This time it was for another envelope, somewhat thickish and blue-gray, and she tucked the corner in with a delicate concern that might have led you to think that she was an awkward person aware of her disabilities and trying to get the best of them. You would have said: 'There is a most charming young lady, evidently, from her dress and her carriage, an American, mailing her letters home.

But Gilbert Mills, the young man in the limousine that had been trailing her and now as softly stopped, was keeping an eye on the letter, not in any cursory way, but as if it held the news he feared or longed for. He stepped out of the car, took one stride that brought him to her elbow before she had time to do more than wince, and his hand fell on her wrist.

'You little sneak!' said he.

Grace looked at him in a perfect silence. She had not been quick enough to poke the letter in, and the hand upon her wrist had withdrawn it from the box. Unconsciously her thumb and

finger grasped it tighter, and a viscid fluid trailed out of the envelope and made a little meandering rivulet on the front of her gray dress, dripping thence to her perfect shoe. She had trained rigorously for this adventure, and the first article of her code had been that she must never scream. So she stood looking, with a grave and questioning composure, out of violet-blue eyes, at Gilbert who, having drawn his brows together and set his square jaw as if he meant to subjugate by every masculine device of facial power, also looked at her. He was an American, — her countryman, — and she knew that he loved her so completely that she made no doubt of his unfailing concurrence in her aims. As she had once expressed it to him, he really did see things her way. Then she had elaborated somewhat. For she knew, as he did, that he was n't merely, in an acquiescence to her charm or an involuntary sex-homage for the purpose of making it his own, seeing her way. They actually did look upon present life and the larger future with the same demands. They were safe in knowing that they were to be man and wife, although that finished conclusion in the mind of each had not yet been shared. Gilbert had only just come into his luck, and until he had he would not

ask, and Grace had waited with the utmost tranquillity, being only a little over twenty and having adventurous things to occupy her.

Gilbert still held her wrist and answered the clear interrogation of her eyes with that savage and dominating stare. But it did not dominate. She merely inquired, in a conversational tone, —

‘What are you grabbing me for?’

‘What,’ said Gilbert, ‘are you doing to the inside of that pillar box?’

A faint smile lifted the corners of her mouth. It was the lightest little signal from the woman in her to the man in him, and Gilbert saw it and approved.

‘Why, you know,’ said she. ‘The same thing we’ve done before.’

‘I knew They’d been doing it,’ said he, with a comprehensive jerk of the head, meant to indicate the entire female contingent of the British empire. ‘But what have you got to do with it?’

Her unflinching eyes held obvious reproach.

‘Why, Gil,’ said she, ‘what did Lafayette have to do with it when he came over to us and fought our battles?’

Gilbert lifted one foot and set it down with the emphasis of a stamp. That was all he could do as a natural expression of feeling, because he had begun to remember his own plan of campaign. The sight of an American girl playing rough house with an English pillar box had put it temporarily out of his head, and now he called upon himself to be not so much man as woman in guile and firmness fit to cope with the young desperado before him. She raised her brows with a look at once mandatory and pleading.

‘You’re holding my wrist awfully tight,’ said she.

But he did n’t loose it.

‘Grace,’ said he, ‘I’ve got a message for you.’

‘For me? From Uncle? Oh, piffle!

I shan’t go home. Auntie cabled the minute she found Mrs. Irvington had got to leave me unchaperoned. But I would n’t go. Of course I wouldn’t. Do you think I’m likely to quit my English sisters in bondage when I could —’

‘When you could put molasses — or what is the infernal stuff? — on your skirt? Well, whatever it is, so long as you could stick up love letters and checks and make butter-slides down Asquith’s stairs and hide gooseberry tarts in his bed and play the devil generally?’

He had, since he left the University at least, been leaning on the well-founded conviction that he was a clever young man, as clever as need be, even at this time of competitive scrambling and sophomoric recipes for the way it is ‘done’; but now he bit his lip in a savage self-reproach. He was not being nearly so clever as he had intended. Grace had the advantage of having taken her limitations into account and steadily allowing for them. He had n’t realized that he had any limitations at all.

‘But Gil,’ said she with the same mild dignity, though a slight twitching of the brow was meant to remind him that her wrist did indeed hurt her increasingly, ‘we are simply convincing the nation that we are a power in it.’

‘What’s the matter with staying at home and convincing your own nation?’ said Gilbert. ‘I don’t mean by butter-slides and stealing knockers —’

‘The need is greater here,’ she said gravely. ‘You really do hurt me very much.’

Somehow now it seemed as if the hurt referred not only to the excoriating wrist but to the discovery that he did not see things as she did. She seemed to break out, at one uncalculated bound, from the enclosure of her determined action.

'O Gil,' said she meltingly, 'I thought you were one of us.'

And he was melted, chiefly because he saw this was not artifice. She was indeed hurt to the soul to suspect a flaw in the oneness of their aims.

'I am,' said he. 'If you mean votes for women, of course I'm with you. Do you suppose I'd go back on Mother and Grandmother? to say nothing of you and the trend of things. Did n't I march in that infernal procession, and did n't I help you put up balloons on Palm Beach? Well, I should say! I've disgraced myself plenty, to prove it.'

'Thank you, Gil,' said she faintly. 'You've got an awful grip, have n't you? Is that Treherne in the car?'

She was indicating the leather-colored chauffeur who sat with his gaze set discreetly forward, waiting in a perfect stolidity, yet still, even to the casual gaze, with an air of tense readiness, as if he needed only the first syllable of the word to 'let her out' and cover the distance from Land's End to John o' Groat's. The still presence of Treherne and the certainty of his readiness brought Gilbert with a shock to a recognition of the way he was fumbling his own job. He summoned to his face a beautiful smile. He did it with the feeling of signaling wildly for reinforcements, and was grateful to his muscles when they answered him.

'Grace,' said he, 'I'm all there. I'm simply glad to see you. It's made me daffy. Had to take it out in kidding you. Now I'm in dead earnest. I've got a message for you.'

'Auntie?' she asked now with a faint concern. 'Nothing's happened?'

'No, not Auntie. I've had a conference with two of your leaders. Hang it, Grace! I'm not going to mention names, even at this hour, in the open street. Jump into the car and we'll tool round a little and I'll tell you about it there.'

'Surely,' said she; and then he did open his hand and free the ill-used wrist. She looked down at it ruefully and gave it a rub with the other hand. But she did not intermit her delicate grasp of the envelope.

'Here,' said Gilbert, 'give me that.' He plucked it from her, did it up in the morning paper Treherne respectfully proffered, and tossed it into the car. 'Let the devilish thing leak there all it wants to.'

Grace put her foot, in its slightly sticky shoe, in after it, and gave her pretty hop of pleasurable excitement to the seat. Gilbert knew that spring. It always meant, 'We're off,' and caught him in the throat because it seemed to indicate a longer journey to the peal of bells. They were seated now, and the car, as if Treherne had whispered the one magic word, shot forward, gliding on glass.

'You have n't told him where to go,' said Grace.

'He knows,' said Gilbert. He had taken out his handkerchief and was rubbing at her skirt in a frowning care. 'Look what you've done to your pretty dress!'

She laughed, a little burst of pleasure like the topmost drops of a fountain where they are colored by the sun.

'Now tell,' she said. 'You went to headquarters here. What for? You had my address.'

'I went for news,' said Gilbert. 'Don't forget I've got my own paper now. I really intended to ask for a set of articles on the situation, and I wanted a prominent person to do them. And then, because I was an American, she spoke of other Americans, and you especially.'

'Gil! What did she say?'

'Why, there's but one thing she could say. She thought your Votes-for-Women shower in Saint Paul's an admirable *coup*.'

'Yes,' said Grace modestly, 'it was rather well managed, I think myself.'

She sat forward in her seat and gazed at the road running so hard to meet them. Gilbert knew that look of high excitement. She was happy, and Treherne was speeding. For a time she had not noticed that, but now the motion madness touched her brain, and she turned to Gilbert. There was no apprehension in her face: merely wonder.

'Why,' said she, 'we're going some.'

Gilbert apparently did n't hear.

'So she asked me,' he continued, 'if I thought you were game for a big job.'

'She did? Oh, that's tremendous! That's the most amazing compliment I ever had in all my life.'

Gilbert remembered a few he had handed her, colossal pieces of sterling value, he had thought, and swallowed.

'She asked me,' he continued in a rush, 'if a certain person — we'll mention no names —'

'But we could,' said she, wide-eyed, 'here in the car. Treherne won't listen.'

'It's a good precaution,' said Gilbert firmly, 'to mention no names anywhere, even if you're alone at midday on an open prairie. It's an excellent habit. It gets you into the way of being all there.'

'You're right,' said she. 'Go on.'

'She asked me if a certain person now in France in hiding —'

'Oh!' screamed Grace. 'Is she there?'

Gilbert nodded.

'If that person decided to charter a boat and come over and land in Cornwall —'

'Like Boney!' Her eyes ran over with wild light. She looked like youth and hope incarnate on its brave adventure. 'Like the invading Kaiser. But she can't land except incog. She can't. There are a thousand eyes out, and a

million regulations got up for German Willie. They'd spot her in an instant.'

'That's the point,' said Gilbert. 'She's not going to be spotted. She's coming to a little Cornish port, to lie off the shore and signal. And we're going out at midnight, you and I and Treherne, in a sailboat, and bring her in. And the news will filter round through Cornwall — Treherne sees to that — and the Cornish women are all primed to rally to the standard, and by George, you'll break every window in Cornwall!'

Grace had turned upon him, her face a bright mask of eager wonder.

'I never heard of anything so absolutely magnificent in all my life,' she said. 'But why does she take me?'

'Because the whole adventure is to be made as spectacular as possible. Think how the women of Paris marched to Versailles. Wouldn't it have been still more dramatic then if they had had a leader in a woman of another country — a woman who simply had to come into it because their wrongs were so terrific? Same reason that our fugitive comes over and lands in a little boat when she might disguise herself and go to any port. The adventure! Consider the adventure! That delicate woman dares to land at midnight, like smuggled goods, and an American girl meets her and leads the forces on to Victory.'

Grace threaded her hands together in her lap and strained them till the knuckles blanched. She was ecstatically serious now, like a sacrificial victim who believes in the gods that slaughter him. And Treherne was speeding. Gilbert pulled out his letter case and drew a paper from it.

'Here,' said he, 'read your orders. Her signature!'

Grace took the paper and spread it before her dazzled eyes. It was laconic, to the extent of five terse lines, and it

was signed by the name of her loved leader. She reverently folded it.

'Yes,' she said, 'it's her signature. But Gil, how fast we're going!'

'Oh, yes,' said Gilbert. His tone conveyed a hollow nonchalance. 'We're outside London. In fact, we're on the road to Guilford. That's a part of it.' She had accepted his authority, and that, while it moved him warmly, brought also its prick of helpless self-reproach. 'Yes,' said he, 'we're on the road to Cornwall.'

Grace rose in her seat with the surprise of it, but the motion, gliding as it was, threw her back again. It was not so much, indeed, the motion, as the swift vision of the road running to meet her and being extinguished as it came. 'Sit still,' the road seemed to say. 'You and I are in the hands of a greater than we. It is my lot to run to you and be cast behind; it is yours to leave me lying there like a discarded ribbon.' Then, sitting, she did cry out, —

'I can't go to Cornwall like this.'

'Not when you've got your marching orders?' inquired Gilbert sternly. 'What kind of soldiers are you women anyway?'

She plucked up a doubting spirit.

'I've got to have some clothes.'

'Your clothes are all right. I saw Marie this morning and she gave me a suitcase. It's behind there.'

'My Marie?'

'Your maid.'

'While I was out?'

'While you were putting molasses in the pillar box.'

'But why not have consulted me?'

'You were n't there, I tell you. You were gluing up the correspondence of the British Empire and the world.'

'Why not have telephoned in advance?'

'Now see here, Grace,' said Gilbert, 'if you're going to take orders, you can't question 'em. You're talking

too much. She — you know whom I mean —?'

Grace nodded. It was her loved leader.

'She has given me a perfectly clear plan of action. I may not agree with it. I may not see why the deuce she should be so much of a martinet.'

'Oh, I see,' said Grace. Her loyalty had been woven without the break of a thread. 'It has to be. Think of the thousands she's in command of. I see perfectly.'

'Very well then.' He blinked his eyes two or three times, as if the relief of that were almost too unexpected to be borne. 'Then I've only to tell you that I'm carrying out instructions to the letter. You and I are to drive like the devil to Penreath.'

'Why,' said Grace, 'that's where your cottage is.'

'Yes. I have n't been there this summer, but it's in order waiting for us.'

'And was n't it Penreath where you got Treherne?'

'Yes. Treherne's sister is in the cottage now. She'll give us plain food and act as your maid in a way while you're there.'

'Is she,' Grace asked with a pretty simplicity that challenged him to be as direct with her, 'is she an older woman — a widow or anything?'

'No,' said Gilbert, with robust imperviousness. 'No. Wenna's never been married. She's about nineteen.'

'But Gil,' said she, 'we can't stay there together, you and I, with Treherne and that girl. Auntie'd raise the roof.'

'Great Cæsar!' said Gilbert, now meeting her glance with an impact of amazement equal to her own, 'you don't mean to tell me you can stick up letter-boxes and heckle the Prime Minister of England and then cringe before the out-worn conventions of the past?'

Gilbert sat the straighter after he had said that. He thought it rather good. And so did she.

'I'm sorry,' she owned humbly. 'I was only thinking of Auntie.'

'I wonder if Lafayette thought of Auntie when he set sail for America?' inquired Gilbert caustically; and she owned that she supposed not.

Now that she fairly knew her road and the adventure unrolled itself, a responsive excitement took possession of her. She sat straight and sniffed the air. Gilbert thought she sat as buoyantly as if she might spurn the flying car and take to wings. He had never loved his car so well, valiant dear thing without fault or flaw, as if it had pledged itself to that day's run. Yet throughout he felt he was denying Grace the pleasures of the road, delights her eyes besought him for. As they slipped through Winchester, she recalled him to that other summer when he and she, bulwarked by Auntie, had eaten strawberries in the Itchin meadows; but though she knew his mind was one with hers, he would not stop. In the middle of the day they ate delicious things from the hamper, and Treherne, accepting his sandwiches as if they were cartridges for another round, stoked himself hurriedly and drove on. Grace had caught the infection of it now. The madness of speed ran in her nerves.

She hardly spoke, and when the air changed to the softness off the moors and then the tang of salt, she breathed it in as if to hearten her for the predestined act. She looked very serious and, to Gilbert, beautiful. She had taken off her hat, and her thick light hair lay disordered above her brows. Through the aura of the coming quest she was more the woman than the girl. This grave reflectiveness, new in her face, was maternal even, and brought deep thoughts to birth in him. When the coolness of the afternoon came on,

he put a fur coat round her, and she received it with a smile. She had done, he saw, with questioning. She had accepted her appointed task, and with it the inevitable mystery.

It was damp and dark when they ran along Cornish lanes and stopped at a cottage set by itself in wide space. The windows were alight, and Wenna, sweet as pink thrift, stood in the door, shading a candle with a careful hand. Grace, under the braided spell of air and speed and mystery, smiled at the girl as if they had been old friends.

'O Wenna,' she said drowsily, out of the narcotism of that windy rush, 'just hear the sea!'

Then Wenna brought food to a dim fragrant chamber, and Grace ate and hurried into the white bed by the latticed window to the east.

II

Grace slept sweetly, and when she woke late in the morning, lay for a time and loved the air of Cornwall on her cheek. The cottage awoke presently to the sound of Wenna, who brought salt water, and Grace, uprising, knotted her long hair and asked for a secluded pool where she could dip. Wenna decisively said No. There was no pool, and Mr. Mills had sent up this bucket quite freshly filled by himself, for a sponge. He was waiting breakfast in the garden. Grace made a quick toilet and at the end looked in the glass, approving. Here was rich color and noble line. She looked as fit and splendid as she felt. Her loved leader had done well to summon her. Whatever the task demanded, she had for it the mad devotion, the muscle and the nerve. Just here she went to the window, and found that although the air came in buoyantly, it was through latticed iron. The glazed window opened inward. The diamonds were firm. She

shook them — for no reason — then smiled. She was balking, it seemed, at the very thought of bars.

In the room below — a room all sweet Cornish air through iron-latticed panes — Wenna was waiting.

‘This way, miss,’ said Wenna.

She indicated an open door, and through this Grace walked into a garden where Gilbert met her. She looked at him and found him, with that vital throb of pleasure in him responsive to her own fine youth, as fit and splendid as the girl that met her from the glass. Then she looked at the garden. This was a little paradise shut in by a high brick wall; it had flagged walks through bright luxuriance, and in a shady corner a round table with the breakfast things. Grace opened her mouth to commend it all, but she said, out of a desultory wonder at the bottom of her mind, —

‘Gil, are n’t your windows queer?’

‘Queer? They’re all right.’

‘They’re barred. The pattern’s in diamonds, but they’re perfectly tight. Burglar-proof — is that it?’

‘Oh,’ said Gilbert, ‘so they are. We’ll take a look at ’em, after breakfast, when we’re fortified.’

Wenna came then with a tray, and Treherne with another. It was an admirable breakfast, suited to hungry youth. When it was over, Grace, exhilarated by the day, the comfort of a well-used body, and the man’s enhancing presence, looked at him across the table and smiled in a way to indicate her readiness.

‘Now,’ said she.

Gilbert looked suddenly haggard and very grave. He folded his napkin seriously, the motion of one gaining time, and dumped it, as if it represented a conclusion.

‘After they take these things,’ he said. He seemed to crave that slight delay.

Treherne presently cleared the table,

and then Gilbert, as if he had been waiting only to lean his arm upon it, began, tapping slightly with his fingers:

‘I’ve been lying to you.’

Now for a long minute there was nothing but the rote of the sea and the delicate insistence of the breeze, less a whisper than a touch. Grace stared at him.

‘That note of instructions,’ he said.

‘It was n’t from her at all.’

‘Not from her?’

‘No.’

‘Her name was signed.’

‘I signed it.’

‘You — forged her name?’

‘Yes,’ said Gilbert. He was answering her questions in a leaden quiet, as if they were what he had expected in some form, and he had to go through with the heavy task.

‘Gil,’ said she, ‘will you explain yourself?’

‘Oh, yes,’ said he at once. ‘Shall I do it as it comes, or will you ask me questions?’

‘I have n’t any questions,’ she said, as grave as he. ‘I’m too puzzled.’

‘It goes back,’ he said, ‘to what you’ve been doing here in England. I’ve kept pretty accurate track of you ever since you wrote me you were a militant. When I could n’t stand it any longer, I came over. And here I am.’

She looked really alarmed now. A spark had come into her eyes, and her anxious face besought him.

‘Gil,’ she said, ‘don’t tell me you’ve gone back on suffrage.’

‘Oh, no,’ said he, ‘I could n’t. I should if I were an Englishman, of course, that is, I should be mighty near it. But for our women — oh, no, I’ve not changed.’

‘Then what is it? Is it because you don’t like me to do things that are — conspicuous?’

Gilbert looked up at her now, brightening in a whimsical response.

'You've always been conspicuous, dear,' he said. 'There's nothing else visible when you're round. But now you've sunk into the criminal class, you see, the conspicuousness is n't because you're so charming. It's because you're — conspicuous.'

'Gilbert,' said she, 'do you want to know what I think? You're crazy.'

'No,' said he, 'I'm not. I'm simply worried.'

'About me?'

'All of you. You chiefly, of course, because I thought I was going to marry you.'

'Well, but —' She stopped so short on the word that he knew she was about to add, 'Are n't you?' and that he could not answer.

'You're discouraging me frightfully,' he said, 'all of you. Don't you see what you're proving? You've reverted. You've gone back to the oldest type of all, the woman that cries till she gets it, that won't let any peace settle on the house till she is given her way. The individual hysteria of the spoiled child has culminated in the hysteria of a class. That type used to say to its husband or its lover, "I'll cry all night if you don't back down." That's what you're saying in concert to the English nation.'

'Gilbert,' said she, 'do you mean to tell me you don't think it's of infinite importance for us to have the vote?'

Gilbert answered wearily.

'I think it's of infinite importance for you to be civilized enough to deserve the vote and then to have it. But I should n't admit any woman to a finger in the pie who would go out and stick up letter-boxes and call it a Holy War. I should be afraid to. As soon as she does n't get her measures passed, what is she going to do? She's going to say, "Sisters, here's another call to smash things. Come on."'

'It's war. Don't you know it's war?'

'Oh, no, it is n't,' said Gilbert dolefully. 'I've tried to make myself think so, but I can't. War is training yourself to be the best man and going out and fighting like a man. It is n't sneaking round destroying private property.'

'But we let ourselves be caught.' Her cheeks were scarlet now. He glanced up at her and thought he would not willingly do it again. She seemed literally to blaze. He might take fire himself at her fine passion. 'We glory in getting caught.'

'Yes,' he said, 'and then you don't take your punishment like men. You stop eating and call it sport.'

'Am I to be shut up here in Pen-reath?' she inquired, in a tone of ominous composure.

'For a while.'

'Is that why the windows are barred?'

'Yes. That's why.'

'Is that why you've built a brick wall round the garden? I notice the bricks are new.'

'Yes. That's why.'

'Have Wenna and her brother been corrupted?'

'They won't help you.'

'How long is this state of things to last?'

'Until we have come to terms.'

'Until you have made me promise things?'

'Until we mutually decide on your future course, and what our relations are to be.'

She was silent. He did not look at her, but he was aware that she was deliberating on her next move, as a captive might study a long time on the quick turn that should free her wrists.

'What are your terms?' she inquired finally, in a perfectly unmoved voice. He saw she had called upon her emergency training, and he admired her for the speed and coolness of her tactics.

'What I should like to do,' he said,

in an attempt at similar composure, 'is to have you marry me, after whatever formality of residence and special license they require, and sail with me for home.'

'Oh!' Her voice took on something of an edge here, and he did wince. 'I fancied from something you said a minute ago that I'd ceased to be eligible.'

'Of course,' said he, avoiding the edge and feeling a droll relief that it really had not cut him badly, 'that would be after we had come to terms. You would have agreed with me that the only road to eligibility for marriage to any man would be through returning to the old code of private honor.'

'Gil,' she flashed, with a touch of temper very pretty and beguiling, 'you're talking like a book. You must have been a long time getting this up.'

If he knew himself caught, he did not show it.

'You see,' he continued, 'I've some tremendously keen ideas on marriage. You know what they are. And I should n't marry a woman who was a criminal, or who could be incited by even the most understandable form of hysteria to criminal acts.'

She got up and made him a low courtesy. Wenna, watching incidentally while she did her kitchen work, almost broke a dish.

'I shall try,' said Grace, 'to bear my rejection with fortitude.'

'Don't be a silly. Sit down, dear.'

She obeyed him because she was too curious to go. Besides, she liked it. The instinct of battle ran thrillingly through her, and the question where it was to end was nothing to the charm of its still going on.

'If we were savages on an island,' said Gilbert, 'I don't suppose I should mind your indulging your instincts once in a while. I might indulge my

own and hit you over the head with a cocoanut. But in Salem! I could n't live in Salem with a wife out of the aboriginal past. I could n't practice law knowing I might go home any noon and find her and the cook and the housemaid all breaking the furniture together.'

'Don't chaff,' she said, frowning. 'We are talking about serious matters.'

'I mean it,' said Gilbert. 'If you cut down the cook's wages, the cook, if she's got a saltspoon of logic in her nut, will hack your furniture. For she'll remember you were the celebrated Lafayette Grace who, in the year of our Lord 1913, hacked into England. And if I don't vote as my wife wants me to, my militant wife will cut up my cravats and dint my razors and starve herself. I'm not being funny, Grace. I mean it. You are the only girl in the world for me. I'd rather marry you than own a football team. But unless you get back your sense of honor I'm afraid to.'

While the warmest of his declarations had caressed her she had leaned toward him, lips apart, eyes misty, ingenuously expectant. But he did not look at her. She collected herself and spoke reflectively.

'Sense of honor! Who lied to me, to trick me into coming here?'

'Oh, I did,' he said. 'Deliberately. You're outside the line, you know. You've been sneaking. I had to sneak to catch you.'

She deliberated a moment. Then, —

'You don't like our methods,' she said.

'I utterly repudiate them,' said he, 'just as I repudiate the noble sabotage of the working-man. You're all of a piece.'

'Your father was a soldier, Gil,' she softly reminded him. 'You would n't be, would you? Don't believe in war?'

'By George, I do,' he said. 'There's something mighty fine in a man's saying "I believe in this thing so much I'll die for it." But that's not putting marmalade in Asquith's boots.'

'Do you believe in strikes?'

'Once in a dog's age.'

'Very well. The nature of the cause determines the form of strike. Now I give you notice that, from this minute, I'm going on strike.'

'Hunger?'

'Yes.'

'I foresaw that. So I ordered a good breakfast. It was all the start I could give you.'

Remembering three eggs apiece, she frowned.

'And,' he continued, 'I'm forced to tell you again that the woman who does that is no man. Still, I supposed you'd do it. I'd thought it out. And I thought I'd fast as long as you did.'

'Ah!' she breathed. She liked the clash of wills.

'That was my first thought. Then I said to myself, "I won't be such an ass. I'll serve three excellent meals a day. If she refuses to eat them, it's at her own risk."''

She rose.

'May I ask again,' she said, with some ceremony, 'how long I am to be detained here?'

He hesitated. At length, 'I can't go into that,' he said.

She knitted her brows and studied him. 'There's something behind this,' she avowed.

'There is,' he lightly owned. 'The whole militant movement.'

'You've found out!' she cried, so stridently that Wenna ran again to look.

'Yes,' said he gravely, 'I've found out.'

'You know what is going to be done within the week.'

'Yes, I know.'

'And you've told.'

'No, I have n't told — yet. But by God! you're not going to be in it.'

She was breathing hard.

'Gil,' she said, 'what would make you let me go?'

He looked up at her. She saw, with a shock of terror lest it was not to concern her any more, that his face, in its stern sincerity, was beautiful.

'Your word of honor,' he said. 'I'd still take it in spite of the things you've done. Your word of honor that you'll stop short — and fight fair.'

'Have men,' she challenged him passionately, 'have men fought fair?'

'Not often.'

'Look at the Great Powers when they want an inch of land. Do they fight fair?'

'No. But you, Grace — you fight fair. I'm with you. I'll help you fight. You'd have cut me when I came on here for the games that time if I'd sneaked it by a hair. Why, girl, you have n't forgotten "the game"?'

Their eyes were encountering in a scrutiny made of passionate memory and dying hope.

'Give me your word,' he pleaded.

Then there was another pause while they felt the breeze and heard the sea, and both weighed to the full the poignant cruelty of the sunlit day that has not a tear to drop for youth and love in ruins.

'I can't, Gil,' she said; but in mercy to them both she said it gently.

She walked into the house and up to her own room, and when Wenna tapped there at luncheon time, the door was locked.

III

The siege lasted three days. To the four in the cottage, though they could exchange no words about it, it was man's siege of woman's heart. Wenna, as if she suffered not only for the mo-

ment and these two lovers, but for her whole sex, tragically paled. Three times a day she carried up food prepared with an excess of daintiness, the trays even, at length, decked with flowers; this might have had a sacrificial look though Wenna meant the flowers also to implore. She also appeared at odd moments with tea. Everybody, Wenna thought, had to have a cup of tea. It was the universal fluid.

At the end of the third day she found the door ajar, and though there was no answer to her knock, went in. The room was in beautiful order; Grace was refusing service in the house of her enemies, and she sat by the window, her arms outstretched on the arms of the chair, her hands hanging in pale beauty. Wenna ran, dropped at her feet and cried. But though Grace did not notice her except by a touch of the white fingers on her pretty hair, it was not from any coldness. She was thinking her own thoughts, and Wenna was no more than a mote in that big sea.

The outer beauty of the days had been unbearable, taken with the ache of her own heart. Even the scent from the kind garden sickened her. Down there striding through its bloom or even at the stair foot, listening day and night in anguish equal to her own, was her lover, made by the strange sad chance of time her enemy. The creature who longed to fight for her was warring against her. The being she should foster, she was denying the comfort of her breast. The immemorial alliance of the two who needed each other so inexorably had been turned into fight by the age-long ignorance of both, and the man was driving the woman into the wilderness, and the woman's milk was poisoning the men-children it should nourish. For a time she blamed him in his own person. Then, as hunger clarified the inner workshop of her brain, and her soul seemed to rise and

float above the body and look understandingly upon its trials, she thought of him tenderly as condemned to suffer with her in the rush of time. They were no longer light-hearted man and maid meeting in the rose-garden of their pure desire. Her life seemed to her now but the breath blown out of the trumpets of revolt. His walled garden had turned into a symbol. Outside it, like a sea girdling her paradise, she seemed to hear the clamoring cry of women — the hunted, the unshielded — condemned to cry in dissonance without her own voice to make it harmony. She loved him, the 'young man in his beauty,' but he was no longer Gilbert Mills alone: he was child of the traditions that had made revolt inevitable. What room was there on this 'darkling plain' where 'ignorant armies clash by night' for the bride bower and the vows of cherishing according to what she called a specious ritual?

Yet so gently did she think of him that when she heard his voice at her door, that late twilight, she could answer.

'Grace,' he said, 'will you listen?'

'Yes,' she said. 'I'm listening.'

'You've forced my hand. This can't go on.'

'Yes, it can. I'm up to it.'

'The doors are open. You can go. I've given Wenna a rigid schedule for your food. You'll abide by it, won't you? Nothing else till you're in shape.'

'That was good of you. Yes, I believe it upsets you to eat after —'

She paused. She wanted very much to save him the crude sound of things. Still it seemed to her that this was n't Gil starving her: only the cruelty of time that had starved women in so many ways, — starved them into hysteria if Gil were right. Now they were no longer wives and maidens. They were Judiths; they were Bacchae on the mountain drinking blood.

'Treherne will be ready,' he continued, 'to take you up to London in the car.'

'Shall you come too?' The question leaped from her.

'I had n't meant to. I thought you'd rather not. I wish you'd let me — to make sure you're all right.'

'I shall be all right.' She heard Wenna on the stairs, bringing, she knew, a spoonful of food for which appetite had gone. 'But I think you'd better come.'

This she said to give him less anxiety over her state, and he thanked her humbly. Wenna slipped in with her spoon and cup. Wenna was crying in a low-spirited way as if she had cried for days and was tired of it. But Grace took the liquid like medicine, and then called again to the man outside the door.

'Gil!'

'Yes, I'm here.'

'Have you done it?'

'Yes.'

'You've betrayed us?'

'I've given you away.'

'The whole plan, Gil, the whole big plan?'

'Absolutely.'

'Then it has n't happened?'

'No. I've saved you from that, at least.'

She got on her feet.

'Tell Treherne,' she said, 'to be ready in half an hour. I'm going to London.'

'Grace, you can't do anything. It never can happen now, I tell you, never to the end of time. There'll be a thousand pairs of eyes on it, all watching — till you and I are dead and the world is sane again.'

'It is n't that,' she said. She was trembling, and her teeth chattered. 'But you've done it, Gil — and I'm glad it's done, too. I loved it. I could n't bear to have it destroyed. But somehow because you've done it I can't stay here in your house and eat your food. Wenna, get my coat and tell Treherne.'

And after all, she let him go with her, and through the moonlit night, past the unheard nightingale in copses their car ran by, they sat in deep love of each other and a sick distrust, and drove to London. He left her at her door in the leaden dawn. She looked like the spirit of it, her soft cheeks grayed.

'Good-bye, Wenna,' she said. 'Good-bye, Treherne.' She turned to Gilbert. 'Good-bye. You'll be sailing soon.'

'Yes,' he said, 'as soon as I know you're fit again. Won't you —' He had her hand now and drew her a pace away from the two sad Cornish servitors who seemed to have shut themselves into their reserve. 'Grace, won't you come with me? Come home.'

'Last call?' she asked, in a loving mockery of him. She smiled, a little wry, old smile. 'No, Gil. Give my love to Salem.'

THE UNLEARNED LESSON OF THE TITANIC

BY ATLANTICUS

LITTLE more than a year has elapsed since the greatest disaster in maritime history upset all our accepted theories of the unsinkability of modern liners. The wild paths of imagination along which we were willingly led by naval architects, launched us into a disaster such as the world hopes never again to witness. Some very practical test of the unsinkability of liners will have to be vouchsafed the public before its old confidence in the safety of ocean travel can be restored. But to restore public confidence is not a task for naval architects alone; they have merely the mechanical problems to master, and these, in this mechanical age, we believe are not insurmountable. The public, the legislator, the shipowner and the practical sailor must work harmoniously alongside the naval architect if, out of the labyrinth of theories and contentions, we are to evolve a type of vessel that will not sink.

Since that fateful night of April, 1912, what have we done in the way of reform that will go toward averting another such disaster? Remember, the day of the unsinkable ship is not yet; but the majority of passenger vessels now in service on the Atlantic carry as many passengers as did the Titanic. Thus we cannot afford to allow the legislators on both sides of the Atlantic to thrust upon us hysterical 'reforms' which are not only spurious in themselves, but which will defeat their object by becoming a source of danger to the public when called into active service. Time spent now in cool and calm

deliberation will be well spent. It will add to the safety of the traveling public, will lessen confusion in emergencies, and will obviate unnecessary expense to the shipowner. The criminal waste of money at present forced upon all the big transatlantic liner companies is proof positive that some foolish Jack-in-office has been given a loose rein. The efficiency gained by much of the expenditure amounts to *nil*. In fact, I believe that in certain directions we are worse off than we were a year or more ago.

I

After the loss of the Titanic the natural cry of the clamorous public and the nautically ignorant legislators on both sides of the ocean, was for more boats, boats at any cost, boats for all, no matter what their construction or the means available to launch them in an emergency. Besides more boats, pseudo-nautical experts submitted all kinds of crazy theories that were swallowed like hot cakes by the public. The fit of hysteria which the English and American people indulged in while the loss of the Titanic was a nine days' wonder, was about on a par with the miserable pathos that found its way into the press about the heroism of the crew, and their following out the supposed traditions of the sea by saving the women and children first. Saving women and children first is not a virtue monopolized by seamen. Wherever white men are found, this rule of life holds good, and the public guilty of

indulging in such figures of speech, with such prodigality, has little right to a hearing when advocating all kinds of nonsensical reforms and the wasting of good money.

Immediately after the disaster, the shipowner and sailor were forced into a tight corner by an angry and unreasonable public. It seemed as if they were to be ridden over, without being allowed to explain, by the first idiot who cuddled a new theory. Yet, thank God, in the sequel most of these theories fell on stony ground! The fact that the public rained and stormed and showered abuse on men who, for the time being, were under a cloud, detracts nothing from the services which those men have rendered to the state. Such a spectacle merely affords one a glance at what an undisciplined people is capable of doing and saying when worked into a frenzy.

Was the shipowner, or the traveling public, or were the legal authorities, to blame for the shortage of boats aboard the Titanic? Without hesitation I exonerate the shipowner, and place the responsibility on the legal authorities and the traveling public. It is obvious that the two latter are dealt with fairly, for what the law demands the shipowner must supply or go to prison. What the traveling public requires he must also supply, or go out of business. If the law calls for a certain number of boats of certain capacities, the shipowner invariably goes beyond what is required of him. The public demands luxurious suites of rooms, Venetian cafés, lounges, buffets, reading, writing, and music rooms, swimming baths, gymnasiums, and so forth, and the shipowner meets the demand. Like managers of theatres, after satisfying the law, they cater to their public. To satisfy the law is quite a simple matter, but to meet the standard of luxury demanded by passengers to-day is not

easy. Shipowner and sailor both know that luxury and efficiency make bad shipmates.

Let passengers demand fewer luxuries and the work of finding deck-space to carry boats for all will be simplified. The claim that a vessel carries boats for all does not mean safety unless the boats are allowed working room to launch them. It merely means the mechanical hoisting aboard of the required number of boats. To have boats for all is one thing, but if they are cramped, and the working space is hampered by Roman baths, etcetera, as it generally is, we are worse off than before. Superfluities always mean confusion. Add darkness to luxury and we have all that is required to turn confusion into chaos.

If wealth talks at sea in fine weather it must not wail when disaster overtakes it. There are limits to what the shipowner and naval architect can do. Running liners is a business that must return a profit, and be as void of sentiment as running trains. Ships must pay or cease to run, and, if the traveling public must have the luxuries and life-saving gear it demands, then it must pay the piper in the form of higher fares.

In answer to the demand for boats, boats of all sizes and descriptions found their way aboard many liners.

In positions where the official 'A' class lifeboats could be stowed, these boats were put aboard. But not many vessels had much space to spare, and in most of them we find collapsible boats and rafts of various patterns, some with artificial buoyancy and others with only the natural buoyancy of the material of which they are constructed. Rafts they are in every sense of the word, and I for one would prefer an overcrowded lifeboat of the approved pattern rather than trust myself aboard one of these decked, canvas-gunwaled

contrivances. Having experienced all the inroads of the Atlantic, I should prefer to die in the first instance rather than prolong the agony on such rafts, knowing as I do that the first heavy sea which swept over them must wash all the occupants into the sea.

It is quite a simple matter to account for the appearance of such monstrosities aboard ship. I have it on the authority of a nautical surveyor of the British Board of Trade that, when the cry for more boats was at its loudest, the Board of Trade had not a staff of nautical surveyors big enough to carry on their ordinary duties in addition to surveying the construction of the rafts and collapsible boats which were to appease the public's appetite. Boats of a sort were crowded aboard ship without having passed an official test of any kind. But the shipowner had to meet the popular demand, and he did so with the only available means at his command; and, as the public has evinced no desire to have decks swept of lounges and so forth, still more of these cumbersome articles will find their way aboard until adequate space is given to lifeboats of an approved pattern, with sufficient working room to swing them out. Supposing that under the old scheme six lifeboats could be launched in half an hour, in many vessels the same number could not to-day be swung out in an hour, owing to the congested state of the decks.

And now we arrive at the method of swinging out boats. The system now in vogue very probably goes back to Nelson's day. Certainly it is not a whit more advanced than the method employed in sailing ships, when swinging out the captain's gig was performed by calling into service the fore-royal halliards and the maintopmast-staysail halliards. The three-fold purchase, as found in common use, though safe, is slow and cumbersome. To find men

who can round up such a tackle, after launching a boat, without fouling it, or who can clear it after fouling, is almost impossible to-day; for the modern seafarer knows as much about a thoroughfoot in a tackle as he does about Greek prosody. To expect the men we have in our forecastles to round up a purchase after launching the first boat, so that the second boat can be put overside, is expecting more than we can get, especially if the work is being carried on during the dark hours. This purchase system cannot be too strongly condemned. It ought to be abolished root and branch, and in its place single-wire falls [ropes] should be used when swinging out all boats. We expected much of the Boat and Davit committee, but its findings leave us helpless. Though it recommended the use of single-wire falls in preference to the three-fold purchase, it did not condemn the latter as it should have done. The committee only wasted time and money in platitudes, and treated us to self-evident truths. All nautical men are agreed that the whole affair was a farce and an attempt to white-wash.

II

The demand for more boats having been met, we now have to find the men to handle them. At the American inquiry into the loss of the Titanic, Senator Smith emphasized the fact that a steward admitted that he had never handled an oar in his life. Not for a moment do I doubt the steward's word. For every such steward I could produce a so-called sailor and scores of firemen who cannot pull an oar.

If a steward, or sailor, or fireman cannot handle an oar, whose fault is it? Can six executive officers pretend to teach a crew of five or six hundred men the art of pulling and sculling, in a three weeks' voyage, when they have

to navigate their ship across the ocean and attend to the duties incidental to a voyage? Is it officers' work to teach men how to pull and handle a boat? Strictly speaking, it is not. Do stewards and sailors and firemen evince a desire to learn pulling, etcetera? Do they, or not, jibe at the very idea of boat-drill and attempt by hook or crook to dodge it? Do they ever consult the boat-sheets and boat-plans hanging in their quarters, to find out the number and locality of their boats? Why the aimless wandering round of men looking for their boats when the boat-plans show exactly where they are stowed? and when boats are numbered and stowed in sequence in every ship, why such confusion? Pure apathy is all there is to it until disaster overtakes such wretches; then, like children, they wail, 'We were not told the number of our boats, we were not taught to pull an oar.'

I will go further yet and ask anybody holding executive rank on a liner if he is supported by the engineers and chief stewards in making a boat-drill efficient, instead of a farce. I have yet to experience such support. And yet, on the British side, we had unions representing seamen, firemen, and stewards at the Titanic inquiry, to watch over their interests and to prove, if possible, negligence on the part of the vessel's executive officers, and so make the company liable. I am sure of my ground when I say that, had these men been up to their jobs, more people could have been saved. To defend such men at any inquiry of the Titanic class is a tyranny practiced on the shipowner, the executive officer, and the public.

But such methods are quite typical of the Liberal government, which has reduced the penalties of disobedience to orders to a mere farce, in order to placate trade unions and to gain the support of the Labor members of Parliament. Vote-snatching at the expense

of the public's life and limb is what it really amounts to.

And yet the cry to Heaven is for more seamen to man the boats. More imbeciles to create panic, I should term them. May Heaven and shipowners pay no heed to such a cry!

It may interest Senator Smith and the general public to know that we do not produce seamen to-day who can knot and splice, bend or unbend sail, furl or unfurl sail, handle boats or oars, and keep a ship steady on her course. When delivering his finding, Senator Smith remarked on the discipline aboard the Titanic after she struck the berg. He said, 'If this is discipline, what is disorder?' The true wonder is, not that so many lives were lost, but that so many were saved. To rescue so many was magnificent work. Review the situation from an executive officer's point of view and then cease to wonder at the number of lives lost: a new ship, — the largest in the world; a new crew, ignorant of the rudimentary principles of discipline and seamanship, and, as crews go to-day, refractory in every sense of the word, and out of sympathy with the very thought of discipline; more than two thousand passengers, or about three thousand souls including the crew; new boat-gear straight from the builder's hands; add to all this the dark hours of the night and the fear of the unknown, and I assert that to save over seven hundred lives was giants' work, the carrying out of which fell on the shoulders of six or seven executive officers, who, when the weather is fine, and disaster below the horizon, fight a lone hand trying to maintain even a show of discipline.

Remember, in the merchant service we have no penalties as in the navy. What discipline is maintained, is forced out of an unwilling crew by sheer strength of character, not by fear. For my part, looking at the question

from an officer's point of view, I hope and trust that the law and shipowners will resolutely stiffen their backs against the public outcry for bigger crews until such crews are no longer a source of danger to lives and property afloat.

Some two or three years ago a startling article — 'The Man on the Bridge' — appeared in the pages of this magazine. The writer of it — Mr. C. T. Delaney — evidently knew his ground. In the course of his remarks he spoke of the crews of liners joining up on sailing morning in a more or less muddled condition, caused, not by heartaches through leaving home, but by drink. Those who have seen such crews join up can testify to the truth of his statement; and these are the men who mount the crow's nests of liners to keep a lookout, and who complain when they are not supplied with binoculars. Were I a shipowner I should instantly dismiss any officer who for one moment trusted to the men on the lookout. The seamen who keep a lookout have no sense of responsibility, no certificate to lose, no interest in their work, and are not to be depended upon to keep an efficient lookout either by day or by night. As they have nothing to lose, so they have nothing to fear if negligent, — their unions see to that, — for they change their ship after the completion of nearly every voyage. They are birds of passage in every sense of the word. The officer who for a moment pinned his faith upon the lookout men I should deem mad, and thoroughly incompetent to take charge of any vessel's bridge. So much for the lookout man and the importance which Senator Smith and the public attached to his evidence. He is stationed in the crow's nest by the officer of the watch to meet the requirements of the law, and beyond that he is as useless as the fifth wheel of a coach.

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III

Let us now review the question of the speed of liners. In the article referred to, Mr. Delaney treats of the matter of speed under various conditions. With vessels crossing the ice zone he advocates a reduction of speed as against that maintained in other regions, or during fog. He says, 'But full ahead across the ice track is a different proposition. Under no circumstances is full speed justifiable there.' I think that the writer intended to convey to the public that full ahead in fog across the ice track was not justifiable; for in concluding his treatment of the question of speed he says, 'I can conscientiously say that in all the time I have followed the sea in liners, I have never been with a master who did not slow down *in fog*.' Mark the italics, '*in fog*.' That is the vital point.

Lord Mersey, the President of the British inquiry into the loss of the Titanic, when investigating the question of speed said, 'The only object in going slow is to avoid objects in your way. If you can avoid objects in your way without slowing down, you don't slow down. It does n't matter in the least if the ship is going eleven knots or fifty knots if it be true that you can avoid the obstacle. *But if there is a danger of your not being able to avoid it, then the speed is a most important factor.*' This is much to the point. In fog there is a danger, a great danger of your not being able to avoid an obstacle; therefore it is essential in crossing the ice track to slow down in fog, but only in fog. Captain Smith stands condemned for the speed of his vessel at the time it met disaster in crossing the ice field in a clear night. As a practical sailor I say that the speed he maintained was the right speed. Furthermore, were I placed under similar circumstances, I should give my vessel

the last revolution she could turn even if she could go fifty knots an hour. In the face of what has happened this may seem a rash statement, yet I make it knowing that by practicing what I preach I should be looking after the interests of my owners, the lives under my care, and my own interest.

Having said so much, I must say more. I must let it be known that clear weather in the ice region is such a rare thing that the commander who does not make use of such a fine slant exposes his vessel to the ice during fog and treats his passengers to serious risks.

The question of the Titanic's speed I have heard discussed over and over again in the wardrooms of many liners, and I have still to meet the officer who condemned the speed maintained by her. I care nothing for the opinions of lawyers who may be elected presidents of boards of inquiry. Seamanship is not taught in lawyers' offices, nor is it handed round at courts of inquiry like sandwiches. Lord Mersey said that if there is danger of not being able to clear an object in your course, then speed is a most important factor. Brilliant legal seamanship if you like! So much is self-evident. A small boy knows that much, and so do the lamp-posts in the street when small boys bump into them.

Had the berg which caused the trouble been seen in time, then speed, plus helm, plus the handling of the engines, would have been the factors required to clear it. Had the Titanic been proceeding at reduced speed and had the same time been afforded her to clear the berg, could she have cleared it? Possibly yes, probably no. Such monster ships are sluggish in their responses to helm when under reduced speed. And even her reduced speed, as we can see, now that our eyes are opened to the unsinkable ship, would have left the issue the same. Experts

estimate the force of the Titanic's blow at 2,000,000 foot-tons per second. A reduced speed — say eleven knots — would cut the impact in two, and if the proportions are the same we have a blow of 1,000,000 foot-tons per second. What would happen to any vessel suffering such a blow? Bow plates would crumple like eggshells, and watertight bulkheads and doors would be so contorted that their efficiency would be totally destroyed, and, like the Titanic, the vessel would sink bow first. Having stated my views, I must add that at no time would I allow them to interfere with what the law demands or with the instructions of the company which I serve.

IV

Switch now to the question of searchlights. At both the British and the American inquiries the use of searchlights similar to those used aboard naval ships was advocated and recommended. To my own personal knowledge the same standard of searchlights can be found in most Cunard liners. Certain Cunard vessels have been so equipped for at least twelve years. With what result? Dead failure! The vessels so equipped have proved beyond a vestige of doubt that for practical purposes at sea the searchlight is a failure.

An essential feature of an efficient lookout at night is an unbroken veil of darkness. Even the smallest light — such as that of a man lighting his pipe on the fore deck — breaks the uniformity of darkness and weakens the efficiency of a lookout. Many of my readers who clamor for searchlights must themselves have passed from a brilliantly lighted room into the blackness of the night outside. They know how everybody must feel his way until his eyes become accustomed to the blackness; he will stumble and sprawl

until he has 'got his eyes.' A momentary flash of lightning on a black night is blinding to the eyes, and it takes seconds at least before perfect penetrating power is restored.

Now, continually to flash a searchlight in the eyes of the officer of the watch would be suicidal, and would sooner or later end in disaster if the experiment became a practice. Twice I have seen a searchlight used when under way, — entering the Narrows, Boston Harbor, and leaving Naples, — and upon both occasions the experiment turned out a dismal failure because those on the bridge lost their sight when they needed it most. To watch a naval ship at anchor sweeping the skies with her lights is no doubt a pretty sight, and so long as she is at anchor no harm can happen to her. We of the merchant service have bitter cause to complain of the cavalier manner in which naval ships flash their lights in the faces of those on the bridge when making port. To use a natural phrase, naval ships patrolling the English Channel make it hell for the officer of the watch to keep his sight. The same practice holds good when entering naval ports or fortified harbors during evolutions. Now, what is the difference between having a searchlight flashed in your eyes by a naval vessel and flashing your own searchlight in your eyes? Right ahead, if the light is to be of any use, is where the flash must sweep, and right ahead is where one should keep the best lookout. I am of opinion that no liner needs a searchlight, and that to play with one on a dark night would end in trouble. I may be wrong, but, until searchlights have been proved useful to merchant ships, I prefer to trust to my eyes. Furthermore, searchlights are used in the navy, among other things, for signaling purposes, and this does not apply to merchant vessels.

v

In the *Atlantic* article of which I have spoken, mention is made of the long hours the master of a liner must be on the bridge during fog. The author's statement that he has seen a master about sixty years of age stand on a liner's bridge for over seventy hours, is unquestionably true. Deny it who will, the same long exposure to the elements may fall to the lot of any master at any time when crossing the Atlantic during the foggy months. Up to date, I know that the British Board of Trade has done nothing to remedy this evil. Should a captain get into difficulties through daring to be exhausted, no matter how long the strain he has stood as captain of his ship, he is liable. It may be that his means of livelihood will be taken away, that he will have to face the charge of manslaughter, and the ruin of his professional reputation. And all for what? For being of ordinary flesh and blood, or rather, of extraordinary flesh and blood, but still human.

To relieve their captains of many responsibilities the Cunard management have placed staff captains aboard certain of their best ships. They have done this without the sanction of the law and entirely upon their own responsibility, in order that the ships' captains may devote the whole of their time to the navigation of their ships. It is a move in the right direction, but until the law sanctions it, staff captains have no legal status, and the men holding such rank are between the devil and the deep sea. Legally, the chief officer is second in command, and should anything happen to the captain the command would devolve upon him. The staff captain, having been in command of the company's smaller vessels, is naturally more experienced than the chief officer, and in the company's ser-

vice he is the senior of the two, and should the captain be unable to perform his duties the company would expect him to take over the command. He has no more legal right to do this than any sailor aboard. Should he take over the command and run the ship into trouble, then the chief officer would be responsible. So long as British law says that a ship of the *Mauretania* class can proceed to sea with only a master and mate aboard, we shall hear the crack of doom before staff captains are granted legal status. It is truly an astounding state of affairs that the biggest ship in the world can sail out of any port of the United Kingdom with a certificated master and one certificated mate, and if she is outside the three-mile limit, she need not carry a single certificated man except the cook. This is a literal fact. It is a fact, too, that there are many large vessels trading round the British coast without a certificated man aboard — a grave menace to the safety of life and property at sea.

Returning to the staff captain, we learn from the rules of the line that he is in sole charge of all boats and other life-saving appliances, and that he is responsible for the efficiency of the crew at boat, fire, and bulkhead-door drills. Everything pertaining to the safety of life and property is under his control, so that, on Cunard ships carrying staff captains, we have the captain devoting all his time to the navigation of his ship, while the staff captain devotes his to life-saving gear. The pity of it is that the law will not allow a captain who is fagged out to be relieved of his command, after a long strain, by an experienced and able staff captain.

VI

The tracks hitherto observed by most of the liners were agreed upon

because they represented the shortest distance between England and America compatible with safety. During the summer months, when the ice is working south toward the steamer routes, the southerly tracks are followed. Toward autumn, most of the icebergs having worked south, it is considered safer to use the northern courses. Formerly it was the not infrequent practice to 'cut corners,' and so shorten the route by from forty to sixty miles. This dangerous custom was abruptly discontinued about two years ago.¹ I do not believe that to-day one mile less than the official length of the tracks — whether they are the new or the old tracks — is covered.

Having mentioned the new tracks, I may state that these were agreed upon last year, and are to be followed when an abundance of ice warrants it. They run as far south as 38° 30' N., and as bergs seldom reach so far south in the longitude of the southerly limit of the tracks, they may be considered as representing the maximum of safety.

The vagaries of icebergs when influenced by the cold waters of the Labrador current and the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are so puzzling as to leave one undecided what to do for the best. It is admitted that last year's ice season was abnormal, otherwise how can one account for the appearance of a small berg three hundred miles off Cape Finisterre, and another as far south as 35° 15' N. in 44° 50' W.? Lest the sceptical doubt this statement, the authority for it had better be given in detail. The British Meteorological Society's notice to mariners No. 1321, October 5, 1912, states that on August

¹ The *Atlantic* article to which the author repeatedly refers gave a detailed description of this practice. The statements were vigorously attacked at the time, but the main allegations were established. 'Corner-cutting' was first disavowed and then discontinued. — THE EDITORS.

27, 1912, the steamer *Lux*, when in $42^{\circ} 30'$ N. and $15^{\circ} 26'$ W., passed a large piece of ice fifty feet long and five feet high. On the same society's track charts the position of a small berg sighted on October 8, 1912, by the steamer *Putney Bridge* is given as $35^{\circ} 15'$ N., $44^{\circ} 50'$ W. From these positions and dates it would appear that at no time of the year is the North Atlantic Ocean free of bergs to the northward of 30 or 35 degrees north latitude. Although it is admitted that the ice season of 1912 was abnormal, yet the conditions which made it so may recur any year.

Under the circumstances, what are the liner companies to do to minimize the risks of Atlantic travel? Much is expected of the North Atlantic Ice Patrol vessels *Seneca*, *Miami*, and *Scotia*. The two former vessels are United States revenue cutters, and the latter is a British steamer chartered by the Board of Trade and the British liner companies. With the assistance afforded by these vessels, and the adoption of more southerly routes if the presence of ice near the tracks in use warrants it, the chances of striking ice — or even sighting it — are greatly reduced. Also, should the present season¹ prove normal, liners will leave the great circle track (outward) sixty miles farther to the southward than is usual, and when homeward bound will pick up the great circle track sixty miles farther south of the usual point. This increased distance means increased safety to the passenger, but increased expenditure to the shipowner without compensation.

In recent maritime disasters wireless telegraphy has played an important part. That it has proved of such excellent worth is not altogether to the credit of the Marconi Company, as many vessels, until recently, carried

¹ This article was written in April, 1913. — THE EDITORS.

only one underpaid, shockingly overworked operator. These men, who were paid a mere pittance, were expected to stay up night and day over the length of a voyage. In this particular point the service was weak. Probably the man who received the *Titanic's* call for help was paid the princely salary of \$20.00 per month! In vessels of the greyhound type the staff of Marconi operators has always been larger than in intermediate vessels, though the latter may carry just as many passengers as the former. As business men favor the fast vessels, and express a desire to keep in touch with market prices and quotations, they are accommodated by means of powerful wireless installations and a staff of operators large enough to respond to any calls made on their services day or night. Happily, the intermediate vessels now carry at least two operators, which means that the wireless instrument is never left unattended even to deliver messages to the bridge, for these can now be sent by telephone to the officer of the watch. What with larger staffs, telephonic communication with the bridge, and the strengthening of all weak installations, the wireless system needs but little to make it perfect. The call for assistance ought to be received by any vessel within touch, day or night. The weak spot in the system is the disloyalty and indifference which the miserable wage-scale will breed among splendid operators.

VII

The alterations that have been made within the last year can be considered only tentative, for until an international conference is held and uniformity of the main principles becomes a fact, rivalry and jealousy will oppose true progress. When a conference is held, the main body of it should be

composed of naval architects, shipowners, practical seamen, with a sprinkling of prominent public men. Until such a conference is held it seems that there is a real danger of leaning over too much on the other tack.

For instance, the British Board of Trade's latest requirements for boat-gear, and so forth, make one wonder where the passengers are to be stowed if taking to the boats becomes necessary. Even in a boat barren of equipment the number of persons which an approved life-boat is certified to carry means packing them like sardines in a tin. How one in charge of a loaded boat in a seaway is going to handle her is beyond my sailor mind. When the boats are loaded they float so low in the water that handling them even in the finest weather is an immensely difficult task. It may be that the lawmakers believe in the theory that once the cry for help is sent, ships will rush in from all directions at full speed.

So they will. But it is not comforting to know that the nearest vessel may be fifty miles or more away, and that this means two hours' steaming for the swiftest vessel. In a seaway, any boat loaded to its legal capacity may capsize in two seconds. What is the remedy? That is for the international conference to find out. The foregoing statement merely shows how helpless boats are in anything but a calm, if loaded according to law. Personally I should propose to substitute condensed foodstuffs or army emergency rations for the two pounds of biscuit per adult which boats are now supposed to carry. Sailor's biscuits are not very palatable, and they take up much room.

Before closing the article, I wish to take the opportunity to say that the

general condition of an officer's life on a liner has been remarkably improved during the last two years. Physical strains are reduced, pay is higher, more home life is granted, annual leave is enjoyed, sick pay is allowed, and better all-round conditions exist. Certain heavy strains incidental to arrival and departure cannot be very well remedied, but these are borne more cheerfully than a year or more ago.

Without prejudice, I must state that if the law and the public respond to the shipowner's appeal for fair play, much may be accomplished for the cause of safety. Reviewing the events of the last year and the efforts made to remedy the defects in the Atlantic passenger-carrying trade, it seems to me that the law and the public have gone out of their way to humbug shipowners and sailors, pile up unnecessary expense, complicate the work of saving life in emergencies, and place obstacles in the way of successful trade. And why? To relieve pent-up feelings and a bad attack of hysterics. That a different system of saving life is necessary no one will deny. But the law and the public must learn to realize that crowding boats on top of one another in all kinds of impossible positions is not the remedy.

As an officer on an Atlantic passenger steamer, I know that the last year has been purgatory. What with wooden boats, collapsible boats, rafts, ordinary boat-gear, extraordinary boat-gear, boat-surveys, boat-drills, and so forth, one can only arrive at the conclusion that the law, at least, has gone mad. But the law and the public must wreak their vengeance upon somebody, and we of the sea and those for whom we sail are the unlucky victims.

SOME LETTERS OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

EDITED BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

[Mr. Mason, now Assistant Professor of Music at Columbia University, became a close friend of Moody in undergraduate days at Harvard, and to the end of Moody's life this intimacy was maintained. From Mr. Mason's interesting collection the *Atlantic* is enabled to print two groups of the young poet's most characteristic letters. — THE EDITORS.]

To Josephine Preston Peabody

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY, Sept. 22, 1895.

MY DEAR MISS PEABODY:—

I have put off sending you the verses with the naïve thought of using them for a link between the old Cambridge life and this new one. Scoff at my superstition, but do not too scornfully entreat the pathetic little versicle of a bond-bearer, shivering with the double knowledge of the portentous mission and his own objective comicality. Cambridge — mellow and autumnal — begins already to take on really mythic colors — to loom symbolic, under the stress of this relentless prairie light and vast featureless horizon. I begin to believe that your charge against me of theatricality was just — that all my life there in the east was a sort of tragic-farce, more or less consciously composed, so rudely awake and in earnest is everything here. . . .

I do not know what this place is going to do for me, but am sure of its potency — its alchemical power to change and transmute. It is appallingly ugly for one thing — so ugly that the double curtain of night and sleep does not screen the aching sense. For another thing it is absorbing — crude juice of

life — intellectual and social protoplasm. Far aloft hovers phantom Poetry, no longer my delicate familiar. But I dream of another coming of hers, a new companionship more valorous and simple-hearted. . . .

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, October 2, 1895.]

Your letter came yesterday, with cheek on the smooth cheek of another — a friendlier pair nor a tunefuller ever stretched wing together. Riding to town on some sort of transfigured chariot that whilom was a railway car, I perused them. Rest of morning spent shopping in the New Jerusalem, walking on golden pavements, and interwarbling on the theme of shirts and socks with whatever seraphic creatures had found it good that day to put on the habit and estate of shop-girls for the glory of God and the furtherance of his kingdom. Returning, the lake allured me — one topaz. Re-reading of letters. Throbbing of the topaz heart: opening and shutting of the sunlight: bursting to bloom of some sudden impalpable enveloping flower of the air, with the scent thereof. The twentieth century dates from yesterday, and we are its chosen; if not as signs set in the heavens of its glory, at least as morning birds that carolled to it, mindless of the seductive and quite palpable worm.

More later — brutally busy.

W—

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, October 23, 1895.]

DEAR DAN: —

I have so far made but miserly return for that bully long letter you wrote in the purpureal flush of reconciliation and nascent duality — or let me say, and try to think, trinity — with the Bard. If you knew the beast Chicago, the pawing and glaring of it, you would not find me hard to forgive. . . .

For my own part I have been having a highly exciting time. I have two classes — one of forty, the other of twenty — nearly two-thirds of whom are girls. Picture my felicity when I inform you that far from the frowsy, bedraggled, anemic, simpering creatures I anticipated, half of them at least are stars. I regret that popular usage should have dechromatized the term, for I mean stars of the most authentic stellarity and the most convincing twinkle. Lecturing before them is like a singing progress from Boötes to the Lyre, with wayfaring worlds to lift the chorus. At the beginning I made an honest man's effort to talk about the qualities of style and the methods of description, but I am a weak vessel. Now I droll blissfully about God in his world, with occasional wadings into spumy Styx and excursions into the empyrean. My work has been heavier so far than I fondly hoped it would be, and I can see little chance ahead for sleeping on Latmos. I experience aching diastoles,¹ however, and that is the great thing to my thinking. To be a poet is a much better thing than to write poetry — out here at least, watched by these wide horizons, beckoned to by these swift streamers of victorious sunset. After the fall term my

¹ A word we had borrowed from physiology — the dilatation of the heart in beating — and used as a name for moods of spiritual elation. — D. G. M.

work will be lighter, then I shall try a night out, on a bed of lunary.

I have just had a letter from —, air rarified, sky greyish, with half hints of opal and dove's breast, a confused twittering from the hedges, not unpleasing. Tenuous, but tense, like a harp string in the treble.

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

[Autumn, 1895.]

Tell you about it? Doth the wind know its wound, wherefore it groaneth? It is only an affliction of the stars, at least this recent bundle of pangs; they are of those that eat the hearts of crazy-headed comets zigzagging across the Zodiac. Doubtless the incontinent closing of the moon-flower dailies left me more defenseless against these malign astral inroads, but the root of the matter is some sort of cosmic apoplexy or ear-ache of which I happen to be the centre. Τὸ Πᾶν has the falling-sickness or the everlasting doldrums, and selects me to ache through — that is all. If I were not precociously aware of the devices of his Celestial Completeness I should suppose quite simply that Chicago was boring me to death, that my work was meaningless drudgery, that the crowd of spiteful assiduous nothings that keep me from It (ah, the vague, sweet-shrouding, mute, arch vocable!) were tantalizing me into stupid rage, and stinging my eye-balls into blindness of the light. When in moments of weakness I transfer the blame for my inward dissatisfaction and disarray to outward things, I am on the point of trundling my little instructorial droning-gear into Lake Michigan, and stepping out west or south on the Open Road, a free man by the grace of God, and a tramp by Rachel's intercession. But of course I know that I should only be changing garments, and that I should wake up

some fine night and find my hay-stack bristling with just such goblin dissension as now swarms over my counterpane. However, it is easy to stand dissension. Anything is better than that awful hush settling down on everything, as if Τὸ Παρ had suddenly discovered himself to be stuffed with sawdust, and lost interest in his own ends and appetites. And that silence your brave words have scared back. I really begin to think you are Wise, and to stand in awe of you. That is a more convincing presentment of the 'transcendent identity,' that which shows it casting its own brain on one side as a worn-out accessory, holding its own heart in its hands to burn, like the angel in Dante's dream. I pay you the compliment of believing that you would be capable of that, and I find it illustrious, and with your gracious permission propose to set it for a sign, right at a cross-roads where I sometimes skulk belated, peering fearful-eyed for Hecate.

The truth of the matter is, I suppose, that I am dissatisfied to the point of desperation with the kind of life that is possible out here. I used to have days in the east when a hedge of lilac over a Brattle Street fence, or a strenuous young head caught against a windy sweep of sunset on Harvard bridge, filled me with poignant perceptions of a freer life of sense and spirit, — and I was frequently vaguely unhappy over it. But, after all, one had n't far to go before finding some refinement of feeling, some delicate arabesque of convention, to help make up for the lack of liberty; but here there is even less liberty (because less thought) and there is nothing — or next to nothing — to compensate. If my lines were cast in other places, — even other places in this gigantic ink-blot of a town — I could make shift to enjoy my breath. I should make a very happy and efficient peanut-vender on

Clark or Randolph Street, because the rush and noise of the blood in the city's pulse would continually solicit and engage me. The life of a motor-man is not without exhilarating and even romantic features, and an imaginative boot-black is lord of unskirted realms. But out here, where there is no city life to gaze at, nothing to relieve the gaseous tedium of a mushroom intellectuality, no straining wickedness or valiant wrestling with hunger to break the spectacle of Gospel-peddling comfort, — the imagination doth boggle at it! . . .

To Josephine Preston Peabody

[Probably Autumn, 1895.]

. . . Mr. Ruskin would not be happy in Chicago — God is a very considerable personage — So is Mr. Rockefeller — So am I, but for a different reason — Towers of Babel are out of fashion — Ride a Rambler — Four fifths of William Blake would not be accepted for publication by the Harvard Advocate — Life at a penny plain is d—d dear — Eat H.O. — The poet in a golden clime was born, but moved away early — A man may yearn over his little brothers and sisters and still be a good Laodicean — Art is not long, but it takes a good while to make it short — There will be no opera or steel engraving in the twentieth century — An angle-worm makes no better bait because it has fed on Cæsar — Wood fires are dangerous — So is life at a penny plain, but for a different reason — Towers of Babel, though out of fashion, are well received in Chicago — There were no birds in the Tower of Babel — God is a very considerable personage — So is Olga Nethersole — So are you, but for a different reason — I am owner of the spheres, and grow land-poor — Literature is a fake and Nordau is its prophet — God bless McKinley — Love is not Time's fool: he was turned off for lack

of wit — Eve was born before Ann Radcliffe, so the world goes darkling — Tom's a cold — I am old-rose, quoth 'a — God's pittykins 'ield ye, zany, for thy apple-greenness! 'T would gi' the Sing-an-Sich a colic to set eyes on 'e — Natheless Monet was a good painter, and color-blind — W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

Dec. 1, 1895.

MY DEAR DAN: —

Day after crowded day I have looked at your delightful long letter, and said, in the sweet babble of the Little Cricket Thing,¹ that I would answer it sooner or later, when I was not as busy as hell. Then the speaking lines about your reclining on the Padereuskian bosom, arrived, with their tantalizing suggestion of dim-lighted rooms, transcendentalized rum toddy, and an auroral head uttering gold vaticination. I was jaundiced with jealousy for a week, thinking of the fulness of your service before the great altars, and the wretched scantlings of effort I was permitted to give, standing afar off. To tell the truth, I have n't the faintest splinter of sympathy for the dolorousness of your condition, as set forth in your letter. To be a runner of scales and to work at canon and fugue by the job, strikes me as the most enviable estate of man. Every scale you run, every fugue you hammer out, is laying up treasure in heaven — not by way of communal walls and pavements only, but especially for the house which your own winged self-ship shall inhabit. I have as much respect for you as for a disgruntled peach seed, which should cry out against the lack of social opportunities in an underground community. And besides the ultimate satisfaction, there is the daily delight

¹ He refers to the parody by a Harvard friend, of some lines in his song, 'My Love is Gone into the East.' — D. G. M.

of pottering over your tools, trying their edge, polishing their surfaces, feeling their delectable ponderableness. No, you must go for comfort to somebody who does n't have a sense of radiant *bien-être* in fitting a new pen into a holder. . . .

I am looking forward to some bully good talks at Christmas, and some good music at your expense, and a bottle of wine wherein we may drink to the meek brows of Her and It. Meanwhile, write. WILL.

To Mary L. Mason

CHICAGO, Dec. 12, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. MASON: —

You are wofully ignorant of the sweet uses of memory if you can picture me forgetting your delightful invitation to spend a fraction of my Christmas week at your home. . . .

Whisper it not in Gath, but I hunger and thirst after the East with a carnal longing. I thought I had relegated all you subtlety-spinning New Englanders to the limbo of the effete, where you were tolerantly allowed to exist and confuse economic relations only because you are, after all, rather nice. But of late, in the still watches, your niceness grows luminous and summoning. I still disapprove of you, but I want to see you very bad.

Expectantly,

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

CHICAGO, Dec. 15 [16?], 1895.

Just a word to tell you something of the immense good your letter did me. After I sent off the poem ['Jetsam'], the inevitable revulsion set in: I lost faith in it, and then, being in a state of nerves, took the easy step of losing faith in myself and the future. Still I kept hoping against hope that you would find a stray line to like and praise. When the days passed, and

your silence pronounced gentle but final condemnation, I sat down and read the lines over. They had fallen dead ink. The paper dropped to the floor; I sat, elbows on desk and head in hands, and thought. I had felt the thing, I had put my best breath into the lines, and here they were, not only dead past hope, but graceless, repulsive, without the dignity or pathos of death. What then?

For a long time I did not have heart squarely to face the issue — Life without that hope and solace, that pillar of smoke by day and of fire by night, — could I live it out so, in some sort of grey content? Outside my window the moon came out over the turbulent brute groping of the brown surge, walking in light as when she tormented the lowered eyes of Job, tempting him from Jehovah. She called me out with her, miles along the coast, and as I stumbled along in the vague light, gradually the mere effort I had made to say something of her wonder, began to seem its own justification. When I came back the pages I gathered from the floor were farther than ever from adequacy, but somehow I cared for them, as one cares for a dead thing one picks up in the hedges, thinking of its brave fight for life. Then your letter came, and I read, stupidly at first, not understanding, your words of generous praise. I knew you were artist enough not to utter them merely for friendship's sake, and when I understood them, they filled me with joy which would have been out of all proportion to the matter at stake except that for me it was one of those mysterious pivotal small things on which the future turns silent and large. So you had actually liked it all, and were glad it had been done? Then it was not dead after all; my eyes had been seared? I read it through in the flush of pleasure and found it good, — absurdly, ravish-

ingly good! So I took a deep breath and sat down to write it over, with the sharp light of remembered disillusion on its weaknesses, and the memories of my night walk to beckon me on. I shall crave judgment on the result at Christmas, for I purpose to make a descent on Boston then, ravenous with a three-months' abstinence from subtlety-spinning. . . . I have . . . written to — again. He has owed me a letter since September, but God knows who has the rights of this wretchedness, and of all our funny little Pantheon the absurd little god who gets the least of my service is the one labelled 'Personal Dignity.' I cannot think of any personal sacrifice I would not make to convince him of my friendship, or rather to establish once more the conditions which make friendship possible. I hope this does n't sound superior; it is not so meant.

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

Dec. 15, 1895.

1. Shall reach New York . . . Dec. 19.
2. Shall reach Boston . . . Dec. 26.
3. Must leave Boston . . . Dec. 31.
4. Shall leave Boston . . . God knows.

All except last date subject to change without notice.

W. V. M.

To Mrs. C. H. Toy

[CHICAGO] Jan. 6, 1896.

MY DEAR MRS. TOY:—

. . . It seemed very good to see a Cambridge face again, especially against this background of phantasmagoric ugliness. I long for something beautiful to look at with a really agonized and fleshly longing. My eye is horny with smoke and the outlines of grain elevators. But I must not enlarge upon my 'state,' since day is at hand. Looking up through the murk and the swaying shadow of seaweed I can just catch a hint of vanishing bubbles and

green shattered needles of light. Two months more and I shall lift my encompassed head above the waters. Then off with the diving gear and ho for the groves of banyan and of cocoa-nut, and the little Injuns that grow between! . . .

To Daniel Gregory Mason

Sunday, Jan. 19, 1896.

DEAR DAN: —

The news you send about your wrist is quite heart-breaking. I have not written sooner because I could not find it in my breast to speak comfort, feeling there only rebellion and disgust at the world-order and its ghastly lack of breeding. How did you precipitate it? I can only fall back on thoughts of Schumann and his lame finger or whatever it was that spoiled him for concert gymnastics, and made him a minstrel in the court celestial. At any rate that question of composing away from the piano is settled, with a right parental emphasis from the slipper of Mis-chance. . . . I will spare you the usual admonition about the rigidity of your upper lip, in spite of the natural longing I feel to use the heirloom.

I have been brutally busy since getting back, on Uncle Horace's book,¹ so that all my schemes of spiritual conquest are done up in moth-balls for the time being. . . . One o'clock midnight, and the morrow flames responsibility. Hire a typewriter — marry one if necessary — and we will annihilate space. I have a creature to tell you about — but a Creature! W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

CHICAGO, Feb. 16, 1896.

DEAR DAN: —

I have just heard from your sister-in-law of your enforced furlough. I am not going to help you curse your luck,

¹ Some editorial work he had undertaken for Mr. Horace Scudder. — D. G. M.

knowing your native capabilities in that direction to be perfectly adequate, but my Methodist training urges me to give you an epistolary hand-grasp, the purport of which is 'Keep your sand.' I could say other things, not utterly pharasaical. I could say what I have often said to myself, — with a rather reedy tremolo perhaps, but swelling sometimes into a respectable diapason: 'The dark cellar ripens the wine.' And meanwhile, after one's eyes get used to the dirty light, and one's feet to the mildew, a cellar has its compensations. I have found beetles of the most interesting proclivities, mice altogether comradely and persuadable, and forgotten potatoes that sprouted toward the crack of sunshine with a wan maiden grace not seen above. I don't want to pose as resourceful, but I have seen what I have seen.

The metaphor is however happily inexact in your case, with Milton to retire to and Cambridge humming melodiously on the horizon. If you can only throttle your Daemon, or make him forego his leonine admonition, 'Accomplish,' and roar you as any sucking dove the sweet vocable 'Be,' — you ought to live. I have got mine trained to that, pardee! and his voice grows not untunable. I pick up shreds of comfort out of this or that one of God's ash-barrels.

Yesterday I was skating on a patch of ice in the park, under a poverty-stricken sky flying a pitiful rag of sunset. Some little muckers were guying a slim raw-boned Irish girl of fifteen, who circled and darted under their banter with complete unconcern. She was in the fledgling stage, all legs and arms, tall and adorably awkward, with a huge hat full of rusty feathers, thin skirts tucked up above spindling ankles, and a gay aplomb and swing in the body that was ravishing. We caught hands in midflight, and

skated for an hour, almost alone and quite silent, while the rag of sunset rotted to pieces. I have had few sensations in life that I would exchange for the warmth of her hand through the ragged glove, and the pathetic curve of the half-formed breast where the back of my wrist touched her body. I came away mystically shaken and elate. It is thus the angels converse. She was something absolutely authentic, new, and inexpressible, something which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication, a compound of ragamuffin, pal, mistress, nun, sister, harlequin, outcast, and bird of God, — with something else bafflingly suffused, something ridiculous and frail and savage and tender. With a world offering such rencontres, such aery strifes and adventures, who would not live a thousand years stone dumb? I would, for one — until my mood changes and I come to think on the shut lid and granite lip of him who has done with sunsets and skating, and has turned away his face from all manner of Irish. I am supported by a conviction that at an auction on the steps of the great white Throne, I should bring more in the first mood than the second — by several harps and a stray dulcimer.

I thoroughly envy you your stay at Milton — wrist, Daemon, and all. You must send me a lengthy account of the state of things in Cambridge. . . . If the wrist forbids writing, employ a typewriter of the most fashionable tint — I will pay all expenses and stand the breakage. I stipulate that you shall avoid blondes however; they are fragile.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

CHICAGO, April 11, 1896.

MY DEAR DAN: —

Yesterday morning mint appeared in the market windows, and this morn-

ing the lake is a swoon of silver and blue; — argal, I must write you a letter. I have felt for the past two weeks as if I had fallen heir to something, owing to the fact that spring turns out to be a month earlier here than in the east, and she comes over the prairies with the naïve confidence and sweet quick surrender that she has learned from the prairie girls. For the first time since your rustication I have ceased to envy you your domiciliation among the blue hills of Milton, for my side of the bubble has swung sunward and what care I if it be made of kitchen soap? I walk about in an amber clot of sensuousness, and feel the sap mount, like a tree. I thought — and often gloomily asseverated — that I had got over this purring rapture at the general situation, legitimately the gift of the primitive or the jagged. Well, I did not give Nature credit for the virtue that is in her.

My work, alas, still continues to be hard. *I use up all my vital energies before the evening loaf comes on, and then have force only for passive delights. I stick a good round straw into a cask of Spenser or Hardy, and suck myself to sleep — to dream of orchards and 'golden-tongued Romance with serene lute.' The hard bright sun of a western morning, with theme classes superimposed, reduces the golden tongue to phantom thinness of song, and banishes the lute into the limbo of the ridiculous, but I plod on eveningwards with mole-like assiduity. I have come to realize the wonderful resources of passive enjoyment better than I ever did before — perhaps perversely, perhaps according to a mere instinct of self-preservation against the hurry and remorseless effectiveness of life out here. Whatever the cause, I have found out how good a thing it is to be a silly sheep and batten on the moor, to stand in cool shallows and let the water

go by and the minnows dart and the brook moss stretch its delicate fingers. Also I seem to be coming, half through disappointed effort and half through this same effortlessness, to discern more clearly what is worthy in human motive and admirable in human achievement. It is not that I love Shakespere less, but that I love Ophelia more.

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

May, 24, 1896.

DEAR DAN:—

Thanks for your painstaking and very perceptive criticism. I cannot bring myself yet to accept all your strictures unconditionally, but I find them all suggestively and wisely hortatory, pointing the way where the real pitfalls lie for me; and I know that by the time I come to put the verses in permanent form I shall have accepted most of them literally. Still, while I am still unpersuaded, let me distinguish. The vague syntax of st. II is undoubtedly mere slovenliness: the stanza shall go the way of the ungirt loin. Also st. VII is as you say turgid, and must go, even though it drag with it the next stanza, which you like. As regards the suspension of the sense in sts. IV-VI I cannot agree. It seems to me that the breathlessness and holding-alooft is justified by the emphasis with which the concluding thought is thus given, and still more by the fact that it sets the essential thought off in a rounded form. It has a constructive value, also, as contrasting with the simple declaratory forms of statement which precede and follow it. I fancy it corresponds in my mind somewhat to an 'organ-point' in yours. The adjectives are too many, I know; but I am a little cold-blanketed and worried over your specific objections to phrase. 'Paltry roof' is paltry, I freely admit; 'wind-control' and 'moonward melo-

dist' are rococo as hell. But the other three to which you take exception I am sure are good poetry. . . . I think — pardon the egotism of the utterance (you would if you knew what tears of failure have gone to water the obstreperous little plant) — I think you are not tolerant enough of the instinct for conquest in language, the attempt to push out its boundaries, to win for it continually some new swiftness, some rare compression, to distill from it a more opaline drop. Is n't it possible, too, to be pedantic in the demand for simplicity? It's a cry which, if I notice aright, nature has a jaunty way of disregarding. Command a rosebush in the stress of June to purge itself; coerce a convolvulus out of the paths of catachresis. Amen! W. V. M.

Please be good-natured and talk back. Or no, don't. Spare the arm.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, June 23, 1896.]

DEAR DAN:—

The report which you make of your lack of progress in health casts a gloom over my days. I am about starting for Wisconsin for a week's bicycling, and the monstrous egoism of bodily vigor which I feel, possesses my soul with shame. The thing for you to do is to come to Chicago: it is the greatest health resort going — *mirabile dictu*. We live on bicycling, base-ball, breezes, beer, and buncombe, and keep right chipper mostly. Can't you come out for a while? We have an extra bedroom, and if you can stand bachelor shiftlessness after the golden calm of Milton housekeeping, we could put you up 'snugly.' The quotation marks are only a warning as to the point of view. Expense need be no deterrent. Walking is good all the way, and hand-outs rich and plentiful. Think of it seriously. We will send you back *mens*

sana surely, and *sano corpore* if we have luck. Allons!

I have grown quite meek over the verses, as I thought I should. I accept your strictures on the suspended construction, with only the lingering spiteful affirmation that two persons to whom I read the poem seemed to find far less difficulty in following the syntax than you assert as normal. The alternative explanations of the discrepancy in judgment are both too disagreeable to pursue. At worst it is only one more failure; success only looms a little haughtier, a little more disdainful of conquest. Esperance and set on!

I have had an enormous little adventure since I wrote last. Another Girl of course. This time a Westerner *par excellence* — a Californian, dating mentally from the age of Rousseau and Chateaubriand, with geysers and cloud bursts of romanticism, not to say sentimentality; dating spiritually from the Age of Gold, or some remoter purity, some Promethean dawn, some first-foam-birth in hyperborean seas. She likes Gibson's drawings, adores *Munsey's*, and sings 'Don't be Cross, Dear' with awful unction. After this you will not believe me when I say that she gave me the most unbearable shiver of rapture at the recognition of essential girlhood that I for a long time remember. Well, have you ever slept under the same roof with such a person, in the country, and wakened at that moment before dawn when in the 'spectral uncompounded light' the spirit is least capable of defense, when it feels only a membrane separating it from the shock of joy and woe as they stream from the passionate day-spring, and have you felt the sense of that common shelter like a caress, heard through walls and doors the rise and fall of her breast as an ineffable rhythm swaying the sun? If you have you can realize the gone feeling that possessed

me when she said (interpreting my own gloomy guess) that my kind was not her kind, that my language was not her language, and that her soul could only be studious to avoid mine, as the bird flying southward in spring avoids the hunter. I bowed assent and came home. I now nurse memories and grow elegiac. Come to Chicago!

W. V. M.

To Robert Morris Lovett

CHICAGO, July 14, '96.

... T—— turned up bright and early for his fifteen dollars, and continues to pay us little friendly visits from time to time. He now has his eye on the Civil Service. The Civil Service has not yet got its eye on him, but may in the fullness of time. . . .

It has been unspeakably hot — life a tragedy and a tongue-lolling — flat 7 a place of penance, teaching a Dantesque farce. Pray for us, thou godless happy Loafer.

Please give my kindest regards to Ida. I have for many weeks had it in my mind to try to phrase my gratitude for her very bully tolerance of our loudnesses and other iniquities this winter. Some day I shall, believe me; I speak with the arrogance of the professional rhetorician in daily need of defence against an inner conviction that he is the dumbest of God's creatures.

W. V. M.

To Josephine Preston Peabody

CHICAGO, July 17, 1896.

... I find that the West cries out as with one voice for the feathers and furbelows of feeling that you Cambridge mode-makers consigned to the garret decades ago. They're a little bedraggled at times, but we wear them with an air! Rousseau would weep over us — Chateaubriand would call us brother. I wonder if Rousseau and Chateaubriand were as ridiculous after all

as they seem from the serene middle of Harvard Square?

All this is of course (I mean this sentimentalizing and toy-sea-sailing) by way of 'compelling incident.' That is the most illuminating and fruitful phrase you ever gave me. Every hour that I pilfer from tedium I thank the lips that framed it. Alas! the better ways of gilding the grey days slip from me. Apollo has gone a-hunting and I was n't asked. I have hung my harp on a willow, where it gathers rust and caterpillars with a zeal it lacked in a better cause. I am gone stark dumb. I rap myself and get a sound of cracked clay. A white rage seizes me at times, against the pottering drudgery that has fastened its lichen teeth on me and is softening down my 'crisp cut name and date.' I echo poor Keats's cry, 'O for ten years that I may steep myself in poetry' — with the modest substitution of weeks for years, and a willingness to compromise on as many days if Providence will only undertake to get this shiny taste of themes and literary drool out of my mouth, and let me taste the waters of life where they are near the well-head. To go a-brook-following — O happiness, O thou bright Denied!

W. V. M.

To Daniel Gregory Mason

[CHICAGO, July 20, 1896.]

DEAR DAN: —

The confident tone of your last letter puts me in conceit with life again. En-

visage the theme job with the comic or the tragic mask, as you please, but not with the features sweet Nature gave you — on your life. I am known in the Chicago themery as the Man in the Iron Mask, and you may wager I live up to the title. The chance of luring you out here in August tempts me to lie goldenly about the musical prospects. Now that I have the strength I hasten feebly to falter that they are damn poor. Not that Chicago is not 'musical' — it is amazingly and egregiously so. Calliope is the one Muse we recognize, and she has a front spare bedroom and unlimited pie. But the place is overrun with music teachers — chiefly foreign — whereof I find recorded the names of unbelievable thousands. The University does not yet boast a Department of Music, though one hears rumors of millions ripe to drop at the summons of One Elect. If you feel the star quite distinct above your brows, you might practice crooking your little finger with the proper imperial persuasion.

You don't tell me anything about people. I have become a frowsy gossip, and cannot live without my pill of personalities sweetly compounded. To punish you for the neglect I enclose a reaction on a recent notable Experience. Hire an amanuensis for seven hours and talk out a sufficing bundle of pages on the mystical differences between This and That, and send the bill along with the bundle. WILL.

(To be concluded.)

THE LIE

BY MARY ANTIN

I

THE first thing about his American teachers that struck David Rudinsky was the fact that they were women, and the second was that they did not get angry if somebody asked questions. This phenomenon subverted his previous experience. When he went to *heder* (Hebrew school), in Russia, his teachers were always men, and they did not like to be interrupted with questions that were not in the lesson. Everything was different in America, and David liked the difference.

The American teachers, on their part, also made comparisons. They said David was not like other children. It was not merely that his mind worked like lightning; those neglected Russian waifs were almost always quick to learn, perhaps because they had to make up for lost time. The quality of his interest, more than the rapidity of his progress, excited comment. Miss Ralston, David's teacher in the sixth grade, which he reached in his second year at school, said of him that he never let go of a lesson till he had got the soul of the matter. 'I don't think grammar is grammar to him,' she said, 'or fractions mere arithmetic. I'm not satisfied with the way I teach these things since I've had David. I feel that if he were on the platform instead of me, geography and grammar would be spliced to the core of the universe.'

One difficulty David's teachers encountered, and that was his extreme reserve. In private conversation it was

hard to get anything out of him except 'yes, ma'am' and 'no, ma'am,' or, 'I don't understand, please.' In the classroom he did not seem to be aware of the existence of anybody besides Teacher and himself. He asked questions as fast as he could formulate them, and Teacher had to exercise much tact in order to satisfy him without slighting the rest of her pupils. To advances of a personal sort he did not respond, as if friendship were not among the things he hungered for.

It was Miss Ralston who found the way to David's heart. Perhaps she was interested in such things; they sometimes are, in the public schools. After the Christmas holidays, the children were given as a subject for composition, 'How I spent the Vacation.' David wrote in a froth of enthusiasm about whole days spent in the public library. He covered twelve pages with an account of the books he had read. The list included many juvenile classics in American history and biography; and from his comments it was plain that the little alien worshiped the heroes of war.

When Miss Ralston had read David's composition, she knew what to do. She was one of those persons who always know what to do, and do it. She asked David to stay after school, and read to him, from a blue book with gilt lettering, 'Paul Revere's Ride' and 'Independence Bell.' That hour neither of them ever forgot. To David it seemed as if all the heroes he had dreamed of crowded around him, so real did his teacher's reading make them. He

heard the clash of swords and the flapping of banners in the wind. On the blackboard behind Miss Ralston troops of faces appeared and vanished, like the shadows that run across a hillside when clouds are moving in the sky. As for Miss Ralston, she said afterwards that she was the first person who had ever seen the real David Rudinsky. That was a curious statement to make, considering that his mother and father, and sundry other persons in the two hemispheres, had had some acquaintance with David previous to the reading of 'Paul Revere's Ride.' However, Miss Ralston had a way of saying curious things.

There were many readings out of school hours, after that memorable beginning. Miss Ralston did not seem to realize that the School Board did not pay her for those extra hours that she spent on David. David did not know that she was paid at all. He thought Teacher was born on purpose to read and tell him things and answer his questions, just as his mother existed to cook his favorite soup and patch his trousers. So he brought his pet book from the library, and when the last pupil was gone, he took it from his desk, and laid it on Miss Ralston's, without a word; and Miss Ralston read, and they were both happy. When a little Jewish boy from Russia goes to school in America, all sorts of things are likely to happen that the School Board does not provide for. It might be amusing to figure out the reasons.

David's reserve slowly melted in the glowing intimacy of these happy half-hours; still he seldom made any comment on the reading at the time; he basked mutely in the warmth of his teacher's sympathy. But what he did not say orally he was very likely to say on paper. That also was one of Miss Ralston's discoveries. When she gave out the theme, 'What I Mean to

Do When I Grow Up,' David wrote that he was going to be an American citizen, and always vote for honest candidates, and belong to a society for arresting illegal voters. You see David was only a greenhorn, and an excitable one. He thought it a very great matter to be a citizen, perhaps because such a thing was not allowed in the country he came from. Miss Ralston probably knew how it was with him, or she guessed. She was great at guessing, as all her children knew. At any rate, she did not smile as she read of David's patriotic ambitions. She put his paper aside until their next quiet hour, and then she used it so as to get a great deal out of him that he would not have had the courage to tell if he had not believed that it was an exercise in composition.

This Miss Ralston was a crafty person. She learned from David about a Jewish restaurant where his father sometimes took him, a place where a group of ardent young Russians discussed politics over their inexpensive dinner. She heard about a mass meeting of Russian Jews to celebrate the death of Alexander III, 'because he was a cruel tyrant, and was very bad to Jewish people.' She even tracked some astonishing phrases in David's vocabulary to their origin in the Sunday orations he had heard on the Commemoration, in his father's company.

Impressed by these and other signs of paternal interest in her pupil's education, Miss Ralston was not unprepared for the visit which David's father paid her soon after these revelations. It was a very cold day, and Mr. Rudinsky shivered in his thin, shabby overcoat; but his face glowed with inner warmth as he discovered David's undersized figure in one of the front seats.

'I don't know how to say it what I feel to see my boy sitting and learning

like this,' he said, with a vibration in his voice that told more than his words. 'Do you know, ma'am, if I did n't have to make a living, I'd like to stay here all day and see my David get educated. I'm forty years old, and I've had much in my life, but it's worth nothing so much as this. The day I brought my children to school, it was the best day in my life. Perhaps you won't believe me, ma'am, but when I hear that David is a good boy and learns good in school, I would n't change places with Vanderbilt the millionaire.'

He looked at Miss Ralston with the eyes of David listening to 'Paul Revere's Ride.'

'What do you think, ma'am,' he asked, as he got up to leave, 'my David will be a good American, no?'

'He ought to be,' said Miss Ralston, warmly, 'with such a father.'

Mr. Rudinsky did not try to hide his gratification.

'I am a citizen,' he said, unconsciously straightening. 'I took out citizen papers as soon as I came to America, four years ago.'

So they came to the middle of February, when preparations for Washington's Birthday were well along. One day the class was singing 'America,' when Miss Ralston noticed that David stopped and stared absently at the blackboard in front of him. He did not wake out of his reverie till the singing was over, and then he raised his hand.

'Teacher,' he asked, when he had permission to speak, 'what does it mean, "Land where my fathers died"?'

Miss Ralston explained, wondering how many of her pupils cared to analyze the familiar words as David did.

A few days later, the national hymn was sung again. Miss Ralston watched David. His lips formed the words 'Land where my fathers died,' and then they stopped, set in the pout of child-

ish trouble. His eyes fixed themselves on the teacher's, but her smile of encouragement failed to dispel his evident perplexity.

Anxious to help him over his unaccountable difficulty, Miss Ralston detained him after school.

'David,' she asked him, when they were alone, 'do you understand "America" now?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Do you understand "Land where my fathers died"?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'You did n't sing with the others.'

'No, ma'am.'

Miss Ralston thought of a question that would rouse him.

'Don't you like "America," David?'

The boy almost jumped in his place.

'Oh, yes, ma'am, I do! I like "America." It's — fine.'

He pressed his fist nervously to his mouth, a trick he had when excited.

'Then tell me, David, why you don't sing it.'

David's eyes fixed themselves in a look of hopeless longing. He answered in a whisper, his pale face slowly reddening.

'My fathers did n't die here. How can I sing such a lie?'

Miss Ralston's impulse was to hug the child, but she was afraid to startle him. The attention she had lavished on the boy was rewarded at this moment, when her understanding of his nature inspired the answer to his troubled question. She saw how his mind worked. She realized, what a less sympathetic witness might have failed to realize, that behind the moral scruple expressed in his words, there was a sense of irreparable loss derived from the knowledge that he had no share in the national past. The other children could shout the American hymn in all the pride of proprietorship, but to him the words did not apply. It was a flaw

in his citizenship, which he was so jealous to establish.

The teacher's words were the very essence of tact and sympathy. In her voice were mingled the yearning of a mother and the faith of a comrade.

'David Rudinsky, you have as much a right to those words as I or anybody else in America. Your ancestors did not die on our battlefields, but they would have if they'd had a chance. You used to spend all your time reading the Hebrew books, in Russia. Don't you know how your people — your ancestors, perhaps! — fought the Roman tyrants? Don't you remember the Maccabean brothers, and Bar Kochba, and — oh, you know about them more than I! I'm ashamed to tell you that I have n't read much Jewish history, but I'm sure if we begin to look it up, we'll find that people of your race — people like your father, David — took a part in the fight for freedom, wherever they were allowed. And even in this country — David, I'm going to find out for you how many Jews there were in the armies of the Revolution. We don't think about it here, you see, because we don't ask what a man's religion is, as long as he is brave and good.'

David's eyes slowly lost their look of distress as his teacher talked. His tense little face, upturned to hers, reminded her of a withered blossom that revives in the rain. She went on with increasing earnestness, herself interested in the discoveries she was making, in her need.

'I tell you the truth, David, I never thought of these things before, but I do believe that the Pilgrim Fathers did n't all come here before the Revolution. Is n't your father just like them? Think of it, dear, how he left his home, and came to a strange land, where he could n't even speak the language. That was a great trouble, you

know; something like the fear of the Indians in the old days. And did n't he come looking for the very same things? He wanted freedom for himself and his family, and a chance for his children to grow up wise and brave. You know your father cares more for such things than he does for money or anything. It's the same story over again. Every ship that brings your people from Russia and other countries where they are ill-treated is a *Mayflower*. If I were a Jewish child like you, I would sing "America" louder than anybody else!'

David's adoring eyes gave her the thanks which his tongue would not venture to utter. Never since that moment, soon after his arrival from Russia, when his father showed him his citizenship papers, saying, 'Look, my son, this makes you an American,' had he felt so secure in his place in the world.

Miss Ralston studied his face in silence while she gathered up some papers on her desk, preparatory to leaving. In the back of her mind she asked herself to how many of the native children in her class the Fourth of July meant anything besides fire-crackers.

'Get your things, David,' she said presently, as she locked her desk. 'It's time we were going. Think if we should get locked up in the building!'

David smiled absently. In his ears rang the familiar line, 'Land where my fathers died — my fathers died — fathers died.'

'It's something like the Psalms!' he said suddenly, himself surprised at the discovery.

'What is like the Psalms, dear?'

He hesitated. Now that he had to explain, he was not sure any more. Miss Ralston helped him out.

'You mean "America," sounds like the Psalms to you?'

David nodded. His teacher beamed

her understanding. How did she guess wherein the similarity lay? David had in mind such moments as this when he said of Miss Ralston, 'Teacher talks with her eyes.'

Miss Ralston went to get her coat and hat from the closet.

'Get your things, David,' she repeated. 'The janitor will come to chase us out in a minute.'

He was struggling with the torn lining of a coat-sleeve in the children's dressing-room, when he heard Miss Ralston exclaim, —

'Oh, David! I had almost forgotten. You must try this on. This is what you're going to wear when you speak the dialogue with Annie and Raymond. We used it in a play a few years ago. I thought it would do for you.'

She held up a blue-and-buff jacket with tarnished epaulets. David hurried to put it on. He was to take the part of George Washington in the dialogue. At sight of the costume, his heart started off on a gallop.

Alas for his gallant aspirations! Nothing of David was visible outside the jacket except two big eyes above and two blunt boot-toes below. The collar reached to his ears; the cuffs dangled below his knees. He resembled a scarecrow in the cornfield more than the Father of his Country.

Miss Ralston suppressed her desire to laugh.

'It's a little big, isn't it?' she said cheerily, holding up the shoulders of the heroic garment. 'I wonder how we can make it fit. Don't you think your mother would know how to take up the sleeves and do something to the back?'

She turned the boy around, more hopeless than she would let him see. Miss Ralston understood more about little boys' hearts than about their coats.

'How old are you, David?' she asked, absently, wondering for the hun-

dredth time at his diminutive stature. 'I thought the boy for whom this was made was about your age.'

David's face showed that he felt reproved. 'I'm twelve,' he said, apologetically.

Miss Ralston reproached herself for her tactlessness, and proceeded to make amends.

'Twelve?' she repeated, patting the blue shoulders. 'You speak the lines like a much older boy. I'm sure your mother can make the coat fit, and I'll bring the wig — a powdered wig — and the sword, David! You'll look just like George Washington!'

Her gay voice echoed in the empty room. Her friendly eyes challenged his. She expected to see him kindle, as he did so readily in these days of patriotic excitement. But David failed to respond. He remained motionless in his place, his eyes blank and staring. Miss Ralston had the feeling that behind his dead front his soul was running away from her.

This is just what was happening. David was running away from her, and from himself, and from the image of George Washington, conjured up by the scene with the military coat. Somewhere in the jungle of his consciousness a monster was stirring, and his soul fled in terror of its clutch. What was it — what was it that came tearing through the wilderness of his memories of two worlds? In vain he tried not to understand. The ghosts of forgotten impressions cackled in the wake of the pursuing monster, the breath of whose nostrils spread an odor of evil sophistries grafted on his boyish thoughts in a chimerical past.

His mind reeled in a whirlwind of recollection. Miss Ralston could not have understood some of the things David reviewed, even if he had tried to tell her. In that other life of his, in Russia, had been monstrous things,

things that seemed unbelievable to David himself, after his short experience of America. He had suffered many wrongs, — yes, even as a little boy, — but he was not thinking of past grievances as he stood before Miss Ralston, seeing her as one sees a light through a fog. He was thinking of things harder to forget than injuries received from others. It was a sudden sense of his own sins that frightened David, and of one sin in particular, the origin of which was buried somewhere in the slime of the evil past. David was caught in the meshes of a complex inheritance; contradictory impulses tore at his heart. Fearfully he dived to the bottom of his consciousness, and brought up a bitter conviction: David Rudinsky, who called himself an American, who worshiped the names of the heroes, suddenly knew that he had sinned, sinned against his best friend, sinned even as he was planning to impersonate George Washington, the pattern of honor.

His white forehead glistened with the sweat of anguish. His eyes sickened. Miss Ralston caught him as he wavered and put him in the nearest seat.

'Why, David! what's the matter? Are you ill? Let me take this off — it's so heavy. There, that's better. Just rest your head on me, so.'

This roused him. He wriggled away from her support, and put out a hand to keep her off.

'Why, David! what is the matter? Your hands are so cold —'

David's head felt heavy and wobbly, but he stood up and began to put on his coat again, which he had pulled off in order to try on the uniform. To Miss Ralston's anxious questions he answered not a syllable, neither did he look at her once. His teacher, thoroughly alarmed, hurriedly put on her street things, intending to take him home. They walked in silence through the empty corridors, down the stairs,

and across the school yard. The teacher noticed with relief that the boy grew steadier with every step. She smiled at him encouragingly when he opened the gate for her, as she had taught him, but he did not meet her look.

At the corner where they usually parted David paused, steeling himself to take his teacher's hand; but to his surprise she kept right on, taking *his* crossing.

It was now that he spoke, and Miss Ralston was astonished at the alarm in his voice.

'Miss Ralston, where are you going? You don't go this way.'

'I'm going to see you home, David,' she replied firmly. 'I can't let you go alone — like this.'

'Oh, Teacher! don't, please don't. I'm all right — I'm not sick, — it's not far — Don't, Miss Ralston, *please*.'

In the February dusk, Miss Ralston saw the tears rise to his eyes. Whatever was wrong with him, it was plain that her presence only made him suffer the more. Accordingly she yielded to his entreaty.

'I hope you'll be all right, David,' she said, in a tone she might have used to a full-grown man. 'Good-bye.' And she turned the corner.

II

All the way home Miss Ralston debated the wisdom of allowing him to go alone, but as she recalled his look and his entreating voice she felt anew the compulsion that had made her yield. She attributed his sudden breakdown entirely to overwrought nerves, and remorsefully resolved not to subject him in the future to the strain of extra hours after school.

Her misgivings were revived the next morning, when David failed to appear with the ringing of the first gong, as was his habit. But before the

children had taken their seats, David's younger brother, Bennie, brought her news of the missing boy.

'David's sick in bed,' he announced in accents of extreme importance. 'He did n't come home till awful late last night, and he was so frozen, his teeth knocked together. My mother says he burned like a fire all night, and she had to take little Harry in her bed, with her and papa, so's David could sleep all alone. We all went downstairs in our bare feet this morning, and dressed ourselves in the kitchen, so David could sleep.'

'What is the matter with him? Did you have the doctor?'

'No, ma'am, not yet. The dispensary don't open till nine o'clock.'

Miss Ralston begged him to report again in the afternoon, which he did, standing before her, cap in hand, his sense of importance still dominating over brotherly concern.

'He's sick, all right,' Bennie reported. 'He don't eat at all — just drinks and drinks. My mother says he cried the whole morning, when he woke up and found out he'd missed school. My mother says he tried to get up and dress himself, but he could n't anyhow. Too sick.'

'Did you have the doctor?' interrupted Miss Ralston, suppressing her impatience.

'No, ma'am, not yet. My father went to the dispensary, but the doctor said he can't come till noon, but he did n't. Then I went to the dispensary, dinner time, but the doctor did n't yet come when we went back to school. My mother says you can die ten times before the dispensary doctor comes.'

'What does your mother think it is?'

'Oh, she says it's a bad cold, but David is n't strong, you know, so she's scared. I guess if he gets worse I'll have to stay home from school to run for the medicines.'

'I hope not, Bennie. Now you'd better run along, or you'll be late.'

'Yes, ma'am. Good-bye.'

'Will you come again in the morning and tell me about your brother?'

'Yes, ma'am. Good-bye. — Teacher.'

'Yes, Bennie?'

'Do you think you can do something — something — about his *record*? David feels dreadful because he's broke his record. He never missed school before, you know. It's — it's too bad to see him cry. He's always so quiet, you know, kind of like grown people. He don't fight or tease or anything. Do you think you can, Teacher?'

Miss Ralston was touched by this tribute to her pupil, but she could not promise to mend the broken record.

'Tell David not to worry. He has the best record in the school, for attendance and everything. Tell him I said he must hurry and get well, as we must rehearse our pieces for Washington's Birthday.'

The next morning Bennie reeled off a longer story than ever. He described the doctor's visit in great detail, and Miss Ralston was relieved to gather that David's ailment was nothing worse than gripe; unless, as the doctor warned, his run-down condition caused complications. He would be in bed a week or more, in any case, 'and he ought to sleep most of the time, the doctor said.'

'I guess the doctor don't know our David!' Bennie scoffed. 'He never wants at all to go to sleep. He reads and reads when everybody goes to bed. One time he was reading all night, and the lamp went out, and he was afraid to go downstairs for oil, because he'd wake somebody, so he lighted matches and read little bits. There was a heap of burned matches in the morning.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed Miss Ralston. 'He ought not to do that. Your father

ought not — Does your father allow him to stay up nights?’

‘Sure. My father’s proud because he’s going to be a great man; a doctor, maybe.’ He shrugged his shoulders, as if to say, ‘What may not a David become?’

‘David is funny, don’t you think, Teacher?’ the boy went on. ‘He asks such funny questions. What do you think he said to the doctor?’

‘I can’t imagine.’

‘Well, he pulled him by the sleeve when he took out the — the thing he puts in your mouth, and said kind of hoarse, “Doctor, did you ever tell a lie?” Was n’t that funny?’

Miss Ralston did not answer. She was thinking that David must have been turning over some problem in his mind, to say so much to a stranger.

‘Did you give him my message?’ she asked finally.

‘Yes ’m! I told him about rehearsing his piece for Washington’s Birthday.’ Bennie paused.

‘Well?’

‘He acted so funny. He turned over to the wall, and cried and cried without any noise.’

‘The poor boy! He’ll be dreadfully disappointed not to take his part in the exercises.’

Bennie shook his head.

‘That is n’t for what he cries,’ he said oracularly.

Miss Ralston’s attentive silence invited further revelations.

‘He’s *worrying* about something.’ Bennie brought out, rolling his head ominously.

‘Why? How do you know?’

‘The doctor said so. He told my father downstairs. He said, “Make him tell, if you can, it may help to pull him off” — no, “pull him up.” That’s what the doctor said.’

Miss Ralston’s thoughts flew back to her last interview with David, two

days before, when he had broken down so suddenly. Was there a mystery there? She was certain the boy was overwrought, and physically run down. Apparently, also, he had been exposed to the weather during the evening when he was taken ill; Bennie’s chatter indicated that David had wandered in the streets for hours. These things would account for the grippe, and for the abnormal fever of which Bennie boasted. But what was David worrying about? She resolved to go and see the boy in a day or two, when he was reported to be more comfortable.

On his next visit Bennie brought a message from the patient himself.

‘He said to give you this, Teacher,’ handing Miss Ralston a journal. ‘It’s yours. It has the pieces in it for Washington’s Birthday. He said you might need it, and the doctor did n’t say when he could go again to school.’

Miss Ralston laid the journal carelessly on a pile of other papers. Bennie balanced himself on one foot, looking as if his mission were not yet ended.

‘Well, Bennie?’ Miss Ralston encouraged him. She was beginning to understand his mysterious airs.

‘David was really careful about that book,’ the messenger said impressively. ‘He said over and over not to lose it, and not to give it to nobody only you.’

III

It was not till the end of the day that Miss Ralston took up the journal Bennie had brought. She turned the leaves absently, thinking of David. He would be so disappointed to miss the exercises! And to whom should she give the part of George Washington in the dialogue? She found the piece in the journal. A scrap of paper marked the place. A folded paper. Folded several times. Miss Ralston opened out the paper and found some writing.

Dear Teacher Miss Ralston:

I can't be George Washington any more because I have lied to you. I must not tell you about what, because you would blame somebody who did n't do wrong.

Your friend,

DAVID RUDINSKY.

Again and again Miss Ralston read the note, unable to understand it. David, her David, whose soul was a mirror for every noble idea, had lied to her! What could he mean? What had impelled him? *Somebody who did n't do wrong.* So it was not David alone; there was some complication with another person. She studied the note word for word, and her eyes slowly filled with tears. If the boy had really lied—if the whole thing were not a chimera of his fevered nights—then what must he have suffered of remorse and shame! Her heart went out to him even while her brain was busy with the mystery.

She made a swift resolution. She would go to David at once. She was sure he would tell her more than he had written, and it would relieve his mind. She did not dread the possible disclosures. Her knowledge of the boy made her certain that she would find nothing ignoble at the bottom of his mystery. He was only a child, after all—an overwrought, sensitive child. No doubt he exaggerated his sin, if sin there were. It was her duty to go and put him at rest.

She knew that David's father kept a candy shop in the basement of his tenement, and she had no trouble in finding the place. Half the children in the neighborhood escorted her to the door, attracted by the phenomenon of a Teacher loose on their streets.

The tinkle of the shop bell brought Mr. Rudinsky from the little kitchen in the rear.

'Well, well!' he exclaimed, shaking hands heartily. 'This is a great honor—a great honor.' He sounded the initial *h*. 'I wish I had a palace for you to come in, ma'am. I don't think there was such company in this house since it was built.'

His tone was one of genuine gratification. Ushering her into the kitchen, he set a chair for her, and himself sat down at a respectful distance.

'I'm sorry,' he began, with a wave of his hand around the room. 'Such company ought not to sit in the kitchen, but you see—'

He was interrupted by Benny, who had clattered in at the visitor's heels, panting for recognition.

'Never mind, Teacher,' the youngster spoke up, 'we got a parlor upstairs, with a mantelpiece and everything, but David sleeps up there—the doctor said it's the most air—and you dass n't wake him up till he wakes himself.'

Bennie's father frowned, but the visitor smiled a cordial smile.

'I like a friendly kitchen like this,' she said quietly. 'My mother did not keep any help when I was a little girl and I was a great deal in the kitchen.'

Her host showed his appreciation of her tact by dropping the subject.

'I'm sure you came about David,' he said.

'I did. How is he?'

'Pretty sick, ma'am. The doctor says it's not the sickness so much, but David is so weak and small. He says David studies too much altogether. Maybe he's right. What do you think, ma'am?'

Miss Ralston answered remorsefully.

'I agree with the doctor. I think we are all to blame. We push him too much when we ought to hold him back.'

Here Bennie made another raid on the conversation.

'He's going to be a great man, a doctor maybe. My mother says —'

Mr. Rudinsky did not let him finish. He thought it time to insure the peace of so important an interview.

'Bennie,' said he, 'you will go mind the store, and keep the kitchen door shut.'

Bennie's discomfiture was evident in his face. He obeyed, but not without a murmur.

'Let us make a covenant to take better care of David in the future.'

Miss Ralston was speaking when Mrs. Rudinsky appeared in the doorway. She was flushed from the exertions of a hasty toilet, for which she had fled upstairs at the approach of 'company.' She came forward timidly, holding out a hand on which the scrubbing brush and the paring knife had left their respective marks.

'How do you do, ma'am?' she said, cordially, but shyly. 'I'm glad to see you. I wish I can speak English better, I'd like to say how proud I am to see David's teacher in my haus.'

'Why, you speak wonderfully!' Miss Ralston exclaimed, with genuine enthusiasm. 'I don't understand how you pick up the language in such a short time. I could n't learn Russian so fast, I'm sure.'

'My husband makes us speak English all the time,' Mrs. Rudinsky replied. 'From the fust day he said to speak English. He scolds the children if he hears they speak Jewish.'

'Sure,' put in her husband, 'I don't want my family to be greenhorns.'

Miss Ralston turned a glowing face to him.

'Mr. Rudinsky, I think you've done wonders for your family. If all immigrants were like you, we would n't need any restriction laws.' She threw all possible emphasis into her cordial voice. 'Why, you're a better American than some natives I know!'

Mrs. Rudinsky sent her husband a look of loving pride.

'He wants to be a Yankee,' she said.

Her husband took up the cue in earnest.

'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'That's my ambition. When I was a young man, in the old country, I wanted to be a scholar. But a Jew has no chance in the old country; perhaps you know how it is. It was n't the Hebrew books I wanted. I wanted to learn what the rest of the world learned, but a poor Jew had no chance in Russia. When I got to America, it was too late for me to go to school. It took me all my time and strength to make a living — I've never been much good in business, ma'am — and when I got my family over, I saw that it was the children would go to school for me. I'm glad to be a plain citizen, if my children will be educated Americans.'

People with eyes and hands like Mr. Rudinsky's can say a great deal in a few words. Miss Ralston felt as if she had known him all his life, and followed his strivings in two worlds.

'I'm glad to know you, Mr. Rudinsky,' she said in a low voice. 'I wish more of my pupils had fathers like David's.'

Her host changed the subject very neatly.

'And I wish the school children had more teachers like you. David likes you so much.'

'Oh, he liked you!' the wife confirmed. 'Please stay till he veks up. He'll be sorry to missed your visit.'

While his wife moved quietly around the stove, making tea, Mr. Rudinsky entertained their guest with anecdotes of David's Hebrew-school days, and of his vain efforts to get at secular books.

'He was just like me,' he said. 'He wanted to learn everything. I could n't afford a private teacher, and they

would n't take him in the public school. He learned Russian all alone, and if he got a book from somewhere — a history or anything — he would n't eat or drink till he read it all.'

Mrs. Rudinsky often glanced at David's teacher, to see how her husband's stories were impressing her. She was too shy with her English to say more than was required of her as hostess, but her face, aglow with motherly pride, showed how she participated in her husband's enthusiasm.

'You see yourself, ma'am, what he is,' said David's father, 'but what could I make of him in Russia? I was happy when he got here, only it was a little late. I wished he started in school younger.'

'He has time enough,' said Miss Ralston. 'He'll get through grammar school before he's fourteen. He's twelve now, is n't he?'

'Yes, ma'am — no, ma'am! He's really fourteen now, but I made him out younger on purpose.'

Miss Ralston looked puzzled. Mr. Rudinsky explained.

'You see, ma'am, he was twelve years when he came, and I wanted he should go to school as long as possible, so when I made his school certificate, I said he was only ten. I have seven children, and David is the oldest one, and I was afraid he'd have to go to work, if business was bad, or if I was sick. The state is a good father to the children in America, if the real fathers don't mix in. Why should my David lose his chance to get educated and be somebody, because I am a poor business man, and have too many children? So I made out that he had to go to school two years more.'

He narrated this anecdote in the same simple manner in which he had told a dozen others. He seemed pleased to rehearse the little plot whereby he had insured his boy's education. As

Miss Ralston did not make any comment immediately, he went on, as if sure of her sympathy.

'I told you I got my citizen papers right away when I came to America. I worked hard before I could bring my family — it took me four years to save the money — and they found a very poor home when they got here, but they were citizens right away. But it would n't do them much good, if they did n't get educated. I found out all about the compulsory education, and I said to myself that's the policeman that will keep me from robbing my David if I fail in business.'

He did not overestimate his visitor's sympathy. Miss Ralston followed his story with quick appreciation of his ideals and motives, but in her ingenuous American mind one fact separated itself from the others: namely, that Mr. Rudinsky had falsified his boy's age, and had recorded the falsehood in a public document. Her recognition of the fact carried with it no criticism. She realized that Mr. Rudinsky's conscience was the product of an environment vastly different from hers. It was merely that to her mind the element of deceit was something to be accounted for, be it ever so charitably, whereas in Mr. Rudinsky's mind it evidently had no existence at all.

'So David is really fourteen years old?' she repeated incredulously. 'Why, he seems too little even for twelve! Does he know? — Of course he would know! I wonder that he consented —'

She broke off, struck by a sudden thought. 'Consented to tell a lie' she had meant to say, but the unspoken words diverted her mind from the conversation. It came upon her in a flash that she had found the key to David's mystery. His note was in her pocket-book, but she knew every word of it, and now everything was plain to her. The lie was this lie about his age, and

the person he wanted to shield was his father. And for that he was suffering so!

She began to ask questions eagerly.

'Has David said anything about — about a little trouble he had in school the day he became ill?'

Both parents showed concern.

'Trouble? what trouble?'

'Oh, it was hardly trouble — at least, I could n't tell myself.'

'David is so hard to understand sometimes,' his father said.

'Oh, I don't think so!' the teacher cried. 'Not when you make friends with him. He does n't say much, it's true, but his heart is like a crystal.'

'He's too still,' the mother insisted, shaking her head. 'All the time he's sick, he don't say anything, only when we ask him something. The doctor thinks he's worrying about something, but he don't tell.'

The mother sighed, but Miss Ralston cut short her reflections.

'Mrs. Rudinsky — Mr. Rudinsky,' she began eagerly, 'I can tell you what David's troubled about.'

And she told them the story of her last talk with David, and finally read them his note.

'And this lie,' she ended, 'you know what it is, don't you? You've just told me yourself, Mr. Rudinsky.'

She looked pleadingly at him, longing to have him understand David's mind as she understood it. But Mr. Rudinsky was very slow to grasp the point.

'You mean — about the certificate? Because I made out that he was younger?'

Miss Ralston nodded.

'You know David has such a sense of honor,' she explained, speaking slowly, embarrassed by the effort of following Mr. Rudinsky's train of thought and her own at the same time. 'You know how he questions everything —

sooner or later he makes everything clear to himself — and something must have started him thinking of this old matter lately — Why, of course! I remember I asked him his age that day, when he tried on the costume, and he answered as usual, and then, I suppose, he suddenly *realized* what he was saying. I don't believe he ever *thought* about it since — since you arranged it so, and now, all of a sudden —'

She did not finish, because she saw that her listeners did not follow her. Both their faces expressed pain and perplexity. After a long silence, David's father spoke.

'And what do *you* think, ma'am?'

Miss Ralston was touched by the undertone of submission in his voice. Her swift sympathy had taken her far into his thoughts. She recognized in his story one of those ethical paradoxes which the helpless Jews of the Pale, in their search for a weapon that their oppressors could not confiscate, have evolved for their self-defence. She knew that to many honest Jewish minds a lie was not a lie when told to an official; and she divined that no ghost of a scruple had disturbed Mr. Rudinsky in his sense of triumph over circumstances, when he invented the lie that was to insure the education of his gifted child. With David, of course, the same philosophy had been valid. His father's plan for the protection of his future, hingeing on a too familiar sophistry, had dropped innocuous into his consciousness; until, in a moment of spiritual sensitiveness, it took on the visage of sin.

'And what do *you* think, ma'am?'

David's father did not have to wait a moment for her answer, so readily did her insight come to his defense. In a few eager sentences she made him feel that she understood him perfectly, and understood David perfectly.

'I respect you the more for that lie,

Mr. Rudinsky. It was — a *noble* lie!’ There was the least tremor in her voice. ‘And I love David for the way *he* sees it.’

Mr. Rudinsky got up and paced slowly across the room. Then he stopped before Miss Ralston.

‘You are very kind to talk like that, Miss Ralston,’ he said, with peculiar dignity. ‘You see the whole thing. In the old country we had to do such things so many times that we — got used to them. Here — here we don’t have to.’ His voice took on a musing quality. ‘But we don’t see it right away when we get here. I meant nothing, only just to keep my boy in school. It was not to cheat anybody. The state is willing to educate the children. I said to myself I will tie my own hands, so that I can’t pull my child after me if I drown. I did want my David should have the best chance in America.’

Miss Ralston was thrilled by the suppressed passion in his voice. She held out her hand to him, saying again, in the low tones that come from the heart, ‘I am glad I know you, Mr. Rudinsky.’

There was unconscious chivalry in Mr. Rudinsky’s next words. Stepping to his wife’s side, he laid a gentle hand on her shoulder, and said quietly, ‘My wife has been my helper in everything.’

Miss Ralston, as we know, was given to seeing things. She saw now, not a poor immigrant couple in the first stage of American respectability, which was all there was in the room to see, but a phantom procession of men with the faces of prophets, muffled in striped praying-shawls, and women radiant in the light of many candles, and youths and maidens with smouldering depths in their eyes, and silent children who pushed away joyous things for — for —

Dreams don’t use up much time.

Mr. Rudinsky was not aware that there had been a pause before he spoke again.

‘You understand so well, Miss Ralston. But David’ — he hesitated a moment, then finished quickly. ‘How can he respect me if he feels like that?’

His wife spoke tremulously from her corner.

‘That’s what I think.’

‘Oh, don’t think that!’ Miss Ralston cried. ‘He does respect you — he understands. Don’t you see what he says: *I can’t tell you — because you would blame somebody who did n’t do wrong.* He does n’t blame you. He only blames himself. He’s afraid to tell me because he thinks *I can’t understand.*’

The teacher laughed a happy little laugh. In her eagerness to comfort David’s parents, she said just the right things, and every word summed up an instantaneous discovery. One of her useful gifts was the ability to find out truths just when she desperately needed them. There are people like that, and some of them are school-teachers hired by the year. When David’s father cried, ‘How can he respect me?’ Miss Ralston’s heart was frightened while it beat one beat. Only one. Then she knew all David’s thoughts between the terrible, ‘I have lied,’ and the generous, ‘But my father did no wrong.’ She guessed what the struggle had cost to reconcile the contradictions; she imagined his bewilderment as he tried to rule himself by his new-found standards, while seeking excuses for his father in the one he cast away from him as unworthy of an American. Problems like David’s are not very common, but then Miss Ralston was good at guessing.

‘Don’t worry, Mr. Rudinsky,’ she said, looking out of her glad eyes. ‘And you, Mrs. Rudinsky, don’t think for a moment that David does n’t under-

stand. He's had a bad time, the poor boy, but I know — Oh, I must speak to him! Will he wake soon, do you think?'

Mr. Rudinsky left the room without a word.

'It's all right,' said David's mother, in reply to an anxious look from Miss Ralston. 'He sleeps already the whole afternoon.'

It had grown almost dark while they talked. Mrs. Rudinsky now lighted the lamps, apologizing to her guest for not having done so sooner, and then she released Bennie from his prolonged attendance in the store.

Bennie came into the kitchen chewing his reward, some very gummy confection. He was obliged to look the pent-up things he wanted to say, until such time as he could clear his clogged talking-gear.

'Teacher,' he began, before he had finished swallowing, 'What for did you say —'

'Bennie!' his mother reproved him, 'You must shame yourself to listen by the door.'

'Well, there was n't any trade, ma,' he defended himself, 'only Bessie Katz, and she brought back the peppermints she bought this morning, to change them for taffy, but I did n't because they were all dirty, and one was broken —'

Bennie never had a chance to bring his speeches to a voluntary stop. Somebody always interrupted. This time it was his father, who came down the stairs, looking so grave that even Bennie was impressed.

'He's awake,' said Mr. Rudinsky. 'I lighted the lamp. Will you please come up, ma'am?'

He showed her to the room where David lay, and closed the door on them

both. It was not he, but Miss Ralston, the American teacher, that his boy needed. He went softly down to the kitchen, where his wife smiled at him through unnecessary tears.

Miss Ralston never forgot the next hour, and David never forgot. The woman always remembered how the boy's eyes burned through the dusk of the shadowed corner where he lay. The boy remembered how his teacher's voice palpitated in his heart, how her cool hands rested on his, how the lamp-light made a halo out of her hair. To each of them the dim room with its scant furnishings became a spiritual rendezvous.

What did the woman say, that drew the sting of remorse from the child's heart, without robbing him of the bloom of his idealism? What did she tell him that transmuted the offense of ages into the marrow and blood of persecuted virtue? How did she weld in the boy's consciousness the scraps of his mixed inheritance, so that he saw his whole experience as an unbroken thing at last? There was nobody to report how it was done. The woman did not know, nor the child. It was a secret born of the boy's need and the woman's longing to serve him; just as in nature every want creates its satisfaction.

When she was ready to leave him, Miss Ralston knelt for a moment at David's bedside, and once more took his small, hot hands in hers.

'And I have made a discovery, David,' she said, smiling in a way of her own. 'Talking with your parents downstairs I saw why it was that the Russian Jews are so soon at home here in our dear country. In the hearts of men like your father, dear, is the true America.'

EDUCATION FOR MOTHERHOOD¹

II

BY ELLEN KEY

As I stated in my article in the last issue of the *Atlantic*, economy and religion determine the trend of life, especially that of family life. And for this reason the tide of the age, which has already turned women outward, is likely to wax stronger until a new religion once again shall kindle the soul of the people with a burning desire for great spiritual values.

Certain signs have appeared, indicating that the religious as well as the economic transformation is in progress. And the heart-beat of humanity has always gone thus: after the outflowing, the inflowing — from the surface back to the heart. The new religion will probably not be a 'refined' Christianity. But the deepest experiences of the race to which Christianity gave expression in myths and symbols now worn out, will reassert themselves in new form. And the highest ideas which Christianity has given to humanity will again become life-determining forces, although on other grounds.

The crisis through which all the assets generally considered 'Christian' and 'feminine' are now passing, arose out of their sharp contrast to the present social development or outlook on life. Women have no longer that Christian faith, as a mainstay against the power of the times, which among other things made them willing to accept

as many children as it 'pleased God to send.' Implicit devotion and self-sacrifice are no longer women's ideal. The legitimate individualism which has made the modern women determined also 'to live their own lives' has, with many, resulted in a decision to throw off 'sexual slavery in the interests of the family.' From this individualism women can be converted only through a new religious belief, namely, that every human being 'lives his own life' in the greatest and most beautiful sense when his will is in harmony with that will to create of which the whole evolution — of culture as well as of nature — bears witness.

But the will to create, which is the mysterious innermost nature of life, nowhere reveals itself more simply or more strongly than in that love out of which new beings spring, and in that parental devotion to these new beings. From the point of view of the new religion, the professional and social work, which by many modern women is considered an obstacle to motherhood and of greater social value than the latter, will only be a 'tithe of mint and anise and cummin' when husbands and wives, well equipped for parenthood, do not give the race their flesh and blood. All that the intelligence and genius of men and women can do for eugenics and the care of infants, for education and schools, is of small consequence so long as it is lavished on a

¹ Written for the *Atlantic*, and translated from the Swedish original by A. E. B. Fries.

human material constantly shrinking in value because produced by physically and psychically inferior parents, while those who have the making of good parents cannot afford, or have not the will, to supply children to the race. Or, as a well-known botanist has vigorously expressed it: 'A single microscopic cell from which one great human being springs is of greater importance to the race than the painstaking efforts of a hundred thousand child-rearers and educators with a child-material below par.'

It is this conception which must become dominant before any 'education for motherhood' can be effective. Thoughts and emotions, will and imagination, must become converted and sanctified through a religion that considers the present superficial culture as a fall of man. The low ideal of happiness held by an irreligious race — an increasingly easy, gliding, automobile existence — will lose its attraction for humanity through the religious awakening, and men and women will once more dream of noble and dangerous deeds, an epoch of aviation even in a spiritual sense. The heroic attitude toward and in life, which the ancient world and Nietzsche in the modern world represent, will again become the ideal of happiness which guides the leaders of the race. Even the many will again desire the deep feeling, the strong emotions and difficult tasks, — despite the dangers, sufferings and sorrows they may bring, — because the ideal of happiness will not then, as now, be the easiest existence, but one which allows the greatest expenditure of power.

For a majority of women it is family life that offers this more toilsome and troubled, but also more rich and joyous existence. But not family life alone! Power expands also in taking part in the organization of a more and more

perfect society, in a more concerted progress toward a wiser and higher moral goal. This too is a collaboration with the Will to create, an adjusting of one's own individuality to individual assets beyond, or, in other words, a form of the new religious worship.

The morning star which augurs the birth of the new religion is already visible on the horizon. For instance, not only economic and democratic forces are at work for the new social order: there are also religious ones. And to the same extent that these forces increase in strength we shall draw nearer to that state which is to relieve the present chaotic and energy-wasting society, the present soulless and aimless existence.

And not until then are we likely to have mothers well trained for the vocation of motherhood and well cared for by society during the discharge of this duty.

A new time comes, as a rule, with quiet and small steps, only rarely with great, swift strides. Such a small step is the recognition in Europe, as well as in America, of the obvious need of a training for the inherently womanly vocations. To begin with, we have discovered that it is only an empty phrase to assert that industry has wholly supplanted the business of the household, since very many tasks remain which have to be done in the home. And further, we have grown to understand that to purchase all the necessities of life ready-made lowers the family's standard of living and increases the cost more than if the wife performed certain work in the home. We have begun to see that the value of the wife's industrial work does not, from a national economic point of view, compensate for the family's higher cost of living, the women's indisposition toward motherhood, and incapacity for it, the neglect of the children and the home

and the consequent increase of alcoholism and criminality, and finally the constantly growing expense to the state of the rearing and care of the children in public and charitable institutions.

As a result of these observations, women especially, but also men, have begun to advocate cooking-schools, courses in domestic science and household economics. Such courses are given in conjunction with the public schools and colleges, or as independent courses, whether or not combined with the care of children. 'Mother schools,' child-training schools, kindergarten schools, lecture courses in child-psychology and in experimental psychology, everywhere are springing into existence. In a word, efforts are being made to remedy the ignorance of the young women of the present generation as to the mission of the home — an ignorance which is the result, on the one hand, of the early entering into industrial labor, on the other hand, of the long studies.

We are ready to deplore the colossal mismanagement which has gone on century after century in allowing women to come unprepared to their most important vocation, — for society and for the race, — the bearing and rearing of children. Information as to sexual matters is still, by many, considered an abomination — in Germany a girl was expelled from a boarding-school because she possessed a scientific book on the 'sex-life of plants'! — but it is beginning to be imparted by all thoughtful educators. The moderate feminists in Europe are using all these measures in their endeavor to make women professionally capable in their old department of labor. They understand that only increased capability can give the inwardly directed expenditure of woman's power a new dignity, make it a new social asset. I have no knowledge of the stand taken by American feminists in regard to this movement.

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Considering this training by itself, I believe that the cooking course is wisely taught in the early teens when it is enjoyed by most as a change from book-studies, and as a knowledge of which the young may easily make use. But I do not believe that that age is the psychologically correct time for the more serious and important education in the art of home-making and for motherhood. The fundamental evil of the present school-system is its tendency to line up the manifold desirable teachings for the young like soldiers on parade, namely, on graduation day. This is an insurmountable obstacle to thoroughness and veracity in instruction, qualities which cannot be fully attained without perfect peace for both teachers and pupils — a peace which is never associated with fixed courses and examinations. Without serenity, no knowledge can fully ring out, vibrating through thought, feeling, and imagination. But only in such a resonance does the knowledge manifest itself as living, only thus does it become a power for growth within the individual.

And that is more especially what education for motherhood must accomplish; otherwise it is a failure. During the early 'teens' the young girls' minds are already crammed with abstract knowledge which they have frequently neither desired nor needed. Then comes this education for motherhood for which they have no direct use, and it comes at a time when their minds are mostly filled with thoughts, emotions, and dreams of life which attract all their yearning, though as yet in indefinite forms. It consequently follows that they will come absent-mindedly to the instruction in the vocation of motherhood, and when later in life they stand before the reality, they will have forgotten most of this teaching, as they forget so much of the other instruction they have received without longing

and without the personal assimilation referred to above.

Even if one takes this instruction as seriously as, for example, the German woman suffragists desire, — who endeavor to introduce an obligatory year-long post-graduate course for all girls, as a preparation for motherhood, — such preparation, for the reasons mentioned heretofore, would in reality be far from as effective as a training given some years later. In my opinion, girls as well as boys, after having at about the age of fifteen finished the common preparatory school, which ought to be entirely free from examinations — should devote themselves to their special professional training, which, in the case of the majority, would be completed at about the age of twenty. And this is the age at which I would advocate a year of social service for women as well as for men. In the states that enforce military training, such a period of service is already required of the men and it often lasts two years. I consider a parallel service for women the right education for the care of home and children. And this period of training should be set at the psychologically important age when many of the young women already look forward to a home of their own, or at least have become conscious of a longing for home and children.

The year of training should be divided into three courses: —

1. A theoretic course in national economics, hygienic and fundamental æsthetic principles for the planning of a home and the running of a household. This course would hardly need to include practical exercises, since sewing and cooking classes, and the like, form a part of the curriculum in the present day schools, and thus the first principles of domestic science are there imparted.

2. A theoretic course in hygiene,

psychology, and education for normal children, with some directions for the recognition of abnormalities.

3. A theoretic course in the physical and psychical duties of a mother before and after the birth of a child, and the fundamental principles of eugenics.

To these theoretic courses must be added practical training in the care of children, which should embrace knowledge of the child's proper nourishment, clothing, and sleep; its physical exercise, play, and other occupations; and its care in case of sickness and accident. Children's asylums, day-nurseries and hospitals, and mother-homes (where mothers with children would find refuge for shorter or longer periods), would give opportunity for such training led by the teachers.

Already in the year 1900 (in *The Century of the Child*, first edition), I had proposed a service for women similar to the compulsory military service for men. Such propositions had been made in Sweden even earlier from several quarters. But they had only referred to the obligatory training of women in the care of the sick and their compulsory service as nurses in time of war. My plan, on the other hand, was that the training should principally comprise domestic science and the care of children, although the rudiments of hygiene and therapeutics ought also to be considered. In 1900, no one took up my proposition, not even in order to attack it. To-day, after a lapse of twelve years, this same proposition, but quite independently of me, has been put forth from many sides, not alone from Sweden, but from Norway, Germany, and elsewhere, and by men as well as women. Some of these — rather unfortunately in my opinion — have connected the question of such a year of social service for woman with the question of woman suffrage. This has come from quarters where it is considered

that men's right to suffrage answers to their military duty. For my part, I have never connected these two questions, since I consider that the duty of paying taxes, equal for men and women, corresponds to their equal rights of suffrage, and, besides, that society's need of the women's point of view as well as of that of men fully justifies their eligibility to office. And, if we seek a parallel to man's sacrifice of life and limb or health on the battlefield, we find it in child-bearing, a battlefield where many women give their lives or become invalids for the rest of their days.

The duty of a training for social service as mother or soldier naturally follows, in my opinion, the education that society has given the young, an education which, in regard to professional training, they repay by efficient work in their various professions, but in other respects by preparing themselves to defend and promote the culture of which they are beneficiaries. The natural division of labor will then be that the men prepare themselves to defend the country in case of an impending peril, and deliver it from danger, while the women prepare themselves to defend and care for the new generation on which the future depends.

In the distant future, when military service shall no longer be needed, and at present, in countries where it is not enforced, all young people ought to have some such training as that of which the Scout movement is, in a certain sense, a beginning — a training in readiness and ability to assist in case of natural calamities and other accidents which may befall society or individuals. Even now, it is the soldiers and seamen who, at times of fire, railroad and mine accidents, floods and earthquakes, show themselves the best helpers, because of their habits of discipline, and of swift and efficient action.

Boys ought to be taught — as is done here and there in America — the preparation of the plainest dishes and the simplest mending of clothes, in order that they may not be utterly helpless in any situation in which they may find themselves in life. And the young man should, during his year of social service, receive instruction in the first principles of eugenics and hygiene.

Both men and women ought also, as a matter of course, to have some knowledge of the essential features of the structure of society. This may be done already during the school period — as has very successfully been tried at an excellent coeducational reform school in Sweden — if the knowledge be not imparted through dry discourses, but the young people are allowed, under the guidance of an expert teacher, to play at parliament some hours a week during several years — playing at elections, committee-meetings, party divisions, motions, and discussions, just as in the national legislature. Even the rudiments of national economy ought in some such manner to be made living and interesting.

That all of this directly belongs to woman's education for social motherhood, and indirectly also to her vocation as the mother of future servants of society, needs no further proof. For men, as well as for women, the social-service year would not be wasted even if many would have no occasion personally to use for their own individual benefit all the knowledge gained. There exists no woman, who does not, in some way or other, come into contact with children. And it is increasingly rare for women not to find opportunities in social work to use the knowledge gained during a year's instruction in the care of children, hygiene, eugenics, and domestic science. But far beyond and above the benefits which understanding of this or that individual case

would bring, is the awakening to social responsibility and the leveling of class distinction which such a year of obligatory social service would bring to the daughter of the millionaire and the factory girl alike. As guides in the instruction of young women, I would choose noble matrons, serene as priestesses, who themselves have fulfilled the mission of motherhood — women ripened into sweetness of wisdom, and with power to impart vividly the fruits of their experience to the young who, some day standing before the serious task of making a home and bringing up children, may perhaps by a single word of advice remembered in time save life's happiness for themselves.

As a transition toward a legally established social-service year for women, I think it might be a good plan to make a course in housekeeping and the care of children a condition of the right to marry. This would result in the private establishment of such courses everywhere. But, on the one hand, the state would have no control over their character, and on the other, these courses would mostly be taken during the above-mentioned and least appropriate age, while in cases when this would not be true, they might come as an unwelcome compulsion later on. In consideration of all these reasons, it is best for us to fix our eyes upon an obligatory year of service for women as a goal to be realized in the near future. The nation which tried this out would find its health and prosperity increased after a few generations in a measure that would thoroughly compensate for the cost involved. Such a cost need not, however, be as great as it is for the compulsory military training of men. To be sure, certain buildings would have to be erected, — suitable homes for the teachers and students, who were not living in the neighborhood of the training centres, —

but appropriate lecture-halls would, in most cases, already be found on the spot. And while the service of the men does not confer any direct benefit to society in times of peace, the service of the women would place a large working force at the disposal of society for the care of the sick and of children and of all in need. In each centre, various energy-saving combinations would be possible. As an example may be mentioned that in Stockholm the feeding of poor children has been combined with the schools of domestic science. These embrace not only cooking, and similar subjects but also a course in the care of children, which in turn is combined with day-nurseries. Dining-rooms for working women are also combined with the cooking-school. By wise, womanly organization, there are consequently not less than six socially useful enterprises which directly support each other.

These suggestions suffice to show in what direction one must go in order to make practicable the use of the year of social service for women. Different conditions in different nations, and in various districts within each country, would dictate a variety of applications, and a detailed programme would be as impossible as unnecessary.

Only certain essential conditions would need to be established everywhere. First, the making of the legal marriage age for women the same as for men, — as it now is in most European countries, — twenty-one, which in the United States of America, as well as in Europe, has been proved to be conducive to the betterment of society and the race; and that the year between twenty and twenty-one be established as the year for social service, although — as is now the case for men — an earlier or later entering into service for valid reasons might be allowed. Secondly, that complete freedom from

service be granted for reasons similar to those which now exempt men from military service.

In analogy with men, the women under obligation to serve ought to have free choice, within certain limits, in regard to the place of training, and also in regard to the selection of the practical and theoretic courses in which they would participate. For example, it would be foolish to waste time on such courses as may have already been taken during medical or normal-school studies, and so forth. And, similarly, it would be a great waste of energy if one already graduated as a trained nurse were commanded to do duty in a hospital, or if a capable and well-informed child-nurse were sent to a children's home, and so on. The object should be so to arrange the training that each one would fill up the gaps in her knowledge to the greatest possible extent.

After some generations of such earnest education it would be found that, just as now, the training for the teacher's calling has supplied the countries with good teaching forces, while the same forces untrained have remained insignificant; the education for motherhood would supply the various nations with many good mothers well able to fulfill the duties of the home, while such 'born educators' as did not become mothers would find work enough in institutions where children must be cared for by society because of the death or the viciousness of their parents.

The attitude of the women, once they have gained full suffrage, toward the questions herein dealt with, will be the great test of the nature of their 'social motherliness.' If they comprehend that the education of the mothers, and the rendering secure the functions of the mothers, is the life-question of the race, they will then succeed in finding the means of meeting these demands.

Did humanity ever halt helplessly before any of its vital needs? Least of all could this happen in America, where the very air reverberates with songs of faith in the power of will, with the hope of realization of most wonderful dreams? From the Pilgrim Fathers, from the wars of independence and secession, we have strong evidence of the power of will over the destiny of the world. Ever since, in my youth, I listened to Emerson's prophetic words, and Whitman's songs of the creative power of the soul and of the pliability of life in the moulding grasp of this power, I have again and again received new impressions — through thinkers, moralists, and sects — of this typically American spirit. To be sure, it may sometimes lapse into boastfulness or degenerate into superstition as, for instance, when it is believed that the will can conquer every disease and even abolish death. But in itself this sovereign assurance of the victory of will, faith, and hope is the world's greatest power for overcoming evil with good.

THE CAUSATION OF CRIME

BY H. FIELDING-HALL

It was more than twenty-five years ago that my attention was first attracted to the causation of crime. I was a young magistrate then, trying my first cases, very nervous, very conscientiously desirous to fulfill all the legal requirements as laid down in the codes. It had never occurred to me then that there was any gulf between justice and law; I supposed that they were one, that law was only codified and systemized justice; therefore in fulfilling the Law I thought that I was surely administering Justice.

I was trying a theft case. I cannot remember now what it was that had been stolen, but I think it was a bullock. The accused was undefended and I, as the custom is, questioned him about the case, not with the view of getting him to commit himself, but in order to try to elicit his defense if any. He had none. He admitted the theft, described the circumstances quite fully and frankly, and said he was guilty. I asked him if he knew when he took the bullock from the grazing ground that he was stealing it, and he answered yes. I asked him if he knew that the punishment for cattle theft was two years' imprisonment, which practically meant ruin for life, and he replied that he knew it would be heavy.

'Then,' I asked, 'why did you do it?'

He moved uneasily in the dock without answering, looked about him, and seemed puzzled.

I repeated the question.

Evidently he was trying to remember why he had done it and found it

difficult. He had not considered the point before, and introspection was new to him. 'Why did I do it?' he was saying to himself.

'Well?' I asked.

He looked me frankly in the face. 'I don't know,' he said, 'I suppose I could not help it. I did not think about it at all; something just made me take it.'

He was convicted, of course, and I forgot the case.

But I did not forget what he had said. It remained in my mind and recurred to me from time to time, I did not know why. For I had always been taught that crime was due to an evil disposition which a person could change, only he *would* not, and I had as yet seen no reason to question this view. Therefore the accused man's defense appealed to no idea that was consciously in my mind. I did not reflect upon it. I can only suppose that, unconsciously to myself, these words reached some instinct within me which told me that they were true. And at last, from the very importunity of their return, I did begin to think about them, and, in consequence, of the causation of crime in general. A curiosity awoke which has never abated, has indeed but grown as in some small ways I was able to satisfy it.

I

What causes crime? Is it a purely individual matter? If so, why does it follow certain laws of increase or de-

crease, or maintain an average? That looks more like general results following on general causes than the result of individual qualities.

Why is it not curable? It should have been cured centuries ago. Why does punishment usually make the offender worse instead of better? If his crime were within the individual's control, punishment certainly would deter. Any deterrent effect it may have is rarely on him who is punished, but on the outside world, and that is but little. So much I saw very clearly in practice, and every book I read on the subject confirmed this. The infamous penal laws of England a hundred years ago did not stop crime; flogging did not stop garroting, it ceased for other causes. I began to think and to observe.

Some three years later my attention was still more strongly drawn to this subject. I was then for a short time the governor of the biggest jail in the world, that in Rangoon. It was crowded with prisoners, under sentence for many different forms of crime, from murder or 'dacoity'—that is, gang robbery—to petty theft. The numbers were abnormal, and they were so not only here but in all the jails of both the upper and lower provinces. The average of crime had greatly risen.

Why was this?

The reason was obvious. The annexation of the upper province six years before had caused a wave of unrest, not only there but in the delta districts as well, which found its expression in many forms of crime. There was no doubt about the cause. But this cause was a general cause, not individual. The individual criminals there in the jail did not declare the war. That was the consequence of acts by the King of Burma, and the government of India controlled by the English Cabinet, and these in turn were consequent on acts of the French government. Therefore

half of these individuals had become criminals because of the disagreements of three governments, two of which were six thousand miles away from Rangoon.

There was no getting out of that. In normal times the average of convicts would have been only half what it was. The abnormality was not due to the convicts themselves.

Thus if A and B and C were suffering punishment in the jail, the fault was primarily not theirs. A special strain was set up from without which they could not stand, and they fell. But if this be true of half the prisoners, why not of the other half? There was no dividing line between the two classes. Political offenses apart, you could not walk into the jail and, dividing the convicts into two parts, say, 'The crime of this half being due to external causes, they must be pardoned; the crimes of the other half being due to their own evil disposition, they must continue to suffer.' There was no demarcation.

Therefore general causes are occasionally the cause of crime. Here was a long step in advance.

Again, five years later, I was on famine duty in the upper province, and the same phenomenon occurred. There was an increase in certain forms of crime. Thefts doubled. Other crimes, such as cheating and fraudulent dealings with money, decreased. Here was again a general cause. Half of those thieves would have remained honest men all their lives, would have been respected by their fellow men, and according to religion have gone to heaven when they died, but for the famine.

The causes of the famine were want of rain acting on the economic weakness of the people, increased by the inability of Government. Thus, had rain fallen as usual, had the people been able to cultivate other resources, had Government been more advanced and

experienced, half these thieves would not have been in jail; and no one knew which half, for thefts of food did not increase. There was in fact no reason why they should, as Government provided in the famine camps a subsistence wage for every one who came.

On the other hand, certain individuals were saved from misappropriating money, or cheating in mercantile transactions, because there was little money left to misappropriate and not much business. If they lived honestly and went to heaven, the direct cause would be the failure of rain that year, not any superior virtue of their own. But no one knew who these individuals were who were so luckily saved.

But when you have acknowledged this, what is becoming of the doctrine of individual responsibility for crime? If a man has complete free-will to sin or not, if crime be due to innate wickedness, how does want of rain bring this on? If not, where is the common sense or common justice in punishing him for what is really due to a defective climate? He cannot control the rain. Manifestly then, as regards at least half of these thieves, there was no innate desire to steal, because that could not be affected by the famine. Had they desired to be thieves they would have been so in any case. The truth is that they did not desire to be thieves, but when the famine came the temptation increased, and as physical weakness had decreased their power of resistance, they fell. They sinned, not through spiritual desire of evil, but through physical inability to resist temptation.

But if this was true of half, why not of the whole? There was no line of demarcation; if true of some crime, why not of all? The doctrine of a man's perfect free-will to sin or not to sin as he pleases was beginning to look shaky. It will be as well to consider it.

What is free-will?

There is no necessity to discuss the meaning of 'free' — we all know it; there is nothing ambiguous about it; but with 'will' it is different. There are few words so incessantly misused as this word 'will'; philosophers are the worst offenders, and the general public but follows their blind lead; yet unless you know exactly what you mean by it how can you use it as a counter of your thought?

What does *will* mean? 'Where there's a will there's a way.' What does this mean? Does 'will' mean 'wish'? If, for instance, you are poor and stupid, can any quantity of 'wish' make you rich? If you are weak, can it make you strong? If you have no ear, can it make you a musician? If you are a convict, can it liberate you? That is absurd. 'Will,' then, means more than 'wish.' To the desire must be added the ability, actual or potential. That is evident, is it not? Without the ability, the wish avails nothing.

Will, then, has two components, both of which are necessary to it. Its meaning is not simple but compound; never forget this; never suppose that merely wishing with all your power can produce 'will.' It cannot unless the ability can be developed to aid it.

And now we go back from words to human nature. Is the criminal so because he wants to be so? No, and no, and no again. No more wicked fallacy was ever foisted upon a credulous world than this. Nobody at any period of the world ever wished to be criminal. Every one instinctively hates and fears crime, every one is honest by nature; it is inherent in the soul. I have never met a criminal who did not hate his crime even more than his condemners hate it. The apparent exception is when the man does not consider his act a crime; he has killed because his victim exasperated him to

it; he has robbed society because society made war on him. The offender hates his crime.

‘But he is not ashamed of it?’

Now that is true. He is not ashamed of it in the current sense. He hates it, he fears it, but it does not fill him with a sense of sin.

‘Therefore,’ says the purist, ‘he has a hardened conscience. It is his conscience, as I said, which is at fault.’

But the purist is wrong. He does not understand the criminal. He has never tried to understand him as I have tried. What the criminal feels toward his crime is what the sick man feels toward the delirium which seizes him, what the ‘possessed of devils’ feels toward the possession when it comes over him: he knows he must succumb. He fears not the mere penalty, but the crime. But he is not ashamed, because he knows he cannot help it. And punishment exasperates him because he has not deserved it; and it will do him harm, not good. He wants to be cured, not made a fit dwelling for still worse devils. And that is what punishment does.

To say that punishment deters the criminal from repeating his crime is nonsense. All study of criminal facts proves this; it makes him more prone to crime, not less; and all the great crimes are committed by men who have been still further ruined in jails. Whatever good effect punishment may have is exercised on others, not on the criminal. And even this is very slight. Men are not usually deterred from crime by seeing others suffer. Here again, all records support this truth. Severe punishment does not deter from crime. The savage punishments of the English penal laws a hundred years ago did not lessen crime at all. Garroting in England was not stopped by flogging, as is so often asserted, nor will it stop the white-slave traffic, as is

hoped. Crime is a disease; and will you stop a fever by punishing the patients? Whatever good jails do, lies in the fact that they isolate the unhealthy from the healthy community and so stop for a time infection, as do hospitals with disease. But the hospitals do not discharge the patient till he is cured; the jail but aggravates the liability to the disease and turns out the sufferer worse than before.

II

A man is criminal, not because he wishes to be so, but because he cannot resist the temptation. He lacks will. True, but it is the ability he lacks, not the wish.

Why does he lack ability?

This brings us to the second theory of crime — a new one — that criminals are born, not made. The tendency to crime is said to be inherent, to be a reversion. That explains why it is generally incurable when once contracted.

Many books have been written on this, but one fallacy vitiates them all. The observers have not observed the criminal in the making, but when made. They have assumed the criminal to be of a race apart, and so founded their house upon the sand. Lombroso went so far as to lay down certain stigmata which inferred a criminal disposition. The stigmata have been shown to be universal, and there is no such thing as a ‘criminal disposition.’ If there be other qualities, such as want of sensibility, which do differentiate the criminal from the normal man, they are not innate.

That those crippled in some way by birth or accident frequently become criminals is no exception; it denotes no criminal disposition. But the cripple is handicapped in the struggle for life. He is cut off from the many pleasures of work and play, of love and children,

which his fellows have. He is sensitive, and he is jeered at and despised. Is it any wonder that under such circumstances he becomes sometimes embittered? A cripple is set apart from his fellow men. There are for him but two alternatives—to be a saint or a criminal. Love and care and training will make him a saint; neglect too often makes him a criminal. But to whom the blame for the latter? Not to him.

III

Connected with this theory is the supposition that criminality is hereditary.

There are few subjects on which so much 'scientific' nonsense is talked and written as on this of heredity. Not very much is known of it as regards plants, less of animals, and almost nothing as regards humanity. To read books on heredity, especially those of the Eugenic Society, is to read a mass of suppositions and hazardous inductions where most of the facts are negative, and only the exceptions are positive. The very meaning of 'hereditary' is not understood. If any quality is truly hereditary, then it is always hereditary. It never occurs except as the results of heredity, and it is constant, that is to say, it invariably follows. But there is no quality of which this can be said. That genius is not hereditary is known. Even talent is not. Nor is any aptitude. A lawyer's son more often wants to be a soldier or an artist than a lawyer, notwithstanding the environment, and it is so with most professions. The exceptions seem to be due to training and influence, not to any hereditary transmission. A superficial likeness to parents seems hereditary, but that is all that we can assert, and that outward likeness by no means infers an inward likeness. There is nothing so easy and nothing so fatal

as this tendency to attribute to heredity what is due to training or want of training. It excuses supineness in governments and professions.

All thinkers who have looked at the matter with unprejudiced eyes have seen this. Here is what Buckle says:—

'We often hear of hereditary talents, hereditary vices, and hereditary virtues; but whoever will critically examine the evidence will see that we have no proof of their existence. The way in which they are commonly proved is in the highest degree illogical; the usual course being for the writer to collect instances of some mental peculiarity found in a parent and his child, and then to infer that the peculiarity was bequeathed. By this mode of reasoning we might demonstrate any proposition; since in all large fields of inquiry there are a sufficient number of empirical coincidences to make a plausible case in favor of whatever view a man chooses to advocate. But this is not the way in which truth is discovered, and we ought to inquire not only how many instances there are of hereditary talents, etc., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary.'

And again, Mill:—

'Of all vulgar methods of escaping from the effects of social and moral influences on the mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences.'

Therefore it is no use trying to exonerate society by saying that criminals are born, not made; they are made, and they are made by society, by its carelessness and cruelty.

I have as a magistrate tried many cases, and as an inquirer after truth I subsequently investigated the causes; I have read every book I could find on the subject and I can say decisively that I have, for myself, neither in life nor in

books, found one single case in which it could be confidently said that a criminal weakness was inherited. That A, a criminal, has a son B, who becomes criminal, proves nothing. You must first prove that a similar child of different stock would not become criminal if brought up as A's son was. You must also prove that if you took away A's son as a child and brought him up differently he would still show criminal weakness. But all the facts negative this. The child even of a criminal tribe in India, if removed from its environment, grows up like other children. Coming of ancestors criminal for generations has not handed down a criminal aptitude.

You must not mistake inheritance of other traits for inheritance of criminal aptitudes. A has a very quick temper, which he has not from a child been trained to control. Under sudden provocation he kills a man. His son B inherits his father's quick temper, is similarly badly brought up, and the same thing occurs. The hasty hereditary theorist says, 'Behold the inheritance of a propensity to murder.' But quick temper is not a criminal trait; it is often an accompaniment of the kindest disposition; it is an excess of sensitiveness. The training, physical and mental, was in each case lacking, and a coincidence of provocation caused a coincidence of crime.

There is not, there never was, in any one a tendency to crime until either jails or criminal education created it. No one ever wanted to commit crime as crime. A daring boy, with no outlet for his energy, may break into an orchard, may next commit robbery, and later burglary; he would not do so had his physical need for exercise and his spiritual need for facing danger had another outlet. The instincts which led him into crime were good and noble instincts which, finding no legitimate

channel, found an illegitimate channel for themselves.

In that fine book by Mr. Holmes, entitled *London's Underworld*, is an account of how 'hooligans' are made. The young men are full of energy; they want exercise, struggle, the fight of the football field or the hockey match, and they cannot get it. They have no playground but the streets, and no outlet for their energy save hooliganism.

Therefore we must begin to study the question anew. The old shibboleths are dead.

What is the cause of crime?

It is never the wish for crime. It is one of two causes. Either it is the only outlet for some natural instinct which is denied legitimate outlet by the environment, or it is due to an inability to resist temptation when it offers. How can it be prevented?

Now this inability is physical. The wish is spiritual; the ability is physical and depends greatly on health. With ill health or malnutrition in the young, the first thing to give way is the power of control. The average of criminals is a stone under weight. Therefore crime is dependent to a great extent on health. Poverty causes ill health; ill health causes crime; accidental mutilation creates an aptitude for crime; neglected youth and education cause crime.

Religion does not affect crime one way or another. The greatest criminals are often religious. Mediæval Europe was religious and criminal, and there are many other instances which might be cited. Honesty is inborn in all; it is part of the 'Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world'; it requires no teaching. What must be acquired is the ability to give effect to it. Crime is a physical, not a spiritual disease. And crime is no defect of the individual. It is a disease of the

nation, nay of humanity, exhibited in individuals. You have gout in your toe, but it is your whole system which is wrong.

This disease can be cured by humanity alone. Criminals are those whom we should pity, should prevent, should isolate, and, if possible, cure.

Remember what John Bunyan said, looking on a man going to be hanged: 'But for the grace of God there goes John Bunyan.' He, too, would have been the same had he had as bad training in his youth.

We have all of us within us instincts which rightly directed result in good, which in default of outlet we can be trained to control, but which without outlet and without training may result in crime.

IV

There is the further question of temptation or opportunity, and this again is a very difficult matter. A world from which all temptation was removed would produce a worthless race of men; yet if it be too severe who is there who would not fall? I for twenty years had the honor of belonging to a service which prides itself on its integrity. How much of this is due to the very stringent supervision and inspection rightly insisted on from the very top down? It is for an English officer in India almost impossible to receive a bribe or to take government money. If it were not so, would the service have the record it has?

Again, take the innumerable frauds daily practiced on society. If the public had common sense, the innumerable tricksters, fraudulent company-promoters and others who live by their wits, would find their living gone. As long

as there are dupes there will be those to take advantage of them. And the fault lies as much with the dupe as with the trickster; more perhaps, because it is his folly which incites to crime.

But, again, the fault is with society. Why does it allow its children to be so badly educated? Why does it exalt ignorance into a virtue, and intentionally cultivate it? 'A little learning is a dangerous thing,' and the less you have, the more dangerous you are, both to yourself and to others. Folly is the greatest sin of all. Are our children educated? Not very often. They are taught accomplishments, reading and writing, Greek and arithmetic; they are bound in formulæ; but the drawing out of the powers of observation and judgment inherent in us — how often is this done? Yet this alone is education.

I have tried to compress into an article what I could easily expand into a book. I do not claim to have found a cure, or even a full diagnosis. The whole subject is difficult to excess. But what I do claim is to have indicated that the present theories are wrong, are wicked, and but make things worse. When this is acknowledged, a true study of the causes, and their prevention, can be begun.

As to the urgent necessity for this study, consider: Crime is a disease of the community. Do you clearly understand what this means? It means this. You and I are members of communities. As long as there is crime in our community neither you nor I is blameless. The Judge upon the bench shares with the criminal his crime; the honored wife and mother shares with the fallen woman her shame. Humanity is one; what stains a part stains all.

THE CYCLE OF THE NORTH

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

THE timber fails just beyond the fifty-ninth parallel. First the delicate white birch dwindles, then the smooth-bark poplar before his rougher brother, then the spruce vanishes; until, beside the river-beds that tempestuous waters have cut deep below the plains, there is only a fringe of tamarack and willow and dwarf pine.

Spring moves at first gently across these solitudes. There is a strange period in April when the stark rigor of winter is alleviated by soft hollows in the north winds. There are pauses and cessations, intermittent and slowly more constant, and then the winds swing suddenly from east and south. Instantly there is a divine change. On sunward slopes the snow is sucked up into these gentle airs, and May floats up from warmer latitudes across leagues of wild heather and caribou moss.

Then the sturdy growths spring into life. The anemone spreads in great stunted patches of lilac bloom. The snow forget-me-not thrusts through the shreds of winter's disappearing blanket, white as that winter itself, and wild crocuses flaunt yellow blossoms streaked with fiery red. On low lands the tulip is star-scattered in deep moss, red also like fire, and the dwarf saskatoons prepare for their profusion of hardy pears.

But ere the blossoms come, the population of the barren lands grows with the lengthening days. First the eagles in royal austerity beating north to breed on the islands of the Arctic. Then dancing clouds of gray-white

snow birds, vociferous rooks and swift wedges of great Canada geese, flanked by drifting flocks of ducks. All these are hardy birds, equipped for the broken weather that yet must come. In the weeks that follow there is a quick procession, a general immigration of smaller geese and ducks, of cranes, woodpeckers, and plover, and, last of all, the swans, incredibly high and marvelously swift, whipping the air with huge wings whose tip feathers are worn and broken in the long passage from Florida and the Caribbean and the remoteness of South America.

On land there is movement and life. Vast herds of caribou does ripple steadily north to bear their young, secure because nature has robbed their hoofs of scent, and the gray wolves, the enemies of their race, cannot track them. Along the steep shores of Hudson's Bay the she-bear issues, lean and ravenous, with the young she had borne and nourished behind a snow-bank while she fasted the winter long. The salt shores are fringed with her hungry sisters, with tall coast wolves and white and red foxes, all seeking dead things from the sea. Musk oxen leave the fringe of timber and graze suspiciously, snuffing flies and mosquitoes and wasps into their red throats, of which many shall sicken and die.

Now come July and August, when the earth is bright with roses and fruit. The yellow moonberry swells from the centre of its four-leaved white flower. The eyeberry runs riot. Crowberries shine like black pearls amid their star-

shaped foliage. The blueberry is everywhere, with low flat bushes and clusters of oval sweetness. The cranberry climbs on the rocks and sands. The snakeberry nods in single perfection, poisonous on its slender stem; and kinikinic, the weedberry, waits till some wandering Redman shall pluck and dry it for the Redman's tobacco.

The plains are carpeted with the profuse blossom of the wild tea, whose velvety pointed leaf brings comfort by many a camp fire. Next the soil the coarse green moss thrusts out its plum-colored bloom or spreads viewless beneath gray tufts that live upon its surface. On the rocks, splintered by the ice, black lichens stick, thick and cuplike, ere they whiten and die.

And all this time the days are getting shorter and the air milder, and the stiff earth turns to slacken her rigid joints and yield the wonderful life that lives but for weeks. Now, too, may be seen the operations of those vital laws and customs that rule the wild. The bulls of the musk-oxen patrol their herds in a shaggy and truculent circle, outside of which their outlaws, outlaws by age or ill-temper, are pulled down by their ancient enemies. Across the flat country a swan's nest marks bay and point. Here the mother bird hatches her young, while the husband hies to the congregation of males, meeting daily where the food is good. The conclave is that of a club, severely masculine, and the lords of many nests commune noisily together. To the club also may come the mother, should her mate be killed, to choose another spouse; but only for this intimate and selective purpose is her approach permitted. Coast-wise range packs of white foxes, defenseless singly but invincible together; and the gray wolves hunt the polar bear, surrounding him with a ring of snapping jaws when the salt mud sinks under his feet at low tide.

Then, as the year fattens, comes the physical change, and fur and feather, worn, matted and broken, are put away for the new covering that grows before the autumn closes. The swans cluster in solitary places to moult, places where there are periwinkles and clams and crabs and berries for the taking. The caribou move slowly with patches of new hair spreading on their multi-colored flanks. Everywhere there is easing and slackening of the eternal war. Carcajou, the wolverine, too lazy to steal, eats dead fish; and the white bears drowse in the languid heat.

In September there is a quickening of wild blood. From lonely places the fat moulting birds begin to waddle toward the coast. There is a touch of frost at night, and all plants and fruits fling themselves out with ultimate and prodigal profusion. In the north the caribou does turn with their young, and begin to trot south with the sound of clicking hoofs and horns, for they do not shed their antlers like the bucks. Then also small tribes that neither hibernate nor eat moss,—rats and beaver and squirrels,—replenish their stores.

Gradually the salt water edges become peopled with travelers preparing for that most wonderful journey in the world. Mallard, widgeon, teal, plover, geese, swans, all the broad and narrow-billed brotherhood assembles. Night and day the tumult of them ascends. There is eating of sand for digestion, and digging of shellfish to harden muscles softened by the sweet things of the plains, for it is common knowledge that there will be no more sea-food till they sight the swamps of the Gulf of Mexico. The air is black with trial flights of young birds trying the strength of young pinions, coming back to earth with calls and whistles and quacking and trumpeting. Old birds, strong of wing and weatherwise, mount to invisible spaces, looking for that

whisper of the north they all await, till, as the autumn days of Indian summer pass, the colonies grow strong and clean and confident.

And then of a sudden there is stillness in the air and a gray sky, and with a few white flakes the word of the mysterious north has come. A crisping of the shallow pools and the ducks climb circling into a slender wedge with the wisest and strongest at the point of it. In two hours the shores are desolate of ducks, for they have far to travel and must start betimes. And so the marvelous procession marshals its appointed order with the wisdom that lies behind the flat skulls and beady eyes of winged things. As they come they go. The weaker ones first, who must stay and rest often by the way and brave innumerable dangers in their short journeys, till only are left the swans, whose single flight can be a thousand miles, who seek the high altitudes where the air is thin. Then when the swans have gone, the royal eagles

throb down from the Arctic in lonely passage along deserted leagues, and when the eagles have sped there is silence on the coasts.

Little by little the ice forms. Lakes narrow. Headland joins to headland. The male white bears follow out, fishing for seals and walrus. Wood-buffalo and musk-oxen seek shelter in the land of little sticks, and only the coast caribou and bigger wolves brave the open. The barren-ground bear hides himself in warmth and sleep and carcajou finds a deserted foxhole.

Then comes the snow: light, impalpable and fine, like star dust, and behind it the first breathing of that north wind that searches the plain for months. The land tightens, shrinks and hardens. Its rugged ridges are smoothed out in soft curves. Day is obliterated in the half light of a sun that seems a stranger in these regions of death, till, with relentless force and swiftness, rises the steady drone of the wind. Winter has come to the barren lands.

ON A POT OF TULIPS

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

BUDS — all pink and white from a country garden,
Prim in shawls of green as New England spinsters —
How they shook! how, tense as for flight on tiptoe,
Blushed to be looked at!

Flowers — as Pope says women — at heart are wantons!
Now these painted daughters of pagan Flora
Loll like green-zoned goddesses posed by Rubens,
Clothed — in their blushes.

ROBERT TOOMBS

A CONFEDERATE PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

'He is the most remarkable man in many respects that the South has ever produced, and it is doubtful if the records of a lordlier life than his can be found in the history of our Republic. He has never moved as other men, never worked by ordinary standards. He has been kingly in all his ways, lavish in his opinions, disdaining all expediency or deliberation, and moving to his ambitions with a princely assumption that has never been gain-said by the people, and seldom by circumstances.'

This paragraph, printed in a Georgia paper at the time of Toombs's death, for all its extravagance of eulogy, strikes a good note for beginning the study of him. There was something lordly in the man, something commanding; and it is a matter of the greatest interest to see why his achievements did not correspond to his apparent gifts.

All agree that his physique was most impressive. Constant riding and other vigorous exercise kept him in excellent condition, and up to advanced years he was never ill. Mrs. Davis's admirable portrait of him should be borne in mind. 'Mr. Toombs was over six feet tall, with broad shoulders; his fine head set well on his shoulders, and was covered with long, glossy black hair, which, when speaking, he managed to toss about so as to recall the memory of Danton. His coloring was good, and

his teeth brilliantly white, but his mouth was somewhat pendulous and subtracted from the rest of the strong face. His eyes were magnificent, dark, and flashing, and they had a certain lawless way of ranging about that was indicative of his character. His hands were beautiful and kept like those of a fashionable woman.'

These physical qualities must be taken into account in considering Toombs's speaking, and it was in speech that his greatest strength lay. Though his enunciation was too thick and harsh, Alexander Stephens considered him to be one of the greatest stump orators of any age or country. All the vigor, all the violence, all the fiery ardor and eager enthusiasm of that passionate temperament were poured into his words. He spoke to convince, if possible; if not, to overwhelm.

For the man was essentially a fighter and would yield to no one. His college life, in the late twenties, was in the main a record of unruly pranks, ending in a hasty request for honorable dismissal before some exceptional enormity became known to the authorities.

A little later he earned the title of captain by serving under General Scott in the Creek War.

The chief fighting of Toombs's early life, however, was done at the bar. He threw himself into the study of law with the passion which he showed in everything. At first he did not succeed

in practice. Perhaps clients distrusted his too combative qualities. But his energy, enthusiasm, and splendid gift of speech soon overcame this coldness, and wealth began to pour in upon him in a steady stream. He not only had 'a passion for the contest of the court-house,' but he was willing to prepare himself for it by determined labor. He would bear down opposition by the rush and vehemence of his oratory; but, if necessary, he could also analyze a complicated question, financial or other, in its minutest details. No one was more voluble where speech seemed indicated; yet when circumstances required brevity, he could eliminate every superfluous word. In one instance his adversary had exhausted the court, the jury, and the subject. Toombs simply rose and said: 'May it please your Honor, Seizin, Marriage, Death, Dower,' sat down, and won his case.

Few lawyers of that day kept out of politics. None was less likely to keep out of them than Toombs. He early began to devote his thoughts and his tongue to what he considered the welfare of his country, and he continued to do so, in one way or another, almost till his death. But to Toombs the essential of politics was always opposition. Heaven knows, there is enough to fight in this world, if a man wants fighting. And Toombs did. When he saw a rascal's head, he hit it, and few even determined optimists will deny that he might be kept busy. I cannot vouch for the following comment on him. But if not true, it is well invented. 'Revolution was the one instinct of his nature, absolute as that of sex in other men. "Do you mean revolution?" a gentleman once asked of him in my presence. "Revolution, yes; always, and ever, and from the first, revolution. Revolutionary times," he added; "there are, and there will be no good times but revolutionary times."'

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Thus, both as representative and senator, Toombs's voice was usually heard loud in the negative. Curiously enough, he and Alexander Stephens were intimate friends and their course was apt to be the same, but from very different motives. Stephens's cool intellect always saw the doubts, the modifications, affecting any popular course of action. Toombs, also, had his intellectual convictions, but he opposed much more for the pure pleasure of opposition itself.

To begin with, he hated the party system. 'A nursery of faction,' he called it. It was not recognized by the Constitution. Why should he recognize it?

Acting on this principle, he fought friends as well as foes. If the common cry was war, this panoplied herald of good tidings could raise his trumpet voice for peace. Why should we fight England over a boundary? He was for peace — for honorable peace. 'It is the mother of all the hopes and virtues of mankind.' Why should we annex Texas and plunder Mexico? Greed, greed, all greed. 'A people who go to war without just and sufficient cause, with no other motive than pride and the love of glory, are enemies to the human race, and deserve the execration of all mankind. What, then, must be the judgment of a war for plunder?'

With domestic matters there was the same strenuous ardor in attacking old tradition and new encroachment. Congress itself was not to be respected, if not respectable. He speaks of 'members of the two Houses of Congress who come here three months in one year and eight months in another — which is about three times too long in my judgment.' Public improvements and public facilities which tended to abridge the rights of the individual — he would have none of them. The post office — a dubious thing, the post

office. 'I do not think it right, before God, for me to make another man pay my expenses.' Rivers, harbors! What are they compared to corruption? 'Instead of leaving the taxes or the money in the pockets of the people, you have spent nine months in endeavoring to squander and in arranging to have more to squander in the next Congress.' Railroads! Why, our old Roman virtue will not allow us even to approve of one to benefit our own home town.

Then there are pensions, a pestilent legacy of a heroic struggle. The old soldiers themselves, if they are the men I take them for, will refuse them. Hurt my popularity? What do I care for my popularity? do you suppose I am here to please myself? I had rather be at home, on my farm, with my wife, my slaves, and my cattle. Another thing, — the cry of Americanism, Know-Nothingism. I scorn it to your faces. And you may turn me down, if you like. Are not Catholics as good as Protestants, if they serve God? So he spoke out, in the height of the fanatical fury; and openly gave a large subscription to a Catholic church.

Everywhere it was the individual against the mob, high or low, forward or backward. The rich were not to be favored at the expense of the poor. At the same time, let his enemies criticize his own lavish living and see what they would get. Who would say that he had not earned his money? He had a right to spend it as he chose. Perish such demagoguery — such senseless stuff. And the people cheered him for his candor and audacity.

As for that mysterious phantom, the money power, which broods like a shadow over the young twentieth century, this Boanerges of liberty divined, detected, and defied it sixty years ago, in a little different form, but in words which might come from the White

House to-day. 'I have perceived that this mischief is widespread, this corruption greater, this tendency to the destruction of the country more dangerous. The tendency to place the whole government under the money power of the nation is greater and greater.'

And while many of these protests were uttered in the name of the sacred principle of State Rights, let that principle itself once impose any obnoxious restraint, and its sanctity became as questionable as that of any other. Thus, in opposing certain obstructions to a projected scheme, he cries out: 'Public opinion will take them away, even though a sovereign state may stand up for them. Nothing else can reach Pennsylvania in this matter but public opinion; and public opinion will prevail in Pennsylvania as it has done elsewhere.' And the public opinion of the world was shortly to prevail in the states of the Confederacy, in spite of Toombs and thousands like him, with their inviolable sovereignty.

In all these various causes of opposition there was the same impetuous ardor of argument, the same splendid fury of invective, which, backed by the masterful presence and the thunderous voice, must have gone a long way to produce submission, if not conviction. Listen to the manner in which he upbraids the Senate for sloth and hesitancy. 'Are we incapable of deciding subjects here? Why, sir, the gravest questions of peace and war and finance and everything concerning a great government, are decided in almost all countries in one sitting. Here, after years of labor, seas of words, boundless, illimitable seas of words, and speeches to enlighten others, we come now to what I trust is a consummation of this difficulty, and we are asked for time because gentlemen do not understand it. I do not think they will ever understand it any better.'

But of course all other disputes and battles were trifling and of minor significance compared to the great struggle between slavery and abolition, between North and South. The opportunities given by such a conflict were things of ecstasy to a nature like Toombs's, and he breathed the fiery atmosphere as if it were his native clime. Scene after scene is depicted, in which he stood out alone against a howling mob, bellowing what pleased him without regard to what pleased them, and in the end overcoming hatred by mere force of temperament.

Toombs's power in this regard was divined by Stephens long before the actual crisis came, and the latter gives a striking account of sending his friend to New York to face a bitterly hostile audience, and of the way in which Toombs, partly by clever ruse, partly by overmastering argument, succeeded in gaining a hearing and more than a hearing.

Then there was the furious contest over the speakership of the House, in 1849. Owing to the secession of the Southern Whigs, no majority vote could be secured, and Toombs insisted that the House, not yet formally organized, could take no action in the matter. Members proceeded to take action. Toombs protested. Members shouted him down. He would not be shouted down. 'You may cry "Order," gentlemen, until the heavens fall; you cannot take this place from me.' 'Confusion increased,' says the biographer. 'Members called out to encourage Mr. Toombs, and others to put him down. In the midst of this Babel he continued to speak, his black hair thrown back, his face flushed, and his eyes blazing like suns.' He continued to speak, and in the end they heard him. It was a disgraceful exhibition, said the Northern papers. No doubt it was; yet one cannot help agreeing

with Stephens that it was a splendid physical and oratorical achievement.

Even more notable, though the opposition was moral, not physical, was Toombs's defense of slavery in Tremont Temple, Boston, in 1856. The actual audience was decorous enough; but when one thinks of the man and the place, of all he represented and of the passionate anti-slavery spirit boiling about him, the occasion stands out as picturesque, to say the least.

Not less characteristic, in view of all it meant, is the coolness of his testimony concerning the assault made by Brooks upon Charles Sumner. Toombs was charged with having given Brooks the support of his presence, if not more. His answer, not merely to the indignant Senate, but to the angry millions of the insulted North, is startling in its imperturbable insolence. 'As for rendering Mr. Sumner any assistance, I did not do it. As to what was said, some gentlemen present condemned it in Mr. Brooks; I stated to him, or to some of my own friends, probably, that I approved it. That is my opinion.' And again: 'So far as relates to interfering, or giving assistance, he is right. I gave none. I did not put in and should not on that side.'

So we come to the break and the great parting. But before considering Toombs's activity in this, let us look at some of the other elements of his character. For the more I study these prominent men of the Civil War period, and indeed the prominent men of any period, the more I see that their greatness consists largely in a balance of qualities; that is, even when they have one quality in marked excess, it is tempered, restrained, and modified by a striking makeweight of its opposites. Thus, so far, we have seen Toombs as a fighter, riotous, rebellious, exulting in the extravagant and often ill-timed display of violence, almost a sort of

political mountebank. Yet he was also something far more than this, and something far different.

He had a splendid sense of humor. This, as might be expected, was often rough, noisy, and boisterous, and did him damage; but it had its charm, nevertheless. He enjoyed practical jokes, like a great boy, as when, at Taylor's suggestion, he switched off in the dark a train-load of Governor Brown's pet state troops for a fight in South Carolina. He used a shrewd and savage wit in assailing his political adversaries. 'You have heard what the gentleman says about my coming home to practice law. He promises, if elected to Congress, he will not leave his seat. I leave you to judge, fellow-citizens, whether your interests in Washington will be best protected by his continued presence or his occasional absence.' Some one urged that an antagonist had made at least one good appointment. 'That may be,' answered Toombs, 'but that was not the reason it was made. Bacon was not accused of selling injustice. He was eternally damned for selling justice.'

The same shining vivacity of repartee seems to have been always ready, in private society as in public gatherings. That keen and passionate tongue must indeed have been somewhat dreaded. How bitter is the story of the red-headed man! Toombs was dining with General Scott and told of a woman who rushed about in a steamer explosion, crying, 'Save the red-headed man, save the red-headed man.' The red-headed man was saved, but the woman appeared quite indifferent. 'He owes me ten thousand dollars,' she explained. 'General,' said Toombs, turning to Scott, 'the Union owes you ten thousand dollars.' These outbursts must have done Toombs more harm than anyone else, as when he remarked carelessly, 'We are the gentlemen of

this country,' and gave rise to William Whitmore's pamphlet of *The Cavalier Dismounted*; or when he stuffed an innocent English peer with monstrous tales of slave-holding obliquity which were afterwards recorded in print to the serious discredit of the narrator.

Yet there is general agreement that Toombs was one of the most brilliant and fascinating of talkers, and Linton Stephens, no bad judge, says, 'Toombs, or Tom Thomas, can, and frequently do, speak more witticisms in one night than Rabelais in a lifetime wrote.'

The sunniest, the sweetest, the most winning picture of Toombs and his laughter is that admirably given by Mrs. Davis. 'During the time of the highest excitement over the compromise measures, when Mr. Toombs was on his feet twenty times a day, he rose at daylight, took French lessons with his daughter, and became a good French scholar so far as reading the language went. He would sit with his hands full of the reporters' notes on his speeches for correction, with *Le Médecin Malgré Lui* in the other hand, roaring over the play. I said to him, "I do not see how you can enjoy that so much." He answered, "Whatever the Almighty lets his geniuses create, He makes some one to enjoy: these plays take all the soreness out of me."'

Something to love here, is there not?

And if the man liked laughter, he liked sunshine and quiet also; country air, and trees, and flowers. He himself said that in a 'very busy and tempestuous life a spacious garden, with orchards and vineyards, was to him an unfailing source of recreation and pleasure.' He was a practical farmer, too, himself superintended vast plantations and had an army of slaves under his charge. Alexander Stephens, an unimpeachable witness, tells us that 'his plantation discipline and his treatment of his slaves was on a perfect

system of reason, justice, and humanity, looking as much to the welfare of his dependents as to his own pecuniary interests,' and that 'his system and its success were wonderful. He would have as overseers only men of sobriety, good sense, and humanity.'

In the personal relations of life also, Toombs seems to have been full of charm. One vice he had, the taste for alcohol, which in later years overcame him disastrously. But even this, throughout his active life, he could and did control when necessary, and in any case it was but a feature of his strong social instinct and his love for the warm contact of his fellow men. A true Southerner, he was ready to entertain everybody, and protested against the establishment of a hotel in his home town. 'If a respectable man comes to town, he can stay at my house. If he is n't respectable, we don't want him here at all.' He was sensitive, emotional, ready to respond to any stimulus of affection or pathos. 'In speaking of the death of Mr. Brooks the other day in the Senate, he broke out in weeping and had to stop,' writes Stephens. •

Toombs's religious experience seems to have been somewhat elementary, but sincere. It was amusingly mixed with the impetuosity which characterized him in everything. When his wife was dying, he had some talks on serious subjects with the family doctor, who was anxious to put him in the right way. 'Why, doctor, I am a prayerful man. I read the Bible and the Prayer Book every day.' 'Then why not be baptized, general?' 'Baptize me, doctor,' was the prompt reply.

Especially attractive is Toombs's affection for his wife, and the tenderness apparent in the few published fragments of his letters to her. She was a woman well worth his attachment, and the perfect marital fidelity emphasized by all his biographers is distinctly

noticeable in a man of such a vigorous and impetuous temperament, beset at all times by so many temptations. The frankness, sincerity, and genuine humility of his nature show well in a passage written to Mrs. Toombs after their daughter's death. 'God bless you! Pray for me, that I may be a better man in the new year than in all the old ones before in my time.' And equally attractive is the following expression of gratitude after twenty years of marriage. 'I know for whatever success in life I may have had, whatever evil I may have avoided, or whatever good I may have done, I am indebted to the beautiful, pure, true hearted little girl, who on the 18th November, 1830, came trustingly to my arms, the sweetest and dearest of wives.'

Toombs's excellent balancing traits were by no means confined to domestic and social life. We have seen something of his headlong fury; but this was constantly tempered by shrewdness, by foresight, restraint and moderation, when these qualities were clearly called for by circumstances. We have already heard Stephens testify that his friend was an admirable man of business. Adversaries even asserted that 'he loaned like a prince and collected like a Shylock.' Certain it is that he had a remarkable grasp of finance, could unravel a complicated web of figures with precision and rapidity, and seize and clarify the essential features of the most bewildering business tangle.

In his profession I have before referred to his immense labor in getting at the facts. He was quick to grasp essential points, but he did not neglect supplementing them by details which were essential also. 'Reading the report of a case, or an author on any subject, he at once seizes upon the real ideas, gleaned the vital part from the general verbiage by a process rapid as intuition,' says Stephens. And when

the material was thus once prepared, it was presented to the court, with vigor and passion, indeed, but also with method and thoughtful intelligence. 'As a lawyer, I have never seen his equal before judge and jury,' adds the same excellent authority.

And in law he was as honest as he was able. 'An able lawyer and an honest man,' writes Mr. Rhodes; 'though harsh and intolerant in expression, he was frank in purpose.' Good stories are told, illustrating his absolute probity and determination to keep his hands clean. 'Yes, you can recover in this suit,' he said once to a client, 'but you ought not to do so. This is a case in which law and justice are on opposite sides.' And on the client's insisting, Toombs remarked, 'Then you must hire some one else to assist you in your damned rascality.' Again, a lawyer asked him what fee should be charged in a certain case. 'Well,' said Toombs, 'I should have charged a thousand dollars; but you ought to have five thousand, for you did a great many things I could not have done.' And to the end of his life he boasted that he had never had a dirty shilling in his pocket.

Even in politics we find these curious contradictions of moderation and sagacity mingling with the ardor and violence of Toombs's general temperament. It was said of him that he was 'violent in speech but safe in counsel,' and many things prove that it was so. To one who has been startled by the vehemence of some particular outburst, the full reading of many of his speeches is a revelation of dignity, sobriety, and common sense. In numerous instances the course he recommended and urged and followed was the course of moderation and fairness. Thus, in 1851, he supported Clay and Webster in the Compromise measures, making himself extremely obnoxious to the Southern fire-eaters by doing so.

And I think the importance of this action by the moderate Whigs cannot be too much insisted upon. They roused the wrath of the violent partisans in all sections, and Webster, at least, earned the hatred and contempt of a large number of his constituents. Yet it would be easy to maintain that the patriotic course of that group of Whig leaders in 1851 saved the Union, not only then, but forever. They delayed the conflict for ten years, and during those ten years the North had time to accumulate the resources which, even so, were barely sufficient to enable it to overcome.

Again, in the great Kansas struggle, Toombs's voice was given for moderation and prudence. 'Senator Toombs introduced a bill which, in fairness to the free-state settlers, went far beyond the measures that earlier in the session had been drawn by Douglas,' says Mr. Rhodes. And elsewhere, 'When Toombs said he was willing to take the will of the people [of Kansas] in a proper and just manner and abide by the result, he was sincere. An old Whig, he had the Whig love of the Union.'

Still another curious case of Toombs's moderation is the Boston speech above referred to. In going straight into the centre of the hostile country and speaking on the subject of bitterest contention, slavery, he was indulging all his native instincts of combativeness. But once there, the speech he made was a model of simple, honest, reasonable statement of the very best that could be said for his fellows and for himself. No more persuasive, more manly, more human argument for Negro servitude was ever uttered than Toombs presented in the headquarters of abolition on the platform of Tremont Temple in 1856.

And so, when we come to the last great crisis of all, we find Toombs, the revolutionist, the hothead, the fire-

eater, not doing his best at all times and at every opportunity to foment sedition and urge an outbreak, but keeping his temper, counseling moderation, anxious, to the very end, to cling to the old ties, if it were possible. It is true, he had his moments of forgetfulness. 'Toombs has just delivered a speech of the most abusive and inflammatory character of [*sic*] Judge Douglas. He spoke like a madman and acted like a fanatic,' writes Stephens. Yet, during much of the time, his counsel was for restraint, deliberation, and endurance as long as endurance was possible. With calm foresight he deprecated any contemptuous assertion that the people of either section of the Union would be found cowardly when the crisis came. 'Sir, if there shall ever be civil war in this country, when honest men shall set about cutting each other's throats, those who are least to be depended on in a fight will be the people who set them at it.' So late as December, 1860, he earned the ill-will of the violent party in his own state by opposing immediate secession. He thought that definite action should be fixed for March 4, yet even to this he adds the admirable words: 'I certainly would yield that point to correct and honest men who were with me in principle, but who were more hopeful of redress from the aggressors than I am, especially if any such active measures should be taken by the wrongdoers as promised to give us redress in the Union.' It is only when he is forced to abandon hope that he commits himself in final and characteristically decisive language. 'I will tell you, on the faith of a true man, that all further looking to the North for security for your constitutional rights ought to be abandoned. . . . Secession by the 4th day of March next should be thundered from the ballot-box by the unanimous voice of Georgia on the 2d day of January next.'

The same spirit of provident foresight followed Toombs even into the inception of the Confederate policy, when all the hotheads were clamoring for fire and steel. During the discussion in the cabinet over attacking Sumter, Toombs spoke vehemently and decidedly in opposition. 'Mr. President, at this time it is suicide, murder, and will lose us every friend at the North. You will wantonly strike a hornet's nest which extends from mountains to ocean, and legions, now quiet, will swarm out and sting us to death. It is unnecessary; it puts us in the wrong; it is fatal.'

We might, then, suppose that this arch rebel, with brains tempering his rebellion, who had been so prominent all through the long political contest, would have stood out among the first when rebellion took organized shape. It is most curious and instructive to see how, after all, the dominant instincts of his nature prevented this from coming to pass. At first his name was mentioned for president of the Confederacy, and he was thought of by many very seriously as a candidate. How far he himself sought the office may be questioned. Writing with entire frankness to his wife he disclaims all ambition: 'I want nothing but the defeat of the public enemy, and to retire with you for the balance of my life in peace and quiet in any decent corner of a free country.' But such disclaimers do not count for much.

Alexander Stephens, who liked Toombs and disliked Davis, but who was not usually much blinded by his feelings, would have preferred to see the former at the head of the government. 'Thrift follows him, unthrift Davis. Had Toombs been made President — that he was not, was only an accident — it is my conviction that the whole scheme of action, nay, the results would have been changed. . . .

The object sought would have been less objectionable to the North. It would, after two years of war, have been gained by a special treaty because it was strictly constitutional. . . . But Davis, Davis — I know not why he was elected President of the Confederacy, except that he never succeeded in anything he undertook.'

In spite of Stephens's weighty authority, I cannot imagine Toombs succeeding at the head of a great government. Is it possible that one so utterly untrained to obey should ever have been able to command? Those who are inclined to Stephens's view should consider well the little scene depicted by the diarist, Jones, as occurring in the War Office at Montgomery, when the Confederacy was hardly born. Toombs was holding forth to members of the cabinet — in a public office, mind you, before the gaping clerks. 'He was most emphatic in the advocacy of his policy, and bold almost to rashness in his denunciation of the mainly defensive idea. He was opposed to all delays as fraught with danger. . . . He was for making the war as terrible as possible from the beginning. It was to be no child's play. . . . He denounced with bitterness the neglect of the authorities in Virginia. The enemy should not have been permitted to cross the Potomac. . . . Virginia alone could have raised and thrown across the Potomac 25,000 men, and driven the Yankees beyond the Susquehanna. But she, to avoid responsibility, had been telegraphing Davis to come to the rescue; and if he (Toombs) had been in Davis's place, he would have taken the responsibility.' This is the tongue which, Stephens thinks, could have saved the Confederacy!

Well, he did not become President, at any rate, and it is to be noted that he characteristically gave his hearty support to the election of Davis. What

happened further? Davis, who realized how mighty a power the man had been, was ready to offer him a place in the cabinet, the most honorable, if not the most important. And Toombs became Secretary of State. He held the position about four months. His biographer implies that, having put everything in the best possible shape, he sought a more active life. This is not the general view. Some maintain that he had not the system or the practical gifts for managing so great an office, and they cite his sarcastic remark that he carried the records of the State Department under his hat. They misjudge him. We have already seen that he was master of all the details of handling a great plantation, and that in these he could be systematic enough. Such of his state papers and dispatches as have been printed are admirable in their vigor, brevity, and point.

The true explanation of his failure is supplied by Mrs. Chesnut in her usual terse and vivid fashion: 'Incompatibility of temper. Mr. T. rides too high a horse; that is, for so despotic a person as Jeff Davis.' And Toombs himself indicates the same condition of things in a letter to his wife referring to a later suggestion that he should be Secretary of War, — a post, by the way, for which Stephens considered him peculiarly qualified: 'I thought I had been very explicit on that point. I would not be Mr. Davis's chief clerk. His Secretary of War can never be anything else. . . . So far as I am concerned, Mr. Davis will never give me a chance for personal distinction. He thinks I pant for it, poor fool.'

There remains the army. Here, at least, Toombs should have shone out. Did he? A friend who knew him well said of him: 'He had one ambition, and that to the highest office within the Confederacy. That could not be gratified. He had another, to be Comman-

der-in-Chief of the armies. That could not be gratified. He had no more.' As to the ambitions, who shall say? The fact is that the disappointed statesman plunged into a military career with headlong energy, and that he came out of it pretty much as he had come out of the political. Why?

Certain excellent military qualities he had, undoubtedly. He was brave; rashly, extravagantly brave. He had the gift of inspiring others with his bravery. History will not forget his magnificent defense of the bridge at Antietam. General Lee's praise of any man is the most enduring badge of glory, and Lee said, 'General Toombs's small command repulsed five different assaults made by greatly superior forces, and maintained its position with distinguished gallantry.'

Also, Toombs was beloved by the men of his brigade and took excellent care of them. He looked out for their health and comfort in every possible way. 'Whether against Johnston, Longstreet, or Hill, the First Brigade, First Division, was sure of a fearless champion in the person of its commander,' says the ardent biographer.

The biographer seems to overlook the somewhat extraordinary sound of commending an officer with so much enthusiasm for his bellicose attitude against his own superiors. But here, as everywhere, we meet in Toombs the same old defect. He was a splendid individual fighter; but he could not learn that fighting, like everything else, to be fruitful and efficient, requires, first of all, subordination. He could not learn discipline.

Thus, one of his sick soldiers was refused hospital on account of some technicality. Toombs was told that the rules were fixed by General Johnston. He rode right up to the general's tent and spoke out in his emphatic fashion. 'You have been too rash,' protested his

own surgeon, 'you will be arrested.' Johnston did not arrest him, because he liked Toombs and was generous himself. But another commander would have done so.

Again, Toombs was fond of holding forth, even to the common soldiers, on the proper conduct of the war. If he disapproved of the action of his superiors, he did not hesitate to say so, and often without very thorough knowledge of what his superiors were aiming at. He hated West Point because it meant discipline and training, and he hated Davis because Davis supported West Point. When the general rejoined his regiment after arrest, he is said to have cried out, 'Go it, boys! I am with you again. Jeff Davis can make a general, but it takes God Almighty to make a soldier.' Comment is needless.

Nor did he hesitate at direct disobedience, when it suited him. The attack at Golding's farm, during the Seven Days' battles, made against Lee's explicit orders, is a doubtful case, because Toombs claimed to have instructions from his immediate superior. But in the campaign of Second Bull Run, Toombs's brigade was ordered by Longstreet to guard a certain ford. Longstreet's delicious, patronizing account of the affair should be read in full. Toombs was absent at the time, dining with a friend. When he returned, he swore that nobody should put his men in an exposed position like that without his knowledge, and ordered them back to camp, for which piece of independence, with accompanying bravado, Longstreet very properly arrested him.

And ready as he was to criticize others, this fiery spirit had no notion of being criticized himself. D. H. Hill, not distinguished for his soft tongue, rode up in the middle of an action, and not understanding the circumstances,

blamed Toombs for the conduct of his troops. 'You are always crying out, fight, fight,' said Hill, in substance. 'Why don't you fight?' Toombs resented it bitterly and would have insisted on a duel, if Hill would have met him.

It is hardly necessary to follow Toombs the soldier any further. Many fine things are told of him, notably his whole-hearted submission when taken back to duty after his arrest by Longstreet. Longstreet liked him, as indeed did everyone, and is said to have remarked of him admiringly that he needed only discipline to make him a great general. Perhaps he needed some other things; but discipline was the crying need of his whole life, and it is indeed pathetic to see such exceptional gifts falling, falling, by rapid stages, from the candidacy for president to a petty and insignificant position in the Georgia militia. Mrs. Chesnut sums up his career with splendid vividness, if perhaps a little too vividly: 'Toombs is ready for another revolution, and curses freely every Confederate from the President to a horseboy. He thinks there is a conspiracy against him in the army. Why? Heavens and earth! Why?'

The Confederacy falls and Toombs falls with it, what distance he has left to fall. In his own opinion, at any rate, the North was thirsting for his blood, and the melodramatic incidents of his escape from capture must have afforded him infinite pleasure: flights, disguises, concealments, thrilling hints of treachery, also the protection of lovely and intellectual young women. He was 'a Chesterfield with ladies,' says his biographer. 'The general would walk to and fro along the shaded walks and pour forth, in his matchless way, the secret history of the ruin of the Confederate hopes.' I wish I could have heard him!

And now comes the last curiosity in this extraordinary career. Before the war, in times of organized society, the man had stood forth a splendid rebel. Then, when rebellion became the fashion and had spread to everybody about him, he sank into complete insignificance. Comparative peace was restored, comparative organization; and immediately, as a rebel and a fighter, he came again to the front. After he returned from his brief exile in Europe, he struck in at once with vehement battle against all the sins and errors of carpetbag reconstruction. It certainly was a fine opportunity! How he must have luxuriated in the tempest of epithets which he hurled against the dominant party that was over-riding him and his fellows. 'Its tyranny, its corruption, its treachery to the Caucasian race, its patronage of vice, of fraud, of crime and criminals.' What hearty wealth of honest egotism rings in his cry of disgust at the things that were going on about him. 'I am sorry I have got so much sense. I see into the tricks of these public men too quickly. When God Almighty moves me from the earth, he will take away a heap of experience. I expect when a man gets to be seventy he ought to go, for he knows too much for other people's convenience.'

In this later phase again, as so frequently before, we should observe the makeweights of sound common sense and real constructive intelligence. No one's brain was more helpful than his in framing the new constitution of Georgia. And in opposing everything in general, he opposed some particular things for which wise men can never commend him too much. He opposed the popular election of judges, and when told that it worked well where it had been tried, answered, with the classical colloquialism he loved to use: 'It is easy to take the road to hell, but few

people ever return from it.' He opposed the too hasty allotment of privileges and powers to railroads and other corporations. His words would find many to-day to echo them, few to improve them. 'What do I see before me? The grave. What beyond that? Starving millions of our posterity, that I have robbed by my action here, in giving them over to the keeping of these corporations. The right to control these railroads belongs to the State, to the people, and as long as I represent the people, I will not relinquish it, so help me God!'

A fighter, you see, while breath was in him; a rampant individualist, a champion of all the wordy ideals of the eighteenth century, the embodiment of passionate will, which would not be over-persuaded, or over-ridden, or broken-down. Although he nominally accepted Christianity, and even declared on his death-bed that he 'had

not a resentment, I would not pang a heart,' yet he remained proud, haughty, self-confident, to the very end. 'Yes, I know, I am fast passing away. Life's fitful fever will soon be over. I would not blot out a single act of my life.' The United States government had conquered him, subdued him, constrained him. It governed Georgia and he was a Georgian. But he never forgave. 'Pardon?' he said, when they asked him to sue for amnesty, 'pardon for what? I have not pardoned you all yet.' And he declared that he would die as he had lived, 'an unrepentant, unreconciled, unreconstructed rebel.'

Together with not a few others of the admirable qualities of Milton's Satan, he had in a high degree the one quality which we respect most in that heroic, if somewhat unregenerate, type of Promethean rebellion: —

The courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.

CAIN, THE KEY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

A SMALL blind girl sat on the veranda steps of the Lomax School for deaf and blind children, and blew upon a tin horn. She was an appealing scrap of humanity, with her thin little body and dreamy face, and her big blank eyes which had a wistful trick of rolling up and down and from side to side, suggesting a little the restless pacing of a caged animal, as they continually quested the dark for some tiny loop-hole of light.

At present she was utterly happy.

The spring sunshine warmed her all over, and she drank it in at every sensitive pore. She had blown at first soft little tentative notes upon her horn, just tasting, as it were, its delightful possibilities all over; but now she had settled to one thrilling blast emitted again and again. It is possible that in the note's apparent monotony she divined shades of sound which the casual listener would have missed; but it was not merely sound to her, it was color, and emotion, and filled her with

a passionate delight. She had not lost her sight until she was ten years old, so that now at eleven she still retained the faculty of making mental pictures, and to her mind, intoxicated by the sound, that single note appeared like a red streak of flame going up and up into the sky. It made moreover a sharp background for all the impressions which her senses gathered for her, and presently these impressions began to translate themselves into a little silent chant. She seemed to see the words like a flock of small hurrying people that ran out of her mouth, through her horn, and by that bright flame-ladder of sound went scurrying away to the warm sky. The words said, —

‘I am sitting in the sunshine, I can feel it pour all over me, and my beautiful horn gathers it up and blows it back into the air. I can hear the deaf children running and laughing and playing in their yard. I can hear Janey Simons practicing on the piano in the blind girls’ sitting-room — and my beautiful horn it blows and it blows for me! The wind blows the smell of the Easter flowers in the garden to me. I think maybe the wind loves the flowers, and turns their little faces up one after another for the sun to see — and my beautiful horn it blows for me! I love Miss Cynthia. She will come presently, her footsteps as light and swift as the wind, and take us all back to school, and my beautiful horn —’

At this moment another blind girl came out of the sitting-room which opened on the porch, and, groping for the little horn-blower, caught her arm and snatched the horn violently away.

‘For *mercy sakes*, Phœbe West! *Quit* blowing on that old horn like that!’ she cried.

For a moment Phœbe was stunned by this sudden shattering of her entranced world; then, with a cry, she leaped to her feet and flung herself

upon the other. They fought back and forth, struggling over the horn.

‘Girls! Girls! Why, *Phœbe!* Janey! Why, I’m *ashamed* of you!’

Miss Cynthia, one of the younger teachers, came quickly along the porch, and separated the two.

‘To think of two of my girls *fighting!*’ she exclaimed.

‘Well, she was enough to drive a person just *distracted!*’ the assailant, a clumsy overgrown girl of fourteen, defended herself.

‘She snatched my horn just when I — when I was *so happy!*’ Phœbe cried passionately; and dropping down on the steps she burst into an agony of tears.

Miss Cynthia went on, —

‘Why, if you girls take to behaving like this, I shall have to ask Mr. Lincoln to shut you up in that empty room at the top of the school, where he puts the boys when they’ve been fighting.’

‘But I just bet Mr. Lincoln would n’t do that to the girls!’ Janey protested, the rudeness of her tone hardly masking its panic; and Phœbe stopped crying, and raised her head to listen.

‘Why certainly he would if the girls behave like bad boys,’ Miss Cynthia returned. ‘And now,’ she added as, recess being over, the bell rang, ‘come along to school and I’ll tell you something interesting. Come along, little girl.’ Reaching down she took Phœbe’s small hand which always clung so affectionately to hers, and jumped her to her feet.

Over in the classroom, Miss Cynthia’s ‘something interesting’ proved to be that Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent, to stimulate the imagination of the younger children, had offered the prize of a book for the best set of verses written within the next week by any blind child under fifteen. The whole Blind Department was to celebrate the occasion with ice-cream and cake; the cake to be a large fancy

one decorated with white icing, and to have the winner's name done in pink across the top, — a tribute from Mr. Hartwell, the baker, who, though himself a deaf mute, could always be counted upon to further any good cause in the school.

'I should feel very proud if one of my scholars were to win such a prize,' Miss Cynthia concluded impressively, 'and I have a feeling that there is a child here who might win it, if he or she — I won't say whether I am thinking of a boy or a girl — chose to try hard enough.'

'I just know Miss Cynthia means me,' Janey Simons whispered to her next neighbor with a satisfied little toss of her head, 'cause of that poem I wrote on Easter.'

But Miss Cynthia did not mean Janey. All her hopes were secretly centred upon Phœbe West, whose poetic fancy flashed out now and again like a sudden bright flame set vividly off against the unimaginative background of the other children's good average little brains.

Phœbe had lost her sight only a year and a half ago, and had therefore not been playing the difficult game of how-to-be-blind for very long; and with all the bright pictures of what the world held for seeing people still stored in her eager mind, which had always taken such passionate delight in lovely things, she found the game harder to play than did the children who had been at it longer. Despairingly hard it was at times, and at these times after she came to Lomax, her adored Miss Cynthia had understood, and had helped and comforted, and in consequence there had grown up between the two a very close tie of affection.

Whatever Phœbe may have been before the loss of her sight, the school only knew her as a docile and timid little creature who through her parents' mis-

placed solicitude had been so waited upon and led about by a large family of brothers and sisters that she was as yet very dependent upon some friendly hand to guide her in the dark of her little world. So usually fearful of finding her way alone was she, that Miss Cynthia was astounded, when returning that afternoon from a walk with one of the teachers, to catch sight some distance from the school grounds of a small blue-and-white gingham-clad figure huddled close in a corner of the rail-fence bordering the roadside.

'Why, Phœbe! Why, little girl, what are you doing out here all alone!' she exclaimed.

At the sound of her voice the child leaped up with a glad little tremulous cry.

'O Miss Cynthia!' she quavered, acute relief in her voice. 'Oh! I *hoped* maybe those would be your darling footsteps coming down the road.' She clung to the teacher's hand trembling a little, 'I — I was *scared*,' she whispered.

Here Miss Julia, Cynthia's companion, a much older teacher, saw fit to make a protest in behalf of discipline.

'Don't you know it's against the rules to go out of the grounds like this?' she demanded.

Miss Julia was an estimable person, but one whose voice fell with no softness upon the sensitive ears of small blind people detected in disobedience. Miss Cynthia was conscious that Phœbe trembled faintly as she leaned against her.

'I do believe you were running away!' Miss Julia pursued severely.

'Yes — yes 'm,' Phœbe faltered and hung her head.

'You *were*! Why, I'm perfectly astonished! What were you doing it for?'

Looking down at the curve of the child's painfully crimsoning cheek, it seemed to Cynthia that an intangible veil of reserve and almost defiance was

drawn suddenly across the sensitive little face.

'I don't know,' the child answered, her voice almost lost in fear.

'Don't know! Of *course* you know! Don't tell *me* stories, and don't let me catch you out of bounds again, or I'll report you to Mr. Lincoln and he'll very likely lock you up all alone in that room where he puts the bad boys.'

At this second mention of that prison room Phœbe's nervous fingers twitched in Miss Cynthia's grasp, and the latter felt an acute indignation over the other teacher's severity; but Miss Julia was the senior in command and she dared not interfere.

If Miss Cynthia had been astounded to find Phœbe out on the high road all alone, events followed swiftly which were more than astounding; in the light of the small girl's heretofore affectionate and shrinking character, they were no less than appalling. At half-past ten the next morning, in Miss Cynthia's classroom, Phœbe West put out a small feeling foot, and deliberately tripped up Janey Simons as she was innocently passing the former's desk. Janey came sprawling to the floor, bumping her head and immediately bursting into wild tears.

Miss Cynthia rushed forward and picked her up. 'Why, *Phœbe!*' she cried in consternation.

Phœbe had started to her feet and stood trembling slightly, her whole little person keyed to an intensity of listening. Her face was white and horrified, and in a moment she too dissolved in tears.

Miss Cynthia soothed the frightened Janey, and put some hamamelis on the bumped head.

'For such outrageous conduct I shall report Phœbe West to Mr. Lincoln,' she announced, her usually sweet voice so alarmingly stern, that every small pupil applied frightened fingers dili-

gently to the raised print of the lesson books, afraid to do more than wrinkle an inquisitive nose, and sniff very faintly at the smell of hamamelis, though at ordinary times it would have occasioned much pleasant conversation.

'Mr. Lincoln he — he won't put me up in that big room all — all alone, will he?' Phœbe's shaky little voice inquired, feeling its way unsteadily, as it were, through the dark.

'I don't know what he will think necessary to do to a little girl who for no reason *whatever* deliberately trips another one up,' Miss Cynthia returned coldly.

At this statement of the outrage committed upon her, Janey shed a few more tears.

Phœbe escaped the locking up, however, Mr. Lincoln ordering her to bed straight after supper, hours before the other children; a form of punishment over which Miss Cynthia drew a secret breath of relief. As a child she had suffered an acute fear of being locked into places, and she could not bear the thought of her timid little Phœbe's having to pass through such an ordeal.

The next day, however, she underwent a change of heart in the matter. When she entered her schoolroom with her bright 'morning face,' she found the children awaiting her, but not seated as usual at their desks. Instead they were in an agitated group surrounding her treasured rose-geranium, a plant which usually graced the window-sill, — lending a refreshing fragrance to the room, most grateful to small inquiring noses, — but which now lay shattered upon the floor. It had been dear to the whole room, for the gift of one of its spicy leaves pinned on the front of an apron, or stuck in the buttonhole of a coat, had been Miss Cynthia's highest mark of approbation; and the children bent over it in deep solicitude, feeling with delicate,

excited fingers the bruised leaves, and all the wreckage of earth and broken pottery.

'Oh my poor geranium! How *did* it happen?' Miss Cynthia cried.

Instantly all the little listening faces turned in her direction and a very babel of accusation broke forth.

'Phœbe —'

'Phœbe West she did it —'

'She pulled it right over on purpose —'

'She said, "I'm going to smash that old geranium," an' she did!'

'Yes, sir! Miss Cynthia, that's just what she did do!'

Miss Cynthia looked at Phœbe in consternation.

'Did you break my pretty plant on purpose?' she demanded incredulously.

Phœbe, conscious with her whole strained little body of her teacher's eyes upon her, showed a small tragic face; nevertheless she affirmed the accusation.

'Yes'm,' she whispered with an effort.

'But why? what do you mean by such behavior?'

Phœbe hung her head, but gave no answer.

Miss Cynthia regarded her a moment in a hurt and perplexed silence; then, 'Take your reader, and come with me,' she said. 'As you cannot behave properly with other children, and with pretty things, I shall put you upstairs in that empty room, where you will have to study all alone.'

In the oppressive silence and loneliness of the top story, Miss Cynthia, after trying in vain to win some explanation of her extraordinary conduct from Phœbe, left the child, a small desolate figure seated on the floor in the very middle of the wide bare room. The teacher's heart smote her as she turned the key in the lock, and she lingered a moment outside, dreading an

outburst of panic-stricken tears. But all was silent. When she returned later to release her, however, there were signs that Phœbe had wept copiously.

The situation developed rapidly and appallingly. The next day Miss Cynthia's usually well-ordered classroom was reduced to pandemonium. Immediately after school was assembled, Phœbe West, with a set fatalistic little face, went on what might be termed a whirlwind campaign. Within the space of three short, stormy minutes she slapped Johnny Coleman's plump, surprised little face, snatched away Janey Simons's book, and gave Maggie Ridgeway's flaxen curls an agonizing jerk. After which opening she became a veritable little fury, attacking any and everybody with whom her fingers came in contact, until with a swift and terrible hand Miss Cynthia dragged her from a crowd of outraged children and marched her off upstairs. There, failing again to make the child explain herself, she locked her up once more, but this time she did not linger soft-heartedly outside. Closing the door firmly, she turned the key with a grating shriek, which she hoped might send a shiver of terror into the heart of the incomprehensible little culprit within.

That evening after supper the extraordinary behavior of Phœbe West was the subject of acute discussion in the teachers' hall.

'I *can't* make her out!' Miss Cynthia confessed in despair. 'In the last few days she has changed absolutely from the gentlest, dearest little child into a perfect demon, and I *never* know what she may do next. She acts as though she were possessed, as though something were driving her to do these things against her will.'

'I would n't be a bit surprised if she was losing her mind,' Miss Julia prophesied gloomily. 'I thought there was something funny about her that day

we found her out in the road all alone. That girl I had in my class from the Fells County Poorhouse went exactly that way. At first she was as sweet a child as you ever saw, and then she took to acting in a peculiar manner, and the next thing I knew she went right off her head and —' Here Miss Julia unfolded a terrible story of child suffering. 'And it would n't surprise me *one bit* if Phœbe West was going just that same way,' she wound up.

'Oh, no! Oh, no, she won't!' Miss Cynthia protested in horror.

'Perhaps she has adenoids, or her teeth need looking after,' suggested another teacher, one who had a firm belief that the only thing necessary to make the world a sweet and beautiful place, was the elimination of all adenoids and the straightening of all teeth.

'No, I don't think that's the trouble,' Miss Cynthia said. 'I have a feeling you know that there's a perfectly simple and natural explanation of the whole business if I could only find the key to it — if I could *only* find the key,' she repeated distractedly. 'And I *did* so hope she was going to win Mr. Lincoln's prize for the best verses!' she burst out presently. 'But of course, she won't now, she has n't written a thing, and that conceited little Janey Simons has hers all finished. They begin,

I love my teacher dear,
Her voice it is so clear.

She asked me this morning if I thought Mr. Hartwell would know how to spell Simons, and of *course* she's perfectly sure her name is going to be on that cake.'

Miss Cynthia tossed on a restless pillow that night. Miss Julia's terrible story returned to stare at her through the dark hours; and suppose, *suppose* Phœbe West were on the point of going off her poor little head! She entered her classroom the next morning in a high state of nervous apprehension. The

day's lessons always opened with a selection from the Bible, and it was Phœbe's turn to read. Miss Cynthia would have given much if it had not been, though in times past she had liked to listen to the child's soft, slightly hesitating voice which had such pretty inflections, and always thrilled so to the sonorous Bible words. But now? To what outrageous act might not the command to read provoke her perhaps unbalanced mind? With a beating heart she spread open the huge volume of Genesis upon Phœbe's desk, and finding the day's lesson, placed the child's fingers on the raised dots of the opening verse. To her unbounded relief Phœbe began obediently to read, one slender forefinger following the other patiently across the page, as her butterfly touch translated the dots into words for her eager little mind.

'And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?'

She read steadily on until her fingers came to the sentence, 'A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.' Here she paused, spelling out the two long words for Miss Cynthia to pronounce.

'What does that mean?' she demanded abruptly.

With a start the teacher brought her mind back from a relieved contemplation of the soft spring sky seen through the windows, to the anxiety of the present.

'Why, it means that he was driven away from his own people because he was a murderer, and had to go out into the world all alone,' she explained.

'Into the world all alone — did it mean that he would be all alone?' Phœbe persisted.

'Yes, that's what it means.'

'In the wide world all alone,' the child repeated dreamily. Suddenly she

brought her hands up tight against her breast. 'Oh!' she cried poignantly, 'Oh, I *wish* I was Cain!'

And pushing the book from her, she buried her head in her arm and burst into passionate tears. A wave of startled emotion swept over the other children, and every little blind face swayed in the direction of those heart-broken sobs. They seemed to appreciate the teacher's anxiety, and to surmise that these were no ordinary tears.

Cynthia was appalled. Nevertheless, she forced herself to rise. If Phœbe were on the point of insanity, she must at least be taken away from the other children. Going over, she laid a quiet hand on the small grief-shaken figure.

'Come outside with me, dear,' she said.

Out in the big deserted hall, away from the strained curiosity of the other children, Phœbe continued to sob, but she clung with all her old trusting affection to Miss Cynthia, and the latter's heart melted within her.

'Poor little thing! Poor little honey!' she whispered tenderly, 'Tell me what the trouble is.'

Seating herself upon the lowest step of the stairs leading to the classrooms above, where the deaf children could be heard drilling over their vowel sounds monotonously in unison,— 'a-a-a-a, e-e-e-e-e-e,'— she gathered the child close in her arms, stroking the bowed head softly, and waiting for the tears to subside a little.

'Oh, I *wish* I was Cain!' Phœbe cried passionately again.

'But, darling, Cain was a dreadful man!' Miss Cynthia protested, distressed. 'Why he killed his very own brother.'

'But God let him be alone, and — and *that's* what I want to be!' the child cried; and catching her breath sharply she broke into a torrent of hurrying sobs—choked words. 'I'm

never — *never* alone! I — I have to eat with other children, and play with them, and sleep with them, and study with them, and — and go to church and to walk with them! And I can never, *never* be by myself one minute out of the whole day! There're *always* other children just swarming *everywhere*! And at home it's the same way; my mother's got lots of us, and they *never* let me be one minute! The only time I'm ever really alone is — is when I wake up in the night when all the other children are asleep. But —' she sobbed, 'but I don't wake up very often! When I could — could see, I used to run away into the woods all by myself, and oh, I just loved it! And — and I tried to run away here, that day you and Miss Julia found me out on the road, but — but after I got out all by myself, it was — was all so sort of big and dark, that I — I was scared — it was n't like when I could see!'

'Phœbe!' cried Miss Cynthia, a great light dawning upon her, 'have you been behaving so badly for the sake of being put up in that big room all alone?'

The child hid her face close against the other's shoulder, but she nodded with a muffled sob. 'Yes, that was why, she confessed. 'But I — I could n't tell you, 'cause of course you would n't have put me there then. But — but it did n't do any good,' she added forlornly, 'cause I could n't think of anything after I got there but just how bad I'd been — it — it was *awful* to be so bad!'

'But why do you want to be alone, darling?' Miss Cynthia questioned.

'So I can think. There're all sorts of lovely things that I think about when I'm alone. And I wanted specially now to make up a poem for the prize 'cause — 'cause you said you'd be so pleased if one of your children got it. But now I won't be able to,' she went on with a little wail, 'cause the children are just

swarming and swarming, all the time, and they *never* let me be! I don't want to be alone much, only just sometimes, when my — my — I guess it's my soul — wants to sort of breathe. Oh, you don't know what it is to have people around all day long — every minute — and at night, too! Folks that can see can get off to themselves whenever they want to — and I used to be able to — but — but now! I just *never* can!'

After a moment's silence Miss Cynthia spoke: —

'If you will stop crying now, and be very good all the rest of the morning, I will let you come this afternoon and sit a little while in my room.'

'All alone?' the child raised a tear-wet, tremulously eager little face.

'Yes, all alone.'

'With my horn?'

Miss Cynthia hesitated; the remembrance of that one plaintive nerve-racking note in her mind.

'Why do you want your horn?' she evaded.

'Cause when I blow it, it says lovely things to me — it was just beginning to say beautiful things that time Janey Simons came and snatched it away.'

'Very well, then,' Miss Cynthia capitulated.

The child's face kindled with a transcendent happiness.

'Oh, I will be *so* good!' she cried. 'It'll be nice to be good again,' she added with a little weary sigh, as of a soul that has been lost and is found again.

That afternoon the thrilling note of a horn, blown over and over again, might have been heard coming from Miss Cynthia's room; and when that teacher returned from her afternoon walk, she found a happy child curled up in an easy chair by the open window, the air with its whiffs of spring perfume stirring her hair faintly; all the baffled strained expression smoothed from her

face, and in its stead the tranquil, shining look of one whose spirit has been in sunny places.

'Oh, I have been *so* happy!' she cried breathlessly, jumping up and stretching out eager arms along which all the warmth of her heart seemed running to meet her teacher. 'And my horn made some poetry for me,' she added. 'It told me about spring at home.'

Dropping the other's hands, she stood a little away from her, and raising her entranced face turned it slightly from side to side, feeling unconsciously the soft air, first with one cheek then with the other, as she recited in a voice a trifle shaky from excitement: —

'My trumpet it blows and it blows for me,
And it makes bright pictures that I can see.
It tells me of spring and the jonquils gay
That bloom in the yard where I used to play;
That the children are running along to school,
But they'll stop awhile to play in the pool,
To splash the water and laugh and sing,
'Cause children go mad when they know it's
spring.

And father is burning brush to-day,
I can see the blue smoke go blowing away,
And the mousey turkey has gone to lay;
She'll leave her nest on tip-toe feet
So no one will guess where she took her seat.
And mother is scrubbing and cleaning, I know,
And making the house just as white as snow.
And the world it is all so full of spring,
That children and grown-ups just *have* to sing!
And my trumpet it blows and it blows for me,
And it makes bright pictures that I can see!'

'Oh!' she finished, '*that's* why I love my trumpet 'cause it makes my mind see what my eyes can't see any more.'

Miss Cynthia felt a sharp ache in her throat.

'But any way,' she told herself, 'her verses are better than any of the other children's.'

Phœbe slipped her hand back into hers.

'I'd be glad if my poem took the prize,' she said, 'but I did n't really make it for that. I wanted to make it for you, 'cause, — cause I love you,' she whispered shyly.

ABUSING THE INSTRUMENT

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

READING of an incident in the childhood of the Japanese General Nogi, I was reminded of another nearer home. Having been dedicated to the profession of arms, Nogi was taken, while still a small boy, to see a criminal decapitated, and was rebuked for shuddering at the spectacle. After night-fall, when all was darkness and silence, he was required to go alone to the burial ground and bring back the culprit's head. The ordeal was designed to strengthen his nerves and teach him to fear nothing, living or dead.

A friend once described to me an experience of his, intended to cultivate in him a sense of reverence. He could not have been more than three or four years old, and was as heedless as most children of what was due his elders. One day he was very disrespectful to an aged woman who lived near by, and refused to ask her pardon. That night she died suddenly, and the next day he was taken to see her as she lay in her coffin. There a lecture was administered to him on the wickedness of treating old persons as he had treated this one, and he was reminded that now it was too late to seek her forgiveness: death had closed forever the door of reparation.

As long as he lived he carried with him the impress of that hour. It was a dreadful thing to come into the life of a little child, although doubtless the adults responsible had only a benevolent purpose. In their eyes, my friend was an infant sinner whose heart could not be moved save by a tragic lesson.

The following night, and many another, his rest was troubled by visions of the old woman as he had seen her lying, speechless, sightless, still. Remorse preyed upon him, not because he unduly magnified his offending, but because of that inexorable decree that he should never be permitted to undo what he had done; and although with increasing years he came to look at death very differently, it was a long time before that first morbid association had worn entirely away. I dare say that only exceptionally favoring conditions prevented his suffering a revulsion of feeling which would have made him callous to the griefs of other persons when caused by bereavement, and even scornful of the great mystery itself.

I have dwelt thus on an unpleasant episode because every day we see some adult trifling with the emotional nature of a child, not realizing how like it is to a most delicate musical instrument. To the judicious touch of one who understands it, the response is harmonious and charming; struck by a rude hand, only harshness and discord result. Thrummed on carelessly and incessantly, it gradually shows the effect of wear in the dullness of its vibrations; it may simply cease to yield true tones, or it may become wholly mute.

The case of the juvenile Nogi stands by itself: the career marked out for him demanded physical fortitude and self-control as prime essentials, and his repulsive ordeal aimed not at stirring up, but at repressing, his emotions.

The experience of my friend, however, was deliberately designed to excite his imagination in a way which, in our more modern enlightenment, we know to be most unwholesome. Though I have never seen the experiment paralleled with any other child, I have repeatedly witnessed something quite as evil in its influence.

'Good-bye, dear! Kiss grandma again. She's getting very old, and you may not find her here when you come next time.' This by way of farewell as the little granddaughter is starting on her homeward journey after a visit. Even putting out of consideration the pall such a thought throws over the child's day on the road, and the haunting suggestions which becloud every memory of the leave-taking, reflect on what happens when, after two or three repetitions of the omen, grandmother continues to be found in her accustomed place with each return to the old homestead. Is the tenderest child heart-proof against the deadening effect of such frequent alternations between vague apprehension and commonplace reality?

'I'm sorry my boy does not love his mamma any more!' A phrase lightly used, perhaps, but with solemn face and manner, with hands spread over the eyes as if to hide mamma's tears for her child's defection, and repeated again and again after the little fellow has forsaken his naughty whim, professed repentance, and passionately renewed his vows of loyalty. How deficient is the mother's estimate of the impression all this makes upon the boy! He is only a baby, she reasons, and the memory of an hour's estrangement cannot last long with him. But that is not the point. What counts is the blunting of a fine sensibility which nature has planted in him for right use, not abuse. If that woman had a piano of rare tone, would she give it to the

children for a toy? Would she house it in a boiler-shop?

Of a different sort, yet equally pernicious, is the error of overdoing a child's training in generosity. There is as wide a difference between generosity and unselfishness as between courage and fearlessness. It may be a comfortable trait to be destitute of fears, but it is not so fine as to have the fears, coupled with the courage to do your duty in spite of them. Likewise, while it is pleasant to be unselfish, there is no virtue in yielding to others what you yourself do not care for; all the nobility of generosity lies in having the selfish instinct but also the spirit of good will which masters it. I have seen parents train children in unselfishness by teaching them from their cradles to set no store by any of their childish treasures; as a consequence they have become, emotionally, like little wrung-out rags. The healthy child is selfish, and the training he needs is one which will not benumb his natural desires, but teach him to restrain their manifestation when he can thus give enjoyment to others.

There are parents, too, who go to the other extreme, and almost nauseate a child with delights by piling one a-top of another so that he has no chance to digest any of them. I have seen a Christmas festival almost turned into an occasion of mourning by following a deluge of gifts with a dinner of dainties and an evening at the circus. One half the presents, a matinée performance, a simple repast, and the hour or two before bed-time passed in an unexciting atmosphere, would have given the child more solid pleasure, and left him unsated and ready to put fresh zest into the morrow. Another form of the same mistake is where a child is playing in perfect content with one toy, yet the mother tosses it another from time to time. Its enjoyment is inter-

rupted, its interest distracted, and its cravings multiplied, all by her well-meant but thoughtless interference.

In these days, intelligent persons everywhere condemn such cruelties as the ghost and bogey stories which nurses used to tell children to make them lie quiet after the lights were out; but not a few who denounce this practice are nevertheless willing to amuse themselves by making some extravagant statement to a child in order to witness his wide-eyed amazement, and then its collapse when the narrator confesses that the whole thing is a joke. And here I suppose more than one reader is exclaiming, 'Would you have us forego all intercourse with our children except on the most matter-of-fact plane? Are we to avoid any form of reproof which sharply spurs their sensibilities? May we not jest with them as we do with other people? And if we are to stick always to the literal truth, what is to become of Santa Claus and the fairies?'

This is begging the question. There are calm, dignified ways of impressing a child's consciousness, without turning his mind into a chamber of horrors. You can introduce him even to the solemnity of death without exciting either his fears or his repugnance. You can bring him to a penitential frame without refusing to kiss him good-night, or pretending to believe that he has lost all his affection for you. Your fun with your adult friend is not confined to playing on his credulity and then letting him down suddenly to the hard ground of fact; then why depend on such a resource with your child, who is not so capable as your friend of seeing

through your tricks of speech? The pleasant little romance of Santa Claus, typifying the universal Christmas spirit, is no more an offense against truth than such an allegory as the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It involves no severe emotional strain at the start, no violent reaction later; indeed, with the gradual expansion of his reasoning powers, the child works out for himself, first the improbabilities, and then the impossibilities, in the myth. As for fairy tales, there is of course a wide choice between them; but such classics as *Cinderella* and *The Three Wishes* are, like the Parables, mere fanciful garments clothing certain ethical verities.

In short, your aim should be to prove to your children that you are one rock of sincerity to which they may cling with implicit assurance. Till maturity and experience have fortified them against the ordinary vicissitudes of life, you should protect their emotional natures as you would protect a perfectly attuned harp. Appeal to their reason where you can, issue arbitrary commands where you must, but hold their emotions sacred. Not even a lesson in virtue should be emphasized by forcing these into unnatural activity or playing on them all the time. Contact with the busy world will in due course produce its dulling effect upon your children's susceptibilities. They will learn that sometimes pretense mounts to high places and false sentiment usurps the rule of sense; but do not add to these sordid revelations the shock of a lost faith in you, which will surely follow your abuse of the responsive instrument placed in their breasts for a wise and sparing use.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY MARY S. WATTS

CHAPTER XIX (*continued*)

IN WHICH MR. KENDRICK PUTS HIS
FOOT DOWN

No small amount of water has gone under the bridges since then, and Van Cleve has changed a good deal; by my count, he must be nearly forty years of age at the present date of nineteen hundred and twelve; but he has looked forty ever since he was twenty-five, so that now, for an oddity, he seems younger rather than older! And it was with a start that I heard him the other day allude to the time when he was 'a young fellow at the National Loan and Savings Bank'; that organization has been dead and buried so long, as we measure nowadays. Yet, as I say, Van has changed a good deal; he is much more genial and companionable than he used to be; he takes life easier, possibly because it *is* easier than when he was a hard, silent, care-laden boy, driving himself to the limit. Once in a while, he will even cast back to that time, not with any soft feeling of pity or sympathy for that earlier self, but in a mood of tolerance, wonder, and perhaps a little complacency. 'I had one of those chances that come to a man once in a lifetime, and I knew it too, but I did n't have the courage to take advantage of it,' he said to me on this same occasion, with a trace of the humorous pride he might have taken in the exploits of a son. And he told me about it.

Van Cleve has never learned the art

of polite small-talk; he will not change in that respect if he lives to be a hundred, and this anecdote represents his notion of conversation with a lady. 'It was back in ninety-six,' he said. 'You remember the Democratic National Convention that year? Remember the "crown of thorns and cross of gold"? Yes, but what you probably don't remember or may not have known at the time is that the stock market was very uneasy just then. Standard Oil went back from three hundred and something to less than two hundred. I was a young fellow at the bank then; I had been there four or five years, and I had four hundred dollars saved up; and ordinarily I'd have thought of buying on the stock market about as soon as I'd have thought of buying the Mammoth Cave for a speculation. But after I read that Chicago speech, I said to myself: "This fellow is either another Abraham Lincoln, or — or he is n't. Now he's going to make a speech in New York, and we'll find out." Well, he went to New York and he made the speech, do you remember? At Madison Square Garden, I believe; and I went out and got a copy of the paper the minute it was out, and read it.'

'Well?' said I, a little at sea, as he paused. I do not know much about politics or the stock market, one or the other, and for the life of me cannot understand the connection there seems to be between them.

'Well, he was n't Abraham Lincoln,' said Van Cleve, with a slight smile; 'I

rushed off and telegraphed to a fellow I knew that had gone from here to Dominick & Dominick in New York, to buy me Standard Oil at anything under two hundred. But as quick as I was, I was n't quick enough. It had jumped already. He telegraphed back: "S. O. 210. Advise immediately." And there,' Van Cleve said with a kind of smiling regret, 'there is where I got cold feet. I ought to have telegraphed in the first place to buy at the market, but I did n't have the nerve. I gave up. I was just a young fellow, you know, and four hundred dollars was all I had in the world, and there were people depending on me. I had a good hunch, but I did n't have the nerve.'

He shook his head; and I preserved a look of intelligence, though inwardly unable to see the slightest relation between Standard Oil and Mr. Bryan's New York speech!

Some of us are certainly greatly fallen off from the strength and daring of our ancestors. It would not have been old Joshua Van Cleve, for an example, whose courage would have failed him; *he* would never have got 'cold feet.' By just such master strokes, undoubtedly, did Joshua accumulate his fortune. It is true that he was not, at Van Cleve's age, hampered by Van Cleve's responsibilities; but very likely he would not have taken them so seriously.

Joshua and the brussels-carpet story must have recurred to Van Cleve frequently and forcibly that winter, as he sat beneath the stare of the baby in the photograph, with the letters from Pass Christian on the table. His family would have been surprised and shocked could they have known what was passing though that wonderful brain for finance. The letters multiplied amazingly as the spring advanced. Van heard in succession that the ceaseless wind, at first so grateful, had be-

gun to get on their nerves; then that the place had suddenly filled up with flashy people from Pittsburg and Memphis and elsewhere, who did nothing but drink highballs and wear diamonds, and among whom it would be useless (in fact, impossible!) for Evelyn to look for either pupils or purchasers; and for a climax, as summer came on, that the town was all but deserted, the heat and dampness absolutely tropical, the moonlight so intolerably brilliant that nobody could sleep at night; and that there was grave danger to northern people, who were invariably the first victims, from yellow fever which was liable to break out there at any time!

Over this last item, Mr. Kendrick knitted his brows in some slight worry; he had paid very little heed to the other complaints, even smiling broadly at more than one of the tragic statements. But Van had had experience along the southern coasts; he thought of Siboney, the hospital tents and huts, the sick faces, the hot breath of the jungle. 'Perhaps for the heated term, you had better come up here. I can get you rooms at the Altamont, I find, and though this town is n't considered much of a summer resort, you will be in a great deal cooler and pleasanter place than southern Mississippi,' he wrote them.

His intentions were of the best, but alack, as once before in his career, Van was not quick enough! Already the family had conceived a plan infinitely more picturesque and attractive; and with them, as he knew to his cost, to make a plan meant to carry it out. It was with a face of ill omen that he read the enthusiastic letter which crossed his on the way.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, was the ultimate Paradise! This was established by another shower of statistics, and sound, unassailable reasoning. They

would go to New Orleans, and from there by boat, themselves and their chattels, to New York, where they would trans-ship for Halifax, a way of travel so cheap that it would only take four hundred dollars, and Evelyn would put in her seventy-five from Moonlight on the Bayou, so that it would not come so hard on Van Cleve, dear, generous boy that he always was! They would not think of asking him for this now, but it was a matter of life and death. They were all losing strength day by day, and the doctor told them that if they waited, their vitality might become so diminished they would not have the energy to move.

Perhaps at this juncture Van Cleve again remembered the carpet anecdote; he answered very briefly.

There ensued upon this a brisk correspondence of which, fortunately, only a few scraps of letters have survived. I say fortunately, because it could not have been agreeable reading, to judge by the samples, or particularly creditable to any of the writers. Van Cleve told them that he could not, offhand, pick up such a sum as they asked, and in plain words that he would not if he could. That he was willing to believe that Pass Christian was not a pleasant or healthy place during the summer, and so offered them a reasonable change; but that, as to moving them to Nova Scotia or anywhere else again, he had no more money to spend on such whims. And he wound up by intimating in terms that were not wholly unkind that this was his last word; they could take it or leave it.

No outsider could describe, no outsider could even comprehend, the effect of this bombshell upon the ladies, upon Major Stanton who was the soul of patience and amiability himself, and had never contradicted anybody in his

life. For persons who were, as they honestly believed themselves to be, in an all but dying condition from the dreadful circumstances of existence at Pass Christian, it was astounding with how much vigor the ladies remonstrated, how much ink and time and mental effort they expended. 'You poor darling, I know you are afraid you would never get your money back!' Mrs. Lucas wrote; 'but *of course* we mean to repay you, Van Cleve. We know how hard you work for your money, and you are right to think that you have done enough for us. We only ask you to *advance* this. Evelyn will repay you, we will all pay you, if we have to work our fingers to the bone.'

I dare say Mrs. Lucas, who was a thoroughly good woman, would have been dumbfounded to see the pain and anger on her nephew's face when he read her letter. It was perfectly true that they owed him their living, every comfort and every pleasure for ten years, since the first day Van had gone to work; then why should he have felt bitterly hurt and even insulted at their offering to pay him, if only a little? She would not have been able to understand it. She was a good woman, and she would have told you that she loved Van Cleve devotedly and would do anything on earth for him — anything!

The young man ignored this handsome proposal; he repeated his own. They could come to Cincinnati or not for the summer — as they chose. They chose not; and it would appear that Van Cleve had not unprofitably followed his grandfather's example, for the family, Evelyn, Mrs. Lucas, some one of them, must have been stung into some kind of action. However they raised, or saved, the money, they did move to Halifax, bag and baggage, at the beginning of August.

CHAPTER XX

OWING TO ILLNESS IN THE FAMILY,
MISS GILBERT REGRETS, ETC.

It was a matter of occasional comment that Lorrie showed so little sign of the real trial and suffering she had had to undergo. A heartbreaking thing had happened to the poor girl, but she never allowed herself to look heart-broken. Her character forbade any sort of posturing, morbid dwelling on her woes, or exploiting them before her family and friends. In this as in most of the other acts of her life she was the same bright, sweet, and sensible woman, the same good, conscientious daughter and sister that she had always been; and, in the opinion of one person, a whole hogshhead of tears and hours of daily lamentation would not have done her so much honor as the brave efforts she made to forget her trouble, or at least to put it out of sight, for the sake of other people.

If she spent an hour every night going over Philip's letters, or sitting silently before his photograph, and cried herself to sleep afterwards, no one knew anything about it. She always wore his ring; it had never been off her finger since he himself put it there and 'kissed it on,' as he said — and Lorrie could see him now bending over her hand, caressing it, as he half-knelt beside her at their old sofa; she could see his stooped head with the thick, smooth, fair hair that she had always wanted to stroke — ah me! It was all over; it had come and gone like a dream that ended in a nightmare. She thought of the journey south — Tampa — the crowds hurraing — the lonely days — the two nurses with their officious sympathy — her mother's distracted letters about Bob — she thought of it all, and sometimes, when she looked in her glass, wondered

at the fresh and unmarked youthfulness of the face that looked her back. She had not a gray hair or a wrinkle, yet she was twenty-nine years old and had put happiness — of one kind — out of her life forever. She did not often speak of Cortwright, or that dreadful time; and even her mother never saw Lorrie cry except the day when Van Cleve Kendrick brought her and Robert home, when the girl had clung to her father and sobbed hard for a brief moment; and one other time when Mrs. Gilbert, with tears in her own eyes, went to her with the little store of towels, napkins, dainty linens, marked with a monogram, *L. G. C.*, upon which they had both been working a century ago before anything happened. The skeins of white embroidery-cotton were still folded in with them; there was a needle yet sticking in the stitch. 'I'm going to lock them up in a trunk, Lorrie,' Mrs. Gilbert said; 'I know you can't bear to look at them.'

'No, no, we ought n't to do that — we ought n't to waste them. You ought to use them, don't you think? I don't mind — truly I don't,' said Lorrie, with a pitiful resolution and cheerfulness.

But her mother looked in her face, and both women broke down. Mrs. Gilbert took the things away and locked them up, as she said, in a trunk in the attic; and there they lie, yellowing, to this day.

Some time during the summer there arrived a letter from Philip's father, somewhat to the surprise of the Gilbert family, to whom he had never made any mention of the old gentleman, and who had supposed that both his parents were dead. There was nothing mysterious about the elder Cortwright, however, as it quickly appeared; his son's neglect or forgetfulness, indeed, needed no explanation to the Gilberts,

who knew by dreary experience that young men do not always keep in touch with their homes and their people. Mr. Cortwright senior wrote Lorrie a grave and dignified letter, referring to their common loss in adequate terms; if the Judge's periods were a little too flourishingly rounded, it came not ill, nevertheless, from a man of his birth and age and upbringing; and when he concluded by inviting himself to make them a visit in the fall, in order, as he said, to become acquainted with his dear boy's choice of a wife, — a matter in which the Judge did not doubt Philip had been happy and lucky beyond his deserts, — the Gilberts were ready enough to receive him.

When the day came, the Professor hurried through his papers after class to get down to the Southern Railway depot to meet their guest, without much idea of what he would look like, but eager in hospitality, and willing to take any trouble on Lorrie's account. Samuel was not a practical man; and though he was confident of miraculously stumbling upon Judge Cortwright and knowing him at once, he might have been there still, helplessly peering with his near-sighted eyes, and confounded by the size of the crowds, and the insane desire which everybody displayed to get somewhere at top speed, had not the Judge cannily picked him out himself. Judge Cortwright was thoroughly practical; and having been in his day an owner of race-horses, and a poker player of mighty renown, had probably made some study of his fellow man.

Professor Gilbert had just been vaguely speculating about the large, tall, Southern-looking man, and had inwardly decided against the possibility of his being their guest, when the other, after a moment's sharp scrutiny, walked up and spoke. 'Am I mistaken, or is this Professor Gilbert?' he said, in

a deep, rich, husky voice; and as the Professor dazedly put out his hand, Judge Cortwright took and shook it warmly. 'If there had been time, I should have written you not to put yourself out to come and meet me, sir —'

'Not at all — not at all — I am very glad to. I — I am afraid I was a little slow in recognizing you —' stammered Samuel, taken aback at the big man's astounding perspicacity, and unwarrantably ashamed at his own lack of it. But further proofs of the Judge's unusual endowments were presently forthcoming, and Professor Gilbert added to his experiences at a rapid rate. Judge Cortwright, it turned out, 'knew the city quite well, — parts of it, I dare say, much better than his anxious and somewhat bewildered host, — though he had not visited it for ten years. Under his guidance, they stopped on the way home and had a drink at the Mecca while waiting for their car. Samuel had never been inside the Mecca in his life; he could not have distinguished a 'first-class saloon' — as his companion assured him it was — from a third class, or one at the very bottom of the scale, for that matter; and without doubt he made a queer and laughable figure in the midst of the mahogany and plate-glass and marble and dazzling brass fittings.

'I — I am not very fond of anything strong,' he said shyly; since Robert grew up and fell into his deplorable habits, the father had never taken a drink of any kind of liquor. 'I mean I find it does n't agree with me,' he added hastily, fearful of assuming a priggish attitude of disapproval. 'Would it be possible to get a glass of water here?'

'Sure! Fizz?' said the barkeeper, cordially. The barkeeper, to Professor Gilbert's bottomless astonishment, was a clean, tidy, muscular, civil, decent

young man, with an eye and complexion that would indicate absolute temperance! 'Milk if you want it. Butter-milk? Sure!' He divided a quick and measuring glance between them; and addressed the Kentucky gentleman with stupefying assurance and informality. 'What brand you drinking now, Colonel?'

'Pepper, son. Not Oscar — *James* Pepper,' said the Judge, genially emphatic, not in the least offended. And this cabalistic utterance was scarcely completed when the barkeeper pushed the whiskey bottle toward him. It was an amazing performance on both sides.

Thus with a libation did the Judge's visit begin. Whatever he thought of his host, it was nothing to the confusion of mind with which his host regarded him. Samuel felt with dismay that he did not know what to do with Judge Cortwright. For all his mutton-chop side-whiskers, and his pedagogue's view of life, the Virginia gentleman, after forty years' absence from his native State, was still enough of a Virginian to understand the Kentuckian, after a fashion. He may not have considered it altogether seemly for a man of his own age, or a shade older, to have the eye for women, the not too nice taste in speech and anecdote, the fondness for high-proof bourbon, and the other lively, youthful traits their visitor presently displayed, but the Professor was not disposed to criticize. Possibly his wife was not so lenient, nor for once so hospitable in spirit; I do not think the little lady much fancied Philip Cortwright's father. 'Well, anyhow, Lorrie was only going to marry his son. She did n't have to marry the whole family,' she remarked apropos of nothing, as they were getting into bed that night. As for Lorrie, nobody knew what she thought, not even her own father and mother. Other people noticed a rather terrifying likeness

between the father and son; one could not help wondering if Philip would have aged in the same way.

Mr. Van Cleve Kendrick, coming up to the house and meeting the Judge, found means to take him off their hands for part of the time, much to the relief of everybody concerned, including Judge Cortwright himself, who must have found the Gilbert society a little dull after a day or so of it. Van always looked queer when questioned about this experience. 'Judge Cortwright? Oh, yes. Great old sport!' he would say with an enigmatic grin; 'yes, I took him across the river to Latonia to the races several times, while he was here. Hey? Oh, yes, I had him down at the club playing pool. Great old sport!' And sometimes other men commented wonderingly on the fact that Kendrick, who was as respectable a man as you could find anywhere, was everlastingly loading himself up with some down-and-outer, some thoroughgoing bum to take care of and police around!

They were not without justification, for later on, when Robert Gilbert suddenly came back from the West and was seen about our streets once more, it was more often than not with Van Cleve. Bob was very much better — cured, according to his own report — and appeared to have straightened up at last; that is, he was always straight in Van Cleve's company; and either Van, or Lorrie, or his mother, was with him most of the time. I saw him with the family in church one Thanksgiving morning; by this time, he had been away for a year in that climate which is supposed to be almost a specific for cases of tuberculosis, if taken soon enough, as the family insisted his had been; but, to tell the truth, in spite of all the sanguine talk, Bob's 'cure' was unconvincing. He did not look like a well man.

He was at home all that winter, housed for weeks at a time with what they called heavy colds. Lorrie gave up going out almost entirely so as to stay with him, read to him, keep him entertained. Robert would not have exacted any such sacrifice; he used to urge her to accept her invitations. 'You ought to go, Lorrie; you ought n't to stay here shut up in the house. It's bad enough for me to be jailed this way, let alone all the rest of you,' he said half irritably. 'Hang it, I wish you'd go out and hear something new, or see something new, so you could come back and tell us about it!'

'All right, Bob, I'll go then. Maybe Van Cleve will come over this evening, anyhow,' said Lorrie, to please him.

'He does n't have to. I don't have to have somebody hanging around me the whole time,' Bob said, grumbling. Then he added apologetically, 'It worries me to see all of you so worried. There's nothing really to worry about. I'll be all right in a little, as soon as this cold wears off. A cold always has knocked me out; don't you remember how they used to when I was a little fellow? Don't you remember, Lorrie?' he insisted.

'Yes, you've always had a horrid time with colds,' said Lorrie, with a twinge at her heart.

'Well then, you know it's not serious. Why don't you and mother go on to your teas and luncheons and things? I'm not going to open all the doors and windows and let the furnace go out, and go and roll in the snow with nothing on but my pajamas, just because you are n't here to watch me!'

'I — I don't really care much about it now, Bob, not the way I used to,' Lorrie said at last.

Her brother stopped his half-laughing, half-vexed remonstrances, eyeing her with a new expression in which there was compassion and regret and

something else, some other feeling compounded, one would have said, of doubt and distress.

'You must n't let yourself think about that. You ought n't to let yourself dwell on it. On poor Phil, I mean,' he said gravely.

'I don't any more than I can help. I try not to. But you know I can't forget, Bob.'

Bob, who had been lying on the sofa among pillows and magazines with an afghan spread over his thin knees, threw everything aside and got up and began to walk about the room restlessly. 'You must stop that kind of brooding, I tell you, Lorrie,' he said, pausing by her low chair. He spoke nervously, almost angrily. 'Can't forget! Why, remembering won't bring him back. And if it did —' he broke off abruptly. 'If it did, things might n't be the same,' he finished, in an uncertain voice. He took another turn up and down the room and came back to her chair. 'I thought — I thought maybe you were beginning — I hoped maybe you'd — Van Cleve, you know, Lorrie — Van's a splendid fellow — I don't believe he's ever looked at any other girl in his life —'

'Oh, don't, Bob — oh, please don't! I can't think about *that* any more, ever. It's not just Van Cleve — it's just that I can't think of marrying anybody. It's all over and done with. Don't you see? It's all out of my life,' Lorrie said painfully. 'Don't talk to me about it again. I try not to be silly. I try not to be selfish. I try to keep it to myself. You want to help me, don't you? You want to make it easier for me?'

'Lord knows that's what I've wanted to do, Lorrie. Lord knows that's what I ought to do after the time you've had with me!' Bob groaned out. He dropped on the sofa with his head in his two hands. 'I don't want

to make a mess of any more lives. I only thought you and Van Cleve — well, all right then, Lorrie, I won't say any more. I won't speak about it again.'

So when Van Cleve, who averaged about two evenings a week, — thus gossip calculated, — came over at eight o'clock that night, Lorrie, true to her promise, had gone to somebody's dinner and theatre-party afterwards; and Van sat down to a game of checkers with his friend without appearing especially cast down by her absence. It has been said many times that he was a philosopher. If the truth were known, if Robert had known it, before he blunderingly and good-heartedly put in his oar, Van Cleve had already spoken for himself to Lorrie and had got his answer.

'I think a great deal of you, Van, but not that way,' the girl said, sincerely pained at having to pain him; 'you're the best friend we have. I'll never forget all you've done for us — for Bob —'

Van Cleve interrupted her. 'Don't talk about that. Don't think that way. Even if it were so, I would n't want to hold that over you, or have you hold it over yourself,' he said harshly. 'Put all that out of the question. This is just you and me. You don't — you can't —' he fumbled and reddened like a boy over the words, but went on — 'you don't love me — you don't feel as if you could marry me, even if there had n't ever been anybody else, is that it? Or — or is it because of *him*, Lorrie?'

Lorrie nodded, her lips quivering. 'Oh, Van, you dear boy,' she said brokenly, and put out her hand to him. 'You are always our Van Cleve, the man I like and respect more than anybody else in the world. But I can't marry you. I can't marry anybody. I feel somehow as if I were a mean crea-

ture because I can't do the only thing you've ever wanted me to do — I can't give you the only thing you've ever asked of me. But would you think any the more of me if I forgot so easily, Van Cleve?'

He did not answer her directly. 'Well, I waited,' he said at last with a quick sigh; 'I thought you might have got over it. But you have n't got anything to reproach yourself with. You never encouraged me; you are just *you*, and I could n't help loving you, and you could n't have stopped me.'

'Van Cleve, I wish I could care for you that way,' said Lorrie, earnestly; 'I *wish* I could! You ought to have everything you want, you've always been so good to everybody.'

'Nobody cares for people because they're *good*,' said Van, with his dry smile. He looked at her wistfully. 'You don't mind my keeping on coming here? It won't annoy you? After all, you must have known how I felt long before this.'

'Why—I—I—' Lorrie turned scarlet under his shrewd, kind eyes; and Van Cleve smiled again.

'Well, then, it won't be any different from what it was before,' he said, practical as usual. 'Don't worry, Lorrie. I'm not going to persecute you about this. If you should ever feel differently — why, I'm here, that's all.'

And on this footing the old intimacy continued, Romeo playing his part with a cheerfulness and self-control in the very presence, as it were, of his blighted hopes, that goes to show of what exceedingly un-Romeo-like, plain, serviceable stuff his character was constructed. Van was more like an elder son in the house than ever, lending a hand to taking care of Bob and amusing him, consulted about their small finances, giving Lorrie presents on her birthday and at Christmas, which even her suspicious girl friends would allow

seemed to have no sentimental significance whatever; patient, thoughtful, sane, reliable, prosaic in his relations with them as he had always been with all the world.

And where, all this while, was Mrs. Robert Gilbert and what was she doing whose place was surely with her husband in his ill-health — his *temporary* ill-health, as the family were so bent on making the outside world believe, on making themselves believe, perhaps? Where indeed? Nobody liked to ask after the first innocent ventures, which were received by the Gilberts with a stilted and evasive courtesy so unlike them that the slowest-witted acquaintance they had must have seen at once that something was wrong. Bob's wife never came near him; it was to be doubted if he ever even heard from her; the last authoritative news was that she was living with her mother in New York. Somebody had met her there on the street, and said that she was just as pretty as ever, though a good deal 'made up,' and that her manners were unchanged, and that she never said a word about Bob. The marriage had evidently turned out one of those hasty ones to be repented at leisure which many of us had suspected on first hearing of it. They could n't get along. How could they have been expected to get along? Every one felt genuinely sorry for Bob's family, to whom the whole affair must be such a trial; it was not disgraceful, it was merely shabby, but people of good name and good breeding really suffer in such circumstances.

At about the time that everybody came to these conclusions it was reported that Bob was to be sent to some place in Vermont, some little town in the mountains where a well-known physician had established a sanatorium for such cases as his. His mother and Van Kendrick took him on east; and

only a day or so after they had gone there came out in the court proceedings published in the morning papers, a notice which caused whatever readers stumbled on it a certain surprise and satisfaction, as at an oracle fulfilled. In the Court of Insolvency, No. 2459 (June 17, 1901), Paula J. Gilbert brought suit for divorce against Robert D. Gilbert. They were married in July, 1898; she charged him with desertion and non-support, and petitioned the court to annul the marriage and restore her maiden name. Marks, Schindler & Marks, attorneys.

CHAPTER XXI

IN WHICH THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER ISSUES A WARRANT

The Gilbert *vs.* Gilbert action did not afford much material for wagging of tongues; it went through court as speedily and quietly as possible, the husband making no defence, so that within a week Paula was free, and Miss Jameson again if she chose. Nobody saw her, though her presence in town must have been necessary, and nobody knew what became of her afterwards. The newspapers, indeed, scenting a 'story' which, however commonplace, would be a godsend in the hot weather and the dull times, would have made capital out of it; and from what we knew of Mrs. or Miss Paula she would have been ready enough to oblige them. But either she was greatly changed, or Messrs. Marks, Schindler & Marks, in their wisdom, interposed, for no 'interviews' with her were published. The reporters who called at the Gilbert house were defeated by the very courtesy of their reception. The elder Mrs. Gilbert and her son were at the Vermont sanatorium; Miss Gilbert was not to be seen; and I believe the thin old Professor, with his white hair and his

simple manners of a generation and a society so infinitely removed from their own as to be quite incomprehensible to them, completely puzzled and baffled these brisk, inventive youths. They could make nothing out of him; he was utterly valueless from the journalistic standpoint, as uninteresting to their average reader as the Hebrew Testament in the original.

They also sought out an intimate friend of the family, V. C. Kendrick, who was as affable as you please; and after he had answered all their questions, a discerning person might have observed that they were precisely as wise as they were before, and no wiser! Van had indeed given the Gilbert household some astute counsel when publicity seemed imminent. 'Now don't refuse to see the fellows from the papers, or have them shown out, or shut the door in their faces, or anything like that,' he warned Lorrie and her father; 'it's better to see them, and then they'll have something to say, no matter what. You don't need to *tell* them anything. They're going to talk anyhow, you know; they've got to fill their paper up with something. The reporters make their living by it, and they don't mean any harm. I say you don't need to *tell* them anything. Give 'em the chance to put in a lot of rot about "a petite brunette with sparkling brown eyes and a winsome grace of manner —"'

"A petite" —? *What*, do you mean *Lorrie*?' said the Professor, recognizing this description with equal amazement and indignation; 'but surely it's not necessary for Lorrie to submit to their impertinences? She does n't have to meet them.'

'All right, *you* see them then. You'll be "a dignified gentleman of the old school, with a courtly elegance of phrase,"' said Van Cleve, not repressing his grin. 'What difference does it

make? They'll have something to say, and that's all they're after. Nobody pays any attention to them, or believes one tenth of what the papers say. You don't yourself. Don't antagonize them, that's all.'

Professor Gilbert looked at the younger man, unfeignedly troubled. His every instinct, trained and native, rebelled against what seemed to him a cheap, time-serving, and spiritless piece of policy; yet there was something convincing about Van Cleve's argument. 'I'm afraid I'm very much behind the times,' he said with a kind of good-humored chagrin. 'Can you make any other suggestion, Van? For instance, supposing one of these young gentlemen calls on me, ought I to offer him entertainment? Cigars, eh?'

'You might, if you chose. But just give him *one*. If you give him any more, he'll think they're are n't worth anything,' said Van Cleve, entirely serious. It was at least a minute before he could make out why the old man suddenly broke into a chuckle. Hitherto, they had all been very grave, as well they might be, whenever Bob's difficulties had to be discussed.

It was that same year, but in the autumn, or at any rate some time after Paula got her decree, for everybody had long since stopped talking about that incident, — had completely forgotten it, no doubt, — that the Xylotite Hinge Company failed. This was probably the first news that many of us had that such a company existed; and although it has since been resuscitated, and they say is in a fair way of paying out after years of struggle, a large section of the community is still, like myself, in perfect ignorance of what xylotite is, and what kind of hinges are made of it, and who uses them, and why the manufacturers should have failed. Nevertheless I have been assured that it was an enterprise well-known in commercial

circles, employing hundreds of thousands of capital, and of a spectacular size and growth. It went down with a crash that (to be metaphorical) shook the foundations of more than one other established business; all at once you began to hear of So-and-So being seriously involved, of Such-a-One making desperate efforts to keep above water — ‘he was interested in Xylotite, you know.’

Presently some person or persons in authority instituted a ‘PROBE OF XYL-OTITE AFFAIRS,’ as the newspapers proclaimed. ‘The Xylotite Company did business over a large territory, and we have found that a convenient form was to incorporate several companies, which was also used as a means of securing additional credit. Among these were: The Lawrenceburg Machine Tool Company, Columbus Weights & Pulleys, Indurated Rubber of Akron,’ and so on and on. That was only one (a fair sample) of the damaging details brought to light.

Notwithstanding the sensational disclosures, however, few people that one knew, excepting possibly Van Kendrick and men like him who were buried heart and soul in business, cared much about the vicissitudes of Xylotite; nobody had any friends or relatives ruined by it; and if we must talk about financial troubles, there were rumors a great deal more interesting and also dismaying in circulation, which never seemed to get as far as the papers; they went the rounds of the private houses, the men repeated them after dinner when the coffee and liqueurs came in and the smoking began; there were allusions, headshakings, careful admissions, wise or satirical comments. It was all about the National Loan and Savings Bank, Mr. Gebhardt’s bank, that bank that Van Cleve Kendrick had been with so long; it began at the Christmas holidays, and went on all

winter in its curious subterranean way; without quite understanding it, everybody sincerely hoped that ‘it was n’t so.’

Most of us were fond of the Gebhardts, and disliked to think of them in money difficulties. The women of the family, being the people whom it touched the nearest, probably never heard a word of the reports; who would have told them? They could not even have suspected that the head of their house was embarrassed in the slightest manner. All the while that the obscure hints about the shakiness of the National Loan were spreading abroad, the Gebhardt girls danced, and dressed and entertained as expensively as ever; and the youngest of the four, Annette, who would be out next year, was getting ready to go to Europe for six months with a party of two or three girls from her Connecticut finishing-school, when — when the trouble came. Annette Gebhardt was a pretty girl, the prettiest one of them all; she has been a stenographer in the city office of the Pennsylvania Railroad for the last six years, I believe.

Xylotite had been forgotten in its turn, by the time the National Loan and Savings explosion occurred. It was Easter Monday when we took up our morning *Tribune* and read in the middle of the front page that, following discoveries made by Clearing-House Examiner Walter H. Fisher in the affairs of the National Loan and Savings Bank, that institution had been ordered closed. Mr. Fisher refused to talk for the papers; but it was learned from other sources that the bank was not absolutely insolvent; the expectation was that the depositors might recover in the neighborhood of forty cents on the dollar at the final clean-up unless further investigation revealed a worse condition; the shareholders would be completely wiped out. It

was intimated that the recent collapse of the Xylotite Hinge Company had hastened this other downfall. Officials of the bank (whose names were given) were uniformly reticent when approached, explaining that a full statement would be given out in a few days. Reporters had called at the magnificent home of the National's president, Julius Gebhardt, on Adams Road, the North Hill, but were denied admittance.

That was all for that one day, but it was enough. Rarely does a disturbance on 'The Street,' even of so grave a character, create such a flurry socially. All the women were talking about the National Loan failure that afternoon at their card-parties and luncheons; they quoted what their husbands had said at the breakfast-table, without much understanding, but with looks of awe; they asked one another anxiously what it was best to do? Would you telephone to Mrs. Gebhardt? Or call at the house and — and leave a message of sympathy, you know? It must be terrible for her and the girls. Would you write a note? Somebody was going to send flowers, but it was objected, not unreasonably, that that would look too much like a funeral. It would n't be tactful to be *too* sympathetic. If you showed too great an interest, it was liable to be taken for curiosity; but if you did n't show *some*, you would seem perfectly horrid and callous. The difficulty lay in steering the middle course. 'It does n't happen often enough for one to know what would be strictly proper,' one worried lady was overheard to sigh; 'if I had always been very intimate with Mrs. Gebhardt, of course I'd go right to her. But I feel I can't intrude that way, though we've known each other for years, and I've been entertained at her house hundreds of times, and she's on the Incurables'

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Board, and the Widows' Home, and the Flower Mission with me. It's dreadful. If it had just been a death in the family —! We're all used to *that*!

Within two or three days, the promised statement came out, a whole column of it, headed by: 'PROBE OF NATIONAL LOAN AND SAVINGS, CONTINUED. SENSATIONAL DISCLOSURES. KENDRICK GETS PANNED' — a manner of calling attention to it which fully succeeded, thereby indicating (I suppose) that, in the journalistic view, the end justifies the means. For, when the friends of the bank and of the official named, after reading the above with surprise and concern, went on to the report itself, they found, as occasionally happens in our newspaper practice, that the headlines had only the most remote and exiguous connection with the actual facts! For one thing, the new disclosures could scarcely be called sensational, inasmuch as everybody had been expecting them, and they were in a sense an amplification of what was already known. Mr. Fisher with his clerical staff, aided by the head-bookkeeper of the National, V. C. Kendrick, and the assistant bookkeeper, R. Meyer, had worked till a late hour every night last week, leaving themselves the shortest possible intervals of rest. . . . After receiving the report, the Association, consisting of representatives from all the Clearing House banks in the city, Messrs. George Douglas, Edward B. Hooper, Morris Kuhn (the *Tribune* gave all the names), in a session that lasted four hours, the president and three directors of the National being present, finally reached the decision that an adjustment of the National Loan's affairs to enable it to continue business was impracticable. 'It is understood that the next move will probably be made by the shareholders, to call a meeting and decide what action, if any, shall be

taken. Rumors of a Federal suit involving Gebhardt and others were rife on the street to-day, but could not be confirmed.'

As to that 'Kendrick gets panned,' which had given persons who knew him such a shock, interviews with Mr. Fisher and one or two other authorities revealed that no such formidable process as 'panning' would describe what had taken place or anything resembling it. It was now made known that the Examiner, on his regular inspection, six months before, had sent a report to the Association that conditions at the National Loan were decidedly unsatisfactory. Later Mr. Gebhardt had made a trip to Washington to see the Comptroller of the Currency, and had received the ultimatum to 'clean up or be cleaned up.'

But, notwithstanding the warning, nothing looking toward any kind of straightening out was done at the National in spite of the personal efforts of Mr. Kendrick who, as it now appeared, since he had become aware of the exact state of affairs, had made repeated and vigorous protests to the head of the organization. Finally, on the 27th of March, in the course of a stormy conversation with the president, Kendrick had declared his intention of writing to the Examiner, and acquainting him exactly how matters stood. A young woman stenographer who had been within hearing of the controversy, which went on behind closed doors in the president's own room, reported that Kendrick had raised his voice and got very angry and profane; she had heard him say that he was no d—d dummy like the rest of them to sit still and do what he was told; that, by —, he had smelled something rotten the first day he sat with the directors and found that the loans were not read. He had also said that that American Bung Company was only another in-

fernal swindling *alias* for Xylotite; he would n't stand for it — you could n't play horse with *him* — and a great deal more in the same style.

Miss Nevins had not overheard any of Mr. Gebhardt's replies to all this; he had evidently been much more moderate; everybody in the bank, she said, liked Mr. Gebhardt, who was 'just lovely' to all of them, and had been in particular so good to Mr. Kendrick, she did n't see how he could talk to Mr. Gebhardt that way.

Sitting in the street-car that morning there were next to me two men who were discussing the National Loan all the way down town; it was curious and instructive to hear them say (for I listened unblushingly) that they never had trusted Gebhardt, that they always had suspected he was crooked — 'or plain fool; it's pretty near as bad when it comes to letting him handle other people's money,' one of them said. After Mr. Gebhardt's fall, everybody simultaneously found out that they had never trusted him, or that they had always had a poor opinion of his business sense! 'There's one honest man in the mix-up, anyhow, this Kendrick, the fellow that put the Examiner wise to what was going on. Wrote to him, it says,' said this gentleman, as he folded up the paper.

The other, who was chewing a toothpick, looked sceptical. 'Fisher would have been round and found out for himself in two or three weeks anyhow,' he said; 'looks to me like Kendrick was trying to get from under. Looks to me like it was a case of thieves falling out, more than anything else. You see Kendrick had that rumpus with Gebhardt, after they'd been as thick as could be for years. A man can't stay ten years in a bank and be as close as he was to the top without knowing more about it than Kendrick claims to have known. And a man don't get

that mad about somebody else's money being risked. If it was his own —!'

'Your idea is, it was just spite work then?'

'Sure. They had a quarrel, and Kendrick did it partly to get even. Why, look here, in that interview they got out of him, he admits that he'd borrowed money of Gebhardt. My guess is that Gebhardt would n't lend him any more, or refused to let him in on some deal, so he gets sore and makes up his mind to put Gebhardt out of business.'

'I did n't see that about the borrowing. Is that in the paper?'

'Yes — inside page. It seems they went through Gebhardt's private desk and papers along with the rest — Fisher turned everything inside out, you know — I expect the whole of that Xylotite loan business has n't come out yet. Anyhow, first thing you know they found some kind of begging letter from Kendrick's sister or mother or somebody representing that the family — they live away from here somewhere — were in some kind of fix and needed some money to help 'em out. And then there were some more letters acknowledging a loan, and thanking him for it and so forth — five hundred dollars, I think it was. Of course that's a small sum, but that just shows you how close Kendrick was to Gebhardt; and besides you don't know how many times they may have done that, how much they have got out of him in dribs, till Gebhardt got tired of it. Of course Kendrick himself don't ask for the money — oh no! All he does is to get behind the women and let them ask for it. He's been making a good salary right along; his family did n't need to ask Gebhardt or anybody else for money, unless he told 'em to. You'd probably find that every cent they've borrowed has gone to some bucket-shop; that's the way men get

away with it, in just those little dabs. Anybody that wants money for any legitimate enterprise, goes out and borrows it openly, *you* know that. No, sir!' he spoke with righteous warmth, chewing vigorously on the toothpick; 'when I read that, it settled my opinion of Kendrick.'

'It don't look very good,' the other man admitted; 'what did Kendrick say when the reporters got on to this letter business, and asked him?'

'Did n't say anything, just acknowledged it. He could n't very well help himself, you know. Made some bluff about that being a private matter between himself and Gebhardt — some big talk like that. It's all in the paper — you read it yourself, and see what *you* think.'

'Well, I would n't want to condemn anybody wholesale. After all, Kendrick had the choice of letting things go on as they were at the bank and piling up bigger losses for everybody concerned, or of blowing it up at once and himself along with it —'

'That's what he did, and took a chance on getting out.'

'That makes him either a mighty honest man or a mighty desperate one,' said the other with a laugh; 'oh, well, give him the benefit of the doubt, anyway.'

These two probably represented fairly the varying opinion of the public, amongst whom there would be some on Van's side, or, at least, on the side of moderation and impartiality; and, it is to be feared, many more as critically biassed as the man with the toothpick. Van Cleve knew it; he knew his world. He felt no disposition to waste time attempting explanations, or demanding justice from the community at large. 'In the long run it does n't make any difference how much you've been wronged, or how well you talk, or what proofs you've got; all that people

know is that you're letting out an awful yelp about something, and they wish you'd quit!' he said sourly; 'anybody that does n't trust me can look up my record. I'm not going around showing it to people, but I have n't got anything to be afraid of or ashamed of.'

The morning after the final report appeared he went down to the bank for the last time, to clean out his desk; Meyer was to be there, too, and they were expecting Mr. Gebhardt. It happened to be market-day, and there was a keen smell of fresh meats and vegetables on the air; the stands and carts were ranked all along the curb, with, among them, many of those humble clients of the National Loan whom Van Cleve had grown to know so well.

The old German wife he knew the best came up to him, with her scared, trembling old face. 'Mr. Kentrick, Mr. Kentrick, meine Hilda she say der bank iss go bust mit all der mazuma!' She sobbed the grotesque words, clutching at the sleeve of his coat with toil-cramped fingers, a figure of Tragedy among the pots of hyacinths and Easter-blooming lilies, the onions and carrots and crocks of cottage-cheese. All the other old women, and the lank younger ones with their shawled or sunbonneted heads, the stoop-shouldered men and the children, who were bobbing about everywhere underfoot, crowded up, hanging on his words. Not all of them had lost by the bank's failure; on some of the faces there was no feeling stronger than curiosity, or a sordid excitement. 'Iss it true, Mr. Kentrick? It aindt true, aindt it?' clamored the old woman.

'Pretty near true, Mrs. Habekotte,' said Van Cleve, grimly. 'You'll get a little something back.'

She dropped her hands with a wail; some of the other women set up a sympathetic lamentation. 'Poor soul, ain't it awful! How much did she have in?'

one of them questioned Van Cleve. Just as he was extricating himself, Mrs. Habekotte broke through her circle of condolence, and ran after him, 'Mr. Kentrick, your own money mit der bank got away also yet?'

'That's right. I'm about cleaned out.'

She contemplated him mournfully, with a kind of resigned and unenvious comparison of their lots. 'Vell, you are young, already! *Aber*, when one is old—!' She sighed, and plodded back to her stall, drooping, followed by her clan of neighbors.

Van Cleve heard some of them volubly reporting the fact that he too was 'busted,' something which appeared to establish his honesty to their minds.

Meyer was waiting for him on the steps of the bank, and they went in behind the familiar bronze gratings that had proved to be so disastrously costly, and went to work, but after a while found themselves 'stalled,' as Meyer said, by the non-arrival of their ex-president; he was to have been there at half-past ten, and was, in general, the most punctual of men. The minutes wore on, and still they lounged. At last, as it was striking eleven, Van Cleve went upstairs to the real-estate office on the third floor, to telephone, the bank's instrument having been disconnected. There was some trouble. 'I don't believe I can get you that number, party, they don't answer,' the telephone-exchange girl had just announced, when an agitated voice at the other end of the line broke in: 'Well, what is it? Do stop ringing! What is it? Who are you and what do you want?'

'Tell Mr. Gebhardt it's Kendrick, please; we're waiting for him at the bank.'

'Kendrick? Wait a minute!'

Van Cleve, standing with the telephone at his ear, was aware of a wild flurry of talk, sobbing, ejaculations,

going on somewhere near the other end. Then some one began again; it was a minute before he could recognize Mrs. Gebhardt's voice. 'Mr. Kendrick, is it you? Oh, won't you please go right away down to the — where did they say he had to go, Natalie? — to the Court-house — no, no, it's the Government Building — he's there — they would n't let me go with him — oh, I'm so afraid — never mind, Natalie, I'll tell Mr. Kendrick. He's with the Marshal — in the Marshal's office, I think they said. They would n't let me go with him, and I'm so afraid — he has n't been well, you know, since this terrible trouble came. Will you go down there, Mr. Kendrick?'

Van Cleve said that he would be glad to be of any use. And indeed he was; for he ran out and caught the next car and got down to the Government Building just as poor Julius Gebhardt, accompanied by the Marshal and the Chief Deputy and by his lawyer, and watched from afar by a little swarm of newspaper-men, was going into United States Commissioner Dixon's room for a preliminary hearing: he was under arrest, charged with having abstracted and willfully misappropriated certain of the moneys, funds, and credits of the National Loan and Savings Bank. Van Cleve reached there just in time to go out and hunt up bondsmen for him.

(*To be continued.*)

UPON THE THRESHOLD OF THE MIND

BY M. E. HAGGERTY

I

'So far as an exact science of animal conduct is possible, the experimentalist has the advantage over the free observer.' This admission from Mr. Burroughs in an *Atlantic* article, last year,¹ is generous in view of the contempt in which he holds the effort to arrive at an exact understanding of the animal mind. 'Anything like an exact science of animal behavior is, it seems to me, as impossible in the laboratory as out of it'; and he begrudges 'the time spent in learning' what seem to him the trivial bits of detail about animals.

So do I, and so does every experimentalist. How we should like to

plunge into the complex mental processes and say, 'This is characteristic of the dog, and this is true of the cat. Here is an animal that is wholly controlled by tropisms, and here is one that is the victim of its instincts, and here is another that manifests intelligence.' Take the question of the evolution of mentality: how fine it would be if we could say that here at one end of the scale is man, and there at the other is the single-celled bit of protoplasmic substance called amoeba, and then dispose the myriad forms of animal life each in its proper place in the ascending scale. Here belongs the dog and there the earthworm, and there the oyster and here the ape. But however much we may believe in the evolution

¹ February, 1912.

of mind, the materials for the definite placing of any one of the more complex animals in such an evolutionary scale are absurdly insufficient.

One thing seems sure as the result of experimental studies, and that is that the mind did not evolve as a whole. This is most clearly seen in the case of the senses. If one were to arrange the animal kingdom along an ascending scale as regards the sense of smell, man would probably fall very far below many of the higher mammals and possibly some of the birds. Another scale based on the development of hearing would probably reveal another order, and the sense of sight would show a still different arrangement. Possibly only in the latter would man stand at the top, and some of the birds, such as the hawks, might displace him even there. He doubtless would show the keenest sense of color, but hardly of movement. The dog might excel him in the case of smell, and the house-fly in the case of temperature. The cat may be more sensitive to touch and the bee to direction. Where each of a dozen different animals would fall in such an evolutionary programme cannot be determined by ordinary observation. Only the most detailed and persistent experiment can settle any single point finally.

Nor is this irregularity of development confined to the several senses. There are many different stages in the evolution of the memory. The single-celled animal has memory, and so has man. Both have good forgettories, however, and the balance between remembering and forgetting would by no means place the several animals at the same level of development at which the acuteness of their sense-powers would place them. In other words, the ability to remember has an evolutionary history of its own, and must be studied on its own account. The same is doubtless true of perception, of the

ability to learn, of the evolution of thinking and self-control.

A corollary of these facts is that the animals would not fall to the same level in the scale of mental evolution as in the scale of structural evolution. It is generally accepted that monkeys stand nearer man than do the canine family. It is not at all established that their intelligence is of a higher sort than that of dogs and birds. If there is absolute correlation of structure with intelligence it is of structures that have not yet been made out. The fact is that in many cases we know more about the behavior of animals than we do about the minute structures upon which that behavior is supposed to depend. We must construct the tree of mental evolution out of the material which we can gather. In many cases it appears that such a mental tree would cut at right angles the tree of morphological evolution.

II

Apropos of the comparative abilities of animals Dr. Hamilton has recently published a study of trial and error reactions in mammals. He used thirty-seven different animals, distributed among several species as follows: eight normal human beings, men, boys and girls; two defective human beings; five monkeys; sixteen dogs; five cats; and one horse. In the experiment the subject passed through an entrance door into a room from which it could escape by one of four doors at the opposite end of the compartment. All that was necessary was to push against the correct door. Before the actual tests were begun the animals were given thorough familiarity with the inside of the room by being fed there, and by a series of steps they were trained to open the exit doors and pass out. 'The subject was considered "trained" as soon as he

had learned to seek the exit doors for escape from the apparatus and to push against them without hesitation.' The 'formal trials' were then begun. Three of the exit doors were locked on the outside by the experimenter without the subject's knowledge. On the inside the doors all looked the same but only one of them could be opened. When the animal escaped he was rewarded with food. The unlocked door was then locked, another was unlocked and the animal was put back for a second test. Thus the *unlocked door of the first trial was one of the locked doors of the second trial, and the animal could escape on this second trial only by pushing against one of the doors which had been locked on the first trial.* Which door it might be there was nothing before him to indicate. To discover how the animal would go about finding this unlocked door was the point of the experiment. In the course of a hundred trials, which were given at the rate of ten a day for ten days, each door was unlocked twenty-five per cent of the time and locked seventy-five per cent of the time. No door was unlocked twice in succession.

The behavior of the animals was carefully observed and tabulated. On the basis of what they actually did, Dr. Hamilton describes five types of behavior which he designates A, B, C, D, and E respectively. In type A, the animal makes the fewest useless movements. For instance, he does not try the door through which he has just escaped, this door always having been locked in the succeeding trial. Each of the other doors he tries once each, and in the very nature of the situation he will find one of them unlocked. Each of the thirty-seven subjects behaved a part of the time in the type A manner. 'This,' says the writer, 'is the most adequate possible type of classified reaction,' and he refers to it as the 'rational inference tendency.'

As regards their ability to react in the type A manner, the several species fell into the following order. The figures indicate the percentage of their trials which fell into this highest group. Human, 68.18; monkey, 18.41; dog, 13.35; horse, 8.00; cat, 7.69. These figures, which group all the animals of a species together, do not, however, give a correct understanding of the several individuals within the species; and the apparently clear-cut distinctions between species are shown to be false by the records of individuals. Thus, while the horse ranks above the cats when the latter are taken as a whole, the mature cats rank higher than the horse when they alone are considered. The monkeys as a group exceeded the whole group of dogs by almost three per cent; but the three best dogs, all pups under three months, averaged better than the three best monkeys by the margin of one per cent. The whole group of human beings, including the youngest and defectives, averaged higher than any group of lower animals, and the older human beings, individually, had better records than any single animal. On the other hand the two-year-old boy, whom the experimenter describes as 'very quick to form new associations' and whose intelligence he would not be likely to underestimate since he was his own son, fell below four of the monkeys and seven of the dogs in his ability to behave in the 'rational inference manner.' One three-months-old pup of mixed breed — Boston terrier and English setter — almost doubled the record of the boy as well as that of his own species. If, instead of taking the highest form of behavior as the measure of ability, one takes the poorest form, the E type, then the boy falls below the whole group of monkeys, the latter having an index of ability almost three times as great as the boy.

These facts offer rather formidable

propositions to the person who believes in a qualitative difference between the animal mind and the human. Superiority appears to lie with the four monkeys and seven dogs as against the two-year-old boy, on the one hand, and with the normal human beings as against the animals on the other. This is small ground upon which to affirm that the human mind is qualitatively superior to the animal. Nor is there much comfort in these experiments for the person who holds that animals have an invariable manner of reaction peculiar to their species, while man has the possibility of wide variation from the average of his race. In the eight normal human subjects the greatest variation from the average of the group was 9.6 per cent, whereas one dog varied 12.46 per cent from the average of the dogs, and another dog varied 6.65 per cent; one monkey varied 4.67 per cent from the average of the monkeys, and the variation of one cat was 4.55 per cent. The difference between the poorest dog and the best dog was 21.04 per cent, while the widest difference in the normal adult human group was only 16.48 per cent. Such figures as these show that animals present great variations of behavior within a narrowly defined group, and that it is never safe to conclude that the animal which you meet casually, and observe without previous study and selection, is a representative member of his species. It is always dangerous to conclude from the behavior of a single animal, even though it has been carefully observed, that such behavior is the fixed type for that 'level' of animal life.

Such a study as this does not of course show that the animal mind is on a par with the human mind, nor is one really interested in showing that. It was only in the eight normal human adults and in one defective boy that a majority of the efforts showed the highest

form of reaction. Of this same group, however, practically 20 per cent of the reactions were of type B, the level of behavior which holds a large percentage of monkey and dog reactions. In fact one finds that the behavior of both animal and human subjects is distributed throughout the entire series of classified reactions. While none of the animals exhibit a large percentage of type A reactions, neither do any of the human beings confine their behavior to that mode. There is clearly much animal behavior in man, and some human behavior in dogs and monkeys. To unravel the complexities in each case is the task of the experimental method.

Everybody will admit that there is nothing final about Dr. Hamilton's results. Methods and results are always subject to the criticism of later investigation. Any student can suggest a multitude of questions that remain unanswered. Dr. Hamilton himself points out certain limitations of his methods, and is only in part responsible for the inferences that I have seen fit to make here. The next step is to refine the method, to eliminate errors, to extend the tests to a much larger number of subjects within the species and to other species, to collect such data in quantity, and then let the conclusions be whatever they turn out to be. The important thing just now is that the investigator has struck his pick into an important problem with some show of success. If he has merely widened a crevice so that the next blow will sink deeper, that is something.

III

Mr. Burroughs's denial of an exact science of the animal mind amounts to a denial of all real science whatsoever. 'The uncontrolled animal going its free picturesque ways, solving its life problems as they come to it in the

revolving seasons, using such mind as it has, without constraint or arbitrary direction, threading only the labyrinth which nature prepares for it, stimulated only by the sights and sounds and the odors of its natural habitat, perplexed by no puzzles but how to get its food, avoid its enemies, rear its young, hide its nest, or den, and get out of life what there is in it — how much more engaging and stimulating an animal under such conditions than the same creature being put through its paces under the controlled conditions of the laboratory.' How fine! And how true also of the human animal! What a joy to see him in action, solving his life problems as they come to him in the revolving seasons, using such mind as he has, without constraint or arbitrary direction, discriminating only between the colors of nature, attending only to the sounds of the woods and the streets and the voices of his fellows, remembering only the days of his childhood and the experiences which have been vital to him, fatiguing himself only with the joy of living, dreaming only the hopes of his youth, flinging himself in the front of the conflict, marshaling all his powers in an efficient commercial life, controlling his body in behalf of his neighbors' rights, loving with a beautiful passion, fearing moral and physical dangers, blazing in anger at injustice and following the instinct of curiosity into the woods and the laboratory — how much more engaging and stimulating a man under such conditions than the same creature testing his memory with a series of nonsense syllables, or studying his peripheral color vision with a perimeter, or testing his powers of action by a chronoscope, or exhibiting an emotion in such a manner as to show its influence on the blood pressure, or voluntarily submitting to strenuous labor in order to discover the laws of fatigue!

How the critics have laughed at the brass instruments and scorned the technique of the psychological laboratory! Even so recent and pretentious an authority as the new *Encyclopædia Britannica* speaks of American psychology as 'largely a matter of experiment and apparatus.' It omits altogether to give us an article on either experimental or comparative psychology, and fails to class some of the best-known students of mental life under the title of psychologist at all. We have been repeatedly told that experimental psychology is extremely limited in its possibilities. It gives us nothing but a psychology of sensation; the complex mental processes lie beyond its reach. Yet the simple fact remains that the last thirty years have been the most fruitfully productive years thus far in the history of psychological thought. The new psychology, to quote Professor Royce, has been one of the 'two notable movements of world-wide significance' which have characterized our time. This has been also the period of the development of experimental psychology, and no one doubts that the general movement, broader of course than 'the special scientific study of mind by the modern methods,' is under important obligations to the psychological laboratory. And just now, when we have been told that the complex mental processes are beyond the reach of our methods, there is arising an experimental psychology of thinking and of will, a rebuke to the faithless critics of the experimental method.

Why should we not say the same to physics and chemistry, and to every other experimental science? You are interested in sound. Then let us go to the symphony concert, to the seashore or the summer woods. How thin and juiceless seems the single sound wave produced by a single electric spark under the controlled conditions of the

laboratory! You want to know about light. There is the noon-day sun, the iridescent bow, the sun-splashed western sky. Why not the October woods and the glittering sheen of hill-set lakes, or the early peeping green of flowers and grass above the russet covering of the fields and woods? How stupid in contrast the attempt to determine the relative intensities of two tallow candles by the complicated apparatus and formulæ of the laboratory! How wasted seem the years spent making a machine to grind a micrometer screw to be used in grinding out a diffraction grating to be used in measuring the waves of light emitted from a sodium vapor flame! You want to know about electricity. Then take the storm when lightning tears the sky, crashes through the trees and licks up the foaming waves. In that you get the thrill beside which all the amperes, volts, and ohms of laboratory investigation seem dry rot, mere mental punk. Why not the grateful taste of luscious fruit, the odors of the fields and woods, the glitter of the polished gem, rather than the crucible, the test tube, and the chemist's balance?

The complexity of nature? We cannot stop at that, even though it be the complexity of human and animal nature. It is just because of natural complexities that science is called into being. Confronted with the multitudinous shifting forms and processes in the world about him, man tries to understand and to control. This is far easier when he can simplify and reduce to laws; and in the world-wide, age-long struggle the experimental laboratory has come to be the chief instrument of progress. Physics, chemistry, astronomy, biology with all its subdivisions, psychology, education, government, war, — one almost says, marriage and religion, with eugenics and social service, — have accepted the experi-

mental method in one or another form, and it is probably fair to say that the most settled faith our people now have is faith in the results and methods of experimental science. There is hardly a religious tenet that is accepted with a more unquestioning faith than are the most fundamental postulates of science. The law of gravitation, the atomic theory, the evolution of life, these have, at least, as general acceptance as the doctrine of personal immortality or the authority of the church.

On the tangible results of experimental science our whole present social organization is absolutely dependent. One cannot realize what it would mean to drop out of our industrial life the products of the laboratory: \$9,000,000,000 invested in the results of one man's work. We risk our lives with the machines science has given us; we trust our fortunes to a few wires and brass devices. Science is the servant who feeds and waters our urban populations; we stave off the spectre of death for days and years as the result of experimental science. We trust to science to cut out our viscera, to repair our brains, and to relieve our pain. It welds together the fragments of a divided personality, and lays down the laws for the propagation of a superior race of human beings. With the gifts of science we can now provide ourselves with the needs of existence and yet have leisure for the cultivation of life. As Professor Cattell has pointed out, we can now have leisure for all our people to a degree that has not hitherto been possible in the history of the world. Science thus becomes the real condition upon which we found our new democracy. No longer must culture be built upon the institution of human slavery. Our modern slave is science; from it we have the guarantee of that leisure and opportunity that will make possible a cultivated race.

Suppose the early heroes of the cult had said, 'You can't do it. Nature is too complex. You never can understand her as she is. If you take her into the experimental laboratory you will distort her so that you will have left but a phantom of the reality. You must stay in the open and wait until she reveals herself in her own capricious way.' Suppose they had said that?

IV

It is fair to ask, however, whether the achievements of the animal laboratory are so meagre as they sometimes seem. The experimental study of animal behavior has been a matter of concern in this country, to say nothing of Europe, for a dozen years, the merest infancy in the life of a science. Think how our knowledge of animal structure had to wait on the perfection of the microscope as an instrument of morphological research! Professor Michaelson has shown that the development of the science of spectroscopy has been paralleled at every step by advances in astronomy, the former being the instrument of the latter. A decade ago the new interest in the behavior of animals had no such elaborate instruments of research at its command. The technique had to be created outright. It is no disparagement of the results already accomplished to say that most of it yet remains to be worked out. For very few of our animal problems are there as yet adequate methods of investigation. The immediate concern of every student of animal psychology must be the discovery and the perfection of methods. The finished science is a hope and not an accomplished fact.

Is it not something, however, that in the comparatively short time a movement should have been created? That there are many signs of such a movement no one acquainted with the

facts will deny. Experimental data on the behavior of animals have been forthcoming from a score of psychological and zoological laboratories of the leading universities of America and Europe. Half a hundred well trained men and women in this country alone, together with their students, are more or less actively interested in the problems of animal behavior. Loeb, Thorndike, Jennings, Yerkes, Parker, Sanford, Wheeler, Watson, Porter, Washburn, — these are a few of the names which have been most prominent.

More than a thousand monographs now confront the beginner who would master the work accomplished. A half-dozen books intended to condense and interpret this scattered literature have appeared, and more are promised. The publications for the year 1910 alone number one hundred and fifty. That the complexities of nature do not repel investigation is evidenced by the fact that twenty-five of these studies were devoted to vertebrates, specifically to fish, frogs, reptiles, birds, dogs, cats, mice, monkeys, and apes. Nor were the problems the merely simple ones. Color and olfactory discrimination in the fish, distance orientation in birds, imitation in English sparrows and other birds, the instinct of kittens to kill mice, the speed of migration of the salmon in the Columbia River, instinct and intelligence in the dog, and the mental processes of the rhesus monkey, were among the things inquired after. The year 1911 moreover witnessed the establishment of the *Journal of Animal Behavior*, and of the Animal Behavior Monograph Series.

One of the most important recent advances in animal psychology is the attempt to study the subject of instinct experimentally. For many years it has been the custom to think of instinct and intelligence as set over against each other. The former represents the

inherited reactions of the animal; the latter signifies those acts which the animal learns in the course of its individual life and its power to learn in this fashion. Instinctive acts are 'perfect the very first time,' while intelligent acts are slowly acquired. In so far as an animal is dependent on its instincts it is the victim of its ancestry and of its immediate environment. In so far as it is intelligent it can adapt its environment to itself, can rise above its immediate surroundings and act in the light of a distant end to be accomplished. Instinct is blind as to the outcome of its action; intelligence foresees and modifies its behavior in the light of its foresight. The supreme example of instinct has been the wasp going through an elaborate course of action to provide food for its yet unhatched offspring, seeking out a particular species of caterpillar, stinging every segment just enough to stun the animal but not kill it, and then depositing the worm at the bottom of its newly made nest where it has laid its egg, covering up the cell and then leaving, never to see the larvæ nor to live to do the same act another season. The supremely intelligent animal is man possessing the earth by the genius of his intellect.

Now no one doubts that the antithesis between instinct and intelligence points to very important phenomena in life. Just as certainly no one can read the literature of instinct without feeling that much of it is based on verbal and logical tangles rather than observed facts; and the more the latter have come to light the more certain has it become that current distinctions were unsatisfactory and barren of further insight into our problems. Evidence of the generally unsatisfactory nature of our understanding of the relation of instinct and intelligence is found in the several recent attempts

to redefine these terms. Within a short time the effort has been made by the British Psychological Association, the Aristotelian Society, and the American Psychological Association, but with no very astonishing success in any case. The last-named body conducted a symposium at its Washington meeting on the relation of instinct and intelligence, and although it had at its hand the results of the British discussion, it is safe to say that not many persons present were gratified with the result. The difficulty seems to lie in the lack of concrete information regarding the part that instinct plays in the animal world; and it seems perfectly evident that further discussion of the subject will be but the mere juggling of words until we have a widespread accession to our knowledge of concrete facts.

In this unsatisfactory situation it is encouraging to know that the laboratory can do something to help us. Instincts are complex forms of behavior, and in many cases we have been merely throwing words at these complexes rather than analyzing them into their simpler elements. It is one thing to say that kittens have the instinct to feed, that birds have the instinct to fly, that children have the instinct to construct or to destroy. It is another thing to break these complex bits of animal behavior up into their simpler component bits of behavior and see the exact relations of these simpler elements to each other. The former method serves for a rough classification; only the latter will enable us to get at the roots of life-processes, to discover whether the ultimate explanation of animal conduct is to be in terms of the physical sciences, or whether it is explainable in any terms.

Several experimental attempts have been made to study animal instincts, but the one with most promise is the work of Professor Breed, who has stud-

ied the feeding instincts of newly born chicks. The pecking instinct in chicks is a complex bit of behavior made up of at least three elements, the striking, the seizing, and the swallowing reactions. By actual measurements Dr. Breed has shown not only that the pecking instinct is not perfect at birth, but that the three factors vary more or less, independently of each other. He shows that the pecking instinct improves with practice and with age, and that each of the three factors improves independently of the other two, at least to some extent. That is to say, the ability to seize the food does not improve exactly in coordination with the ability to swallow. His studies further show that the instinct varied from chick to chick and from group to group. And this with an animal where one might have expected to find, if anywhere, the supposedly invariable behavior. The important thing about this work, of course, is not what it shows regarding the instinct of the chick. The critics will doubtless say that they knew all this before. Far more important is it that an instinct has actually been submitted to measurement. If the evident indication of the work is followed there will be many studies of the instincts of the higher animals, and we shall be able to make mathematical statements about them. While it is exceedingly arduous, it is perfectly possible to make quantitative measurements of some of the instincts of the dog or the cat or practically any other animal which can be studied under controlled conditions.

Enthusiasm for the experimental method should not of course blind any one to such facts as appear without experimental search. There is no virtue in a fact merely because it has come through a laboratory, nor is a fact any the less a fact because it has been picked up in the woods. Nor should there finally be any opposition between

the facts that have been gathered from the two sources. Possibly when we have pushed our work far enough we shall see that the two methods supplement each other. Certain it is that we can never dispense with the study of animals in their native environment if we would really understand them. Personally I have always thought that we should get our experimental problems from the observation of animals in their free life. Only by such observation can one really penetrate the strategic problems and invent the adequate experimental methods. Without a doubt we blunder in trying to apply the methods of human psychology directly to the animal mind, or in applying the method that has proved efficient in the case of one animal to an individual of a different species. For the correction of such blunders, and for the suggestion of important problems, we can never know too much of animals in the wild.

On the other hand, there is no longer any reasonable doubt that such knowledge as we get of free animals can be fruitfully supplemented by the exact information that we can get about animals in the laboratory. The elemental aspects of behavior that are covered up by the free-moving bird or mammal can be brought to light by the controlled conditions of experiment. How voluminous such investigations will add to our knowledge of the animal mind we have as yet only dimly realized. Animal senses, animal memory, animal instincts, animal learning, animal thinking, all have surrendered some of their secrets to the experimental method. What has already been achieved gives us sufficient reason to think that much more can be gained by the extension of the laboratory into this realm of nature; that, in fact, a new science will ultimately replace our at present inadequate ideas of the animal mind.

PRÆTERITA

BY LEE WILSON DODD

I WAS a poet once. To-day
How faint the rose within the gray.
Something has changed me, something cold
Has mingled with my blood, the old
Rapturous urge toward loveliness
Has quieted. I tremble less
When the reluctant sun has made
For passion's feet a purple glade,
A glade of quivering purple fire
On to the ramparts of desire.
No longer is my heart oppressed
By the sea's saturnine unrest;
My pulse no longer doubles when
The lurking moon leaps forth again
And with intenser magic fills
Some lonely winding of the hills;
Nor am I shaken inexplicably
By the unyielding mystery
Of shrouded houses and dark doors,
When through a village street there pours
Night's laggard legion blind with rain. . . .

Oh, utter joy to feel again
The ache of swift imaginings!
The spirit-tumult of mounting wings
Beating a tenuous ether far
Too bright and light to float this star,
This earthy star low-hung and deep
Below the vast where poets sweep
Flame-feathered pinions! Joy to feel
Once more the doubly wingèd heel
Spurn back the sullen weight of time!
Joy to be young again! To rhyme
The ringing changes of the heart!

Joy long past over . . . Now with art
I strain to half-remember these
Once vivid pangs, brave ecstasies
Sacred to youth and love and song!

Ye blessèd ones who wildly throng
Life's glowing portals, radiant, free,
Press not too swiftly inward! We
Who mount the stairs of memory
Yearn down upon you with regret.
Envy us not that we are set
Above you in life's temple. Wait,
Unwearied ones, by the rose-hung gate
While song's ineffable grace yet clings
To the bright soft plumage of your wings . . .
Wings ye must fold ere ye advance
Down the strait aisles of circumstance;
Wings ye must shed, alas, ere ye
Cumber the stairs of memory.

COMMON SENSE IN PRONUNCIATION

BY ROBERT J. MENNER

THE degeneration of the ways and customs of the present from those of the good old times, is a common and ancient source of complaint among people who have experienced the supposed benefits of the superiority of the men and conditions of former days. All of us have doubtless heard our grandmother or maiden aunt bewail the lack of reverence and the incapacity for useful work manifested by the younger generation. This same spirit, no doubt, leads them to deprecate also the many changed pronunciations and different modes of speech, which they

stigmatize as new-fangled or ridiculous, and quite unheard of in their day. The younger members of the family may imagine that their own pronunciation has always been the standard and preferable one, and commiserate their elders for not having discovered it lurking in some corner of the dictionaries, the Webster, the Standard, and the Century, these three, — or rather in that particular one which they consider the greatest of these. They do not realize that the pronunciation recognized as correct half a century ago, when grandmother was young, often

differs very radically from that which prevails to-day.

Of course, we may refuse to admit that our pronunciation is degraded, but we cannot deny that it is different from the standard of usage of the previous generation. Language, it must be remembered, is in all its phases a growth, and every living tongue suffers change not only in form and significance, but also, and perhaps more noticeably, in utterance. From the period when our pre-historic ancestors first succeeded in communicating with each other by intelligible, articulate sounds, language has been undergoing a constant and inevitable change. The fact, therefore, that the pronunciation of a particular word has changed essentially in half a century or less, or even that in the process of change two pronunciations are coexistent, is by no means a cause for surprise and alarm, but rather an evidence of the vitality of our language. If the Ben Greet players, to give a specific example of this process, besides reverting to the Elizabethan stage-setting, or lack of it, should revive also the Elizabethan pronunciation of English, a modern audience would have great difficulty in understanding all but the very familiar lines of Shakespeare, so different from our own was the speech of little over three centuries ago. Pronunciations which in Johnson's time were decidedly vulgar or dialectical, have since become refined or national. Then, for instance, 'golden girls and lads,' as well as the washerwoman, asked for a 'cup of tay.'

What was ridiculous even fifty years ago is now unobjectionable, and what is in good usage at present may be antiquated in a decade. The realization that this conflict between the old and the new, the difficult and the easy, the conservative and the radical, is inevitable and associated with one of the fixed principles of language, is essential

to a true conception of the question of our pronunciation, of its absurdities and its difficulties.

In the first place we must recognize that the difficulties which the subject of pronunciation presents to-day, though they are greatly magnified by the very general interest which the subject excites, are quite insignificant in comparison with those which existed a few centuries ago. Indeed, the orthoepic situation, so to speak, when contrasted with the anarchistic state of our language in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is not alarming or even deplorable. Uniformity of pronunciation necessarily varies directly with the advance of civilization. Among uncivilized races it is often impossible for the inhabitants of villages but a few miles apart to comprehend each other's dialect. In civilized countries, however, the existence of innumerable and widely diverse dialects is being rendered impossible by the increasing facilities for communication, the dissemination of newspapers and literature of all sorts, and the progress of education. At the present time we undoubtedly have greater uniformity of pronunciation than ever before in the history of the English language.

Nevertheless, one cannot be very sanguine of approximate uniformity in our pronunciation ever being attained, even among the educated classes, since the counteractive influences are often as deep-rooted as those which tend toward the desired goal. Our present orthography, with its inconsistencies and abundance of useless members, eliminates the possibility of our pronouncing according to the appearance of a word. The composite character of our language, and the consequent absolute lack of rule, are accountable for the fact that several English-speaking people, when confronted with a word hitherto unfamiliar, are certain to differ

in pronouncing it if it presents any possibility of variation; a situation in which Frenchmen or Germans would encounter no difficulty at all. Again, the increase, in every walk of life, of technical terms with which the layman is naturally unacquainted, is becoming a peculiar source of difficulty.

Perhaps the most potent of influences toward diverse pronunciation, especially difference in accent, is the fact that we seldom or never hear in conversation a vast number of words which nevertheless constitute an important and indispensable part of our vocabulary. 'By silent reading and neglect of conversation, language itself,' declares Richard Grant White, 'is coming into disuse.' The result of this practice is not only that we are always mentally registering pronunciations peculiar to ourselves, which we have no means of ascertaining to be uncommon or ridiculous, but also that the natural tendencies of our language, unrestrained by the conservative force which occasional use in conversation might exert, rapidly foster new pronunciations and produce a diversity of pronunciation even among the most careful speakers. All these influences obviously supplement each other in resisting any trend toward uniform pronunciation, and facilitate the progress of the tendencies of speech peculiar to our English tongue.

One of the strongest tendencies of language in general is toward ease of utterance. In English, especially, lingual laziness is responsible for many of the changes which have occurred and are still occurring both in the pronunciation and even in the written form of words. Thus *ac'ceptable*, *u'tensil*, and *con'fessor*, the prevalent pronunciation in Walker's time, have submitted to this principle. This same influence reveals itself to-day in the common pronunciation, *indissol'uble*, which threat-

ens to supersede the very awkward *indis'soluble*. Similarly *splenetic*, which was formerly accented on the first syllable is now almost universally pronounced *splenet'ic*, in spite of the opposition of the dictionaries.

A tendency apparently contrary, but actually identical, is the gradual transference of accent to the first syllable of the many trisyllabic verbs which originally bore the accent on the second, in compliance with the familiar Latin rule that a vowel followed by two consonants is long by position. Thus *demonstrate* and *compensate* have been completely emancipated from this rule; *illustrate* and *enervate* are rapidly following their example; although *remontstrate* is still almost unaffected by the sedition of its brethren.

The case of the trisyllabic nouns from the Latin, noticeably those ending in *-ator*, is precisely similar. *Or'ator* and *sen'ator*, for example, have long been universal, although *dicta'tor* and *specta'tor* are still clung to by careful speakers. As with these words from the Latin, it is natural that we should accent all derived words for a certain length of time as they were originally accented in the foreign language from which they are borrowed. At present, *ally* and *address* are gradually conforming to our natural accentuation of disyllabic nouns, though the corresponding verbs are, of course, still accented on the last syllable.

Analogy, too, though its effect is too complex to be clearly distinguished or easily analyzed, affords an excellent opportunity even to those whose education has gone far beyond the three R's, for novel or unscholarly pronunciations. The word *extant* for example, which the scholar naturally associates with *distant* (one from Latin *extans*, the other from Latin *distans*), the layman, ignorant of etymology, just as naturally associates with *extent*, not from

any relation of derivation or meaning, but from the great similarity of appearance, and accordingly accents on the second syllable. The results of these tendencies and the conflicts necessarily arising between them may offer an additional proof that divided usage is both a natural and an inevitable condition.

These tendencies have, however, one common bond in that they find their readiest agents and their most loyal supporters among the less-educated classes, who represent the radical movement as naturally as the more highly educated represent the conservative. The latter cling, quite unconsciously perhaps, to the Latin manner of accenting trisyllables, while those ignorant of Latin follow the natural tendency of the vernacular. While some remember the French origin of such words as *finance* and *romance*, those ignorant of the language accent the words on the first syllable, from the analogy with all our indigenous substantives. The pronunciation of the absolutely uneducated is not of course referred to, since, as Professor Lounsbury states, 'the language of the illiterate is to a great extent archaic.' Moreover it has at the present a negligible influence upon our orthoepic development. But the speech of those who have any right at all to profess themselves educated is tinged by no shade of unusual antiquity. From the less educated classes come the vast majority of our new pronunciations which assert themselves more and more and are finally established as standard.

This state of affairs is obviously an uncomfortable one for the purist. Even though

A vulgo longe longeque remotus,

he has no control over the vagaries and destinies of pronunciation. The realization that he must passively observe his far more ignorant countryman as-

sume, though it be only unconsciously, the rôle of innovator in orthoepy, is mitigated only by the fact that at least the better educated determine the time when such innovations may be deemed permissible in cultured speech. Though comparisons are somewhat odious in such a ticklish matter as pronunciation, the analogy with slang in this connection becomes at once apparent. In each case the position and relation of the purist and the innovator are the same. As the question is continually arising as to just when slang breaks the chrysalis of vulgarity and is transformed into legitimate speech, so we are continually in a quandary whether to regard certain pronunciations sufficiently wide-spread in educated and cultured circles as permissible or, as our pronunciation fiends maintain, correct.

The problem here is identical. Since the time of Johnson the dictionaries have attempted to record the pronunciations prevalent among the best speakers of English in their generation. That they should dictate pronunciation was of course as ridiculous as it would have been futile. But, as in the case of Cæsar, the honor of dictator seems to have been thrust upon them. Those who found themselves wallowing in the slough of despond because of conflicting pronunciations appealed to the dictionary as their arbiter and protector, and for their future safety exalted it to the position of a despot. Thus, while nobody searches the dictionary to avoid those words which it stigmatizes as slang, the pronunciation fiend is continually devouring its pages lest he commit the unpardonable sin of uttering a syllable not sanctioned by its authority.

Certainly, however, the decision of the dictionary regarding orthoepic problems is no more authoritative than its opinion on the question of slang. If

certain of us who pride ourselves on correctness of speech should examine the dictionary in order to avoid slang and vulgarisms of speech with the same avidity with which we devour its orthoepic decisions, we should be somewhat astonished at the impurity of our English. The fact is that the dictionary in each case is extremely conservative. In endeavoring to record the standard usage the orthoepists, whether from fear of departing from the path trodden by their predecessors, or from the inherent tendency of the scholar toward conservatism, are slow to record new pronunciations, some of which are continually used by the most careful speakers. When we once realize that diversity and change in pronunciation are natural conditions of our language, and that the orthoepists, quite uninspired by any mystical arbiter, face exactly the same problem — though, to be sure, with a wider range of observation — that every Tom, Dick and Harry of us faces, we ought to understand more clearly the true position of the dictionary, and view the whole question of pronunciation in a much saner and more unprejudiced light. There is of course no harm in preferring and consulting our particular dictionary, if we do not attempt to impose its single authority upon all those whose preference differs from our own.

Even the consensus of all the dictionaries is but an approach to an unattainable limit. A few examples will suffice to prove to what intellectual gymnastics obedience, even to the relatively indulgent sway of these combined authorities, would lead us. The pronunciation *per'empty* was until very recently the only one recognized, at least by our American dictionaries. To be sure, Shakespeare so accented it, but it has long been almost universally pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. Similarly the *s* in *pre-*

sentiment was given by all orthoepists only the sound of *s* in *sent* which it certainly had in its infancy, though usage, except in certain few localities, had long been overwhelmingly in favor of the *z* sound. When the victim of the dictionary-worship, struggling against the tide of universal usage to utter *per'empty* and *pre-sentiment*, has finally conquered his tongue as well as his common sense, he discovers that after all his orthoepic deity has relented and he may revert to his original pronunciation.

We do not mean to advocate any anarchistic, anti-dictionary doctrine, though this would undoubtedly bring the greatest balm to the weary ever-corrected. It is not the use, but the misuse, of the dictionary that is deplorable. When one happens upon a strange word it is quite natural to refer to the dictionary, both for its meaning and its pronunciation. The pronunciation of technical terms of an art or science with which we are unfamiliar can often be learned in no other way. But when the dictionary is appealed to as an infallible however unreasonable judge, when monstrosities and century-old fossils are exhumed from its pages to be flaunted in the faces of our friends, it is time to recall its true function of mere recorder.

If we should use our energies, spent in this pleasant but absurd revival of antiquities, in occasionally noticing pronunciations which, though common, slight reflection would prove to be at least extremely careless, we should appease the goddess of orthoepy in a much more satisfactory manner.

Such are the pronunciations of *portentous* and *tremendous* as *portenshus* and *tremenjus*, of *sacrilegious* as *sacreligions*, of *zoölogical* as if it were spelled *zoo-ological*, and of *aeroplane* as if the *e* followed the *r*. These pronunciations, though not unaccountable, are quite

unwarranted by the spelling of the words. Such pronunciations, which the orthoepist and common sense concur in declaring unwarranted, are often used by the very persons who wage the futile war over different accents, which both the disagreement of the orthoepists and common sense prove equally permissible. Here, too, the dictionary might offer legitimate help, if only to fix in our minds the actual spelling of the word.

The question of accent, nevertheless, continues to be the centre of conflict among the enthusiasts in pronunciation, to give them a less opprobrious appellation. There are, indeed, several reasons why it should be the greatest source of dispute. It is naturally more noticeable than the difference in the sound of a single letter or syllable. Moreover, since it is not, like vowel sound, a difference in dialect, or rather a sectional variation of pronunciation, but a result only of the continual struggle between the old and the new, it affords greater ground for dispute among those dwelling in the same community. This distinction, though not absolute, may aid in destroying our distorted notions of the difficulties of pronunciation. The two accentuations of *advertisement* and *illustrate*, to choose but two of innumerable possible examples which will occur to every one, exist side by side in California as well as in New England. On the other hand, the natural pronunciation of the four words *bog*, *fog*, *log* and *moss* is in most parts of New England *bŏg*, *fŏg*, *lŏg* and *mŏss*; in the writer's section of Pennsylvania *bŏg* and *fŏg*, but commonly *lawg* and *mawss*; and in the southern part of Ohio, as in the South in general, *bawg*, *fawg*, *lawg*, and *mawss*. Difference in vowel sound is almost invariably a geographical difference, the exceptional instances being isolated and comparatively insignificant. Different accen-

tuations, on the other hand, are rarely indicative of different localities. Both theory and practice, so to speak, support the validity of such a distinction. We judge a man a native of Louisiana or Vermont not because of the manner in which he accents his words, but because his vowels are different in quantity or quality from our own.

If, then, the question of accent may be considered one distinct phase of pronunciation it may be disposed of, though indeed no thoroughly satisfactory conclusion can be reached, quite apart from any discussion of the superiority of one dialect or geographical pronunciation over another. The premises of our conclusion regarding diversity of accent have already been stated. Since the accent is shifting according to the fundamental principles and tendencies of the English language, this diversity, it has been shown, is naturally inevitable, and universal agreement as to just when a pronunciation comes into good usage or falls into desuetude cannot be obtained. In a great number of cases two pronunciations are almost equally prevalent. Nor are we bound to be always consistent. If a person accents *illustrate* on the first syllable, it would be absurd as well as impolite to accent it consciously on the second. It is really as ridiculous to declare one person's pronunciation wrong, as it would be to declare his style of hat wrong. Antiquated or unbecoming it may be, but a personal preference ought to be respected in orthoepy as well as in fashion. As Ruskin tells us that we are all poets to a greater or less degree when we read poetry, so we may consider ourselves in a certain sense orthoepists when we pronounce words. Common sense is in most cases the best dictator. Though such advice may appear rather unsatisfactory, we may at least try to avoid what is outlandish, obsolescent,

and novel. For Pope's conclusion is the only reasonable one, and particularly applicable to pronunciation:—

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

The time element, however, does not enter into the second phase of the question, that of geographical differences in sound. Nor can we speak of the pronunciation of the centre of population as furnishing possibly a satisfactory compromise between that of the different sections of our country. Even in the most cultured speech of each section we discern very obvious variations when compared with that of other regions. The above-mentioned sounds of *o* furnish an excellent example of these geographical differences. The so-called 'Italian *a*,' as in *father*, is, in such words as *laugh* and *path*, flattened to *a* as in *cat* in many sections of the United States. In most of these cases it would be difficult to abandon entirely our native pronunciation, if, indeed, any cogent reason could be urged for abandoning it.

A professor in a German university declares concerning this question of dialect in his native language: 'He speaks the best German who has to such an extent eliminated his native dialect that one cannot ascertain from which section of the country he comes.' There can, of course, be no objection to an American's cherishing this ideal. Here in America, however, where our dialects are by no means so marked and troublesome as in Germany, to attempt consciously to eliminate all traces of our native pronunciation is quite unnecessary and not particularly desirable, except perhaps in public speaking.

Orthoepic intolerance has not perhaps been manifested in the particular question of dialect so much as in other phases of pronunciation. In each case

petty wars enough have been waged. These disputes may have furnished amusement for the family circle. They even may have aroused interest in the wonderful phenomena of language. But as a means of rendering our speech more intelligible and more refined, as an attempt to improve our English, to remedy its weakness and to preserve its power, the strife of the pronunciation fiend has been and was destined to be futile. For, it must be remembered, that even if there is no standard, even if there is no right or wrong in pronunciation, there must be a way by which we can improve it, a better mode of speech to strive to attain and a worse to endeavor to avoid.

What phase of pronunciation, then, if not one of these already discussed, is worthy of our attention, and will really reward our pains? If we should ask our transatlantic brethren, since we must not choose a judge among ourselves, the disputants, they would not complain primarily of our having abandoned any particular sounds which they still cherish. They would, however, and do complain that our utterance is in general slovenly and indistinct. Henry James, whose residence in England has perhaps forced him to this conclusion, declares: 'Our national use of vocal sound in men and women alike, is slovenly — an absolutely inexperienced daub of unapplied tone.' If instead of imitating the Englishman's pronunciation of a few particular words, we should imitate his general distinctness of tone and proper valuation of sound, the improvement of our speech would be much more permanent and noticeable. Only in maintaining the secondary accent, which in such words as *difficulty* and *missionary* the Englishman is likely to omit altogether, can we be said to have any advantage over him in clearness of utterance. Even here it might be urged that we

go to the other extreme in giving these words two almost equal accents.

In all unaccented syllables, however, the American pronunciation is characterized by a general disregard of the vowel. The vowel in the final syllables of *profligate*, *target*, and *spirit* often has in ordinary conversation the same phonetic value as the *u* in *Farragut*. Though it is perhaps pedantic to give such final vowels their full value, to make no distinction at all between the unaccented vowels is certainly unrefined. That the endings *-ment* and *-ness* should be allowed to degenerate into the vague *-munt* and *-nuss* is really deplorable. This negligence is even more noticeable and inexcusable in vowels at the beginning of words. The ordinary pronunciation of *enough* and *opinion* might be represented by *unnough* and *uppinion*, though the first syllable is in fact nothing more than a grunt. No distinction is made even between such confusing words as *affect* and *effect*. The Sunday-school children sing invariably of 'Jerusalem the goldun,' and loudly praise the 'blessud Trinity.' Let those who pride themselves upon their pronunciation beware of the unaccented vowel, lest this one weakness in their speech bewray them! Richard Grant White declares unhesitatingly: 'It is in the delicate but firm utterance of the unaccented vowel with correct sound that the cultured person is most surely distinguished from the uncultured.'

Our carelessness is manifested not only in the particular instance of the unaccented vowel. Our consonants suffer likewise from our general negligence of speech. If any combination is at all difficult of utterance we offer no resistance at all to our tendency to change or omit a letter or two. We change *partner* into *pardner*, and 'used to' into 'usta' with the hissing sound of *s*. Moreover we are continually

'mouthing' and swallowing our words in a manner impossible of description or illustration. One needs, however, only to hear a conversation between two American children to realize that the utterance of Americans in general is marked by an unpleasant indefiniteness. This weakness, like every bad habit of our nation, has been ascribed to the hurry of our American life. To this it may be indirectly due. The direct cause is, however, our seeming unwillingness to change the position of our mouths, and our lack of training in exerting those organs which control the modulations of our speech. Our inertia, the effects of which threaten to be so pernicious to the speech of future America, both the home and the school should unite in attempting to eradicate.

This aspect of pronunciation has strangely never appealed to those who have been somewhat harshly designated as 'pronunciation fiends.' Mere indistinctness of utterance in any one instance might indeed seem to them a trivial matter. The total effect of this weakness, operating upon and enfeebling every word that we utter, must be recognized as no insignificant menace to the vitality of our speech. Since it is a spot where every American is vulnerable, we might combine our forces, instead of wasting them in useless civil strife. The difficulty of avoiding slovenliness is, it must be confessed, greater than that of changing our pronunciation in other respects. The danger of tolerating it is correspondingly greater, since this very carelessness is the most detrimental force at present working upon our speech. The endeavor to utter distinctly every syllable and to discriminate carefully every sound is the most reasonable and effective means of improving our pronunciation.

A ROMAN CITIZEN

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

I

'Look at him — a subject for his own verses — a grandfather metamorphosed into an infant Bacchus! Will he be a Mercury in swaddling clothes the next time? Oh, father, father, the gods certainly laid their own youth in your cradle fifty-two years ago!'

The speaker, a young matron, smiled into her father's eyes, which were as brilliant and tender as her own. Ovid and his daughter were singularly alike in a certain blitheness of demeanor, and to Fabia they made a charming picture now, both of them in festal white, against the March green of the slender poplars. Perilla's youngest boy had climbed into his grandfather's lap and laid upon his hair, still black and thick, a wreath of grape-leaves picked from early vines in a sunny corner. Fabia, and Perilla's husband, Fidus Cornelius, smiled at each other in mutual appreciation of a youth shared equally, it seemed to them, by the other three with the new-born spring.

It was Ovid's birthday and they were celebrating it at their country place at the juncture of the Flaminian and Clodian Roads. The poet had a special liking for his gardens here, and he had preferred to hold his fête away from the city in family seclusion, because Fidus was about to take Perilla off to Africa where he was to be proconsul. The shadow of the parting had thrown into high relief the happiness of the day. Perilla had always said that it was worth while to make a stir

about her father's birthday, because he could accept family incense without strutting like a god, and was never so charming as when he was being spoiled. To-day they had spared no pains, and his manner in return had fused with the tenderness he kept for them alone, the gallantry, at once of worldling and of poet, which made him the most popular man in Roman society. Now, as the afternoon grew older and his grandson curled comfortably into his arms, the conversation turned naturally to intimate things. Perilla's jest led her father to talk of his age and to wonder whether he was to have as long a life as his father, who had died only two years before at ninety.

'At least, having no sons,' he went on, 'I shall be spared some of his disappointments. It was cruel that my brother, who could have satisfied him by going into public life, should have died. Father had no use for literature. He used to point out to me that not even Homer made money, so what could I expect? But I believe that even he saw that my student speeches sounded like metreless verse, and later on he accepted the bad bargain with some grace. He sniffed at what I considered my youthful successes. I was immensely proud over seeing Virgil once in the same room with myself, and when I came to know Horace and Propertius fairly intimately I felt myself quite a figure in Rome. But father had little respect for them — except when Horace turned preacher — and no patience at all with what I wrote.

Before he died, however, when these Olympians had passed off the stage, and he saw young men look up to me as I had looked up to them, and found I could sell my wares, he began to grant that I had, after all, done something with my time.'

'I never can realize,' Perilla exclaimed, 'that you are old enough to have seen Virgil! Why, I was n't even born when he died. I suppose those times, when Augustus was young, were very fiery and inspiring, but I am so glad I live in this very year! I would rather have you the chief poet of Rome than a hundred solemn Virgils, and surely life can never have been as lovely as it is now. Is n't Rome much finer and more finished?'

Fidus smiled. 'You are your father's own child,' he said. 'We certainly are getting the rustic accent out of our mouths and the rustic scruples out of our morals. In the mean time,' he added lightly, 'some of us have to plod along with our old habits, or where would the Empire be? I don't expect to improve much on the proconsulship of my grandfather.'

Ovid's eyes rested whimsically on the young man, and after a pause he said, 'Art is one thing, and conduct is another. I trust Perilla to you, but with no greater assurance of her happiness than I have of Fabia's entrusted to me. Soldiering and proconsuling have their place, but so has the brighter service of the Muses. While you are collecting taxes in Africa, we will make Rome a goal to come back to from the ends of the earth. After all, to live is the object of life, and where can you live as richly, as exquisitely, as you can here? You will find you cannot stay away long. Rome is the breath we breathe. I like to believe that will prove true of you. I cannot give up Perilla long — even with this young Roman as a hostage.' The child

had fallen asleep, and with a light kiss on his tousled curls the grandfather turned him over to his mother's arms. 'Come,' he said to his son-in-law, 'let us rout our other boy out of his beehives and have one more game of ball before I get too old.'

Perilla watched the two men as they walked through the garden, then rose and, tucking her sleeping child among the cushions on a neighboring bench, threw herself on the grass by the older woman's feet, looking eagerly up into her face. Her forty-five years sat lightly upon Fabia, leaving her still lovely in the sensitive eyes of her husband and stepdaughter. A temperamental equableness and a disciplined character gave to her finely modeled face an inward tranquillity which was a refuge to their ardent natures. She only smiled now, as Perilla's lively tongue began again, —

'What a happy day we have had! How happy you make father all the time, any way! It keeps me from feeling too dreadfully about going away to Africa. Do you know, when you first came to us, I had an idea you would n't understand him! I was just old enough to realize that all your traditions were very austere ones, that your family had done wonderful things of which you would be very proud, things that were n't poetry and the joy of living at all. But I was far too young to know that just because you did belong to people like that, when you married a man you would sink your life in his. I have a feeling that within yourself your character stands like a rock, upon which all father's ideas could beat forever without changing it. But you never let that character make you into a force in the community apart from him. You have made his home perfect in every detail, but outside you are just his wife. Tell me, does that really satisfy you?'

Fabia's smile grew into a laugh. 'I seem very old-fashioned to you, do I not, dear child? It is not my age, either, for plenty of middle-aged women agree with you. It is quite in the air, is n't it, the independence of women, their right to choose their own path? I was invited to a reading of the *Lysistrata* the other day, and actually one woman said that she believed Aristophanes was only foreseeing a time when women would take part in the government! She was laughed down for that, but most of the others agreed that the whole progress of Society since Aristophanes's time was to be measured by the emancipation of women from the confines of the home and from intellectual servility. I, too, believe in the mind's freedom, but I notice that you all insist a great deal upon the rights involved in being individuals. I have never been able to see what you gain by that. My husband is a citizen of Rome. To be called his wife is my proudest title. It makes no difference to the state what I am or do of myself. I live to the state only through him.'

The younger woman had begun to speak almost before Fabia had finished, but the conversation was interrupted by the nurse coming for the child. Perilla returned to the house with them, declaring, with a laugh, that an hour with her boy at bedtime was more important than trying to change her perfect mother.

It was not yet time to dress for the birthday dinner which was to crown the day, and Fabia lingered on in the garden to watch the gathering rose in the sky above the tree-tops. An enchanted sense of happiness came to her in the silence of the hour. She did not agree with her husband that happiness was the main object of life, but she was very grateful to the gods, who had let her be happy ever since she was a little girl, left to the best of

uncles by parents whom she was too young too mourn, and had crowned the latter half of her life with a love which had made her youth immortal. She had been married when she was a mere girl to a young soldier who had not lived long enough to obtrude upon her life more than a gentle memory of his bravery. The bearing of a child had been the vital part of that marriage, and the child had come into her new home with her, leaving it only for a happy one of her own. Her husband's child had been like another daughter to her. And throughout the twenty years of her life with Ovid, joy had consistently outweighed difficulties. Insolent tongues had been busy with his faithlessness to her. But after the first fears she had come to understand that, although other women often touched the poet and artist in him, none save herself knew the essential fidelity and the chivalrous tenderness of the husband. She had accepted with pride his shining place in public regard. It was no wonder that he loved Rome, for Rome loved him.

A nightingale broke into song among the rose-bushes. Her face was like a girl's as she thought of her husband, with the fresh green grape-leaves above his vivid face, young as the gods are young, seeking her eyes with his. A faint smell, as of homely things, rose from the familiar earth. Lights began to appear in the windows of the villa. She had come to this home when she and Ovid were married, and this morning she had again offered her tranquil prayers to the Penates, so long her own. The happy years broke in upon her. Ah, yes, she and her husband had the divine essence of youth within them. But they had something finer also, something that comes only to middle age — the sense of security and peace, the assurance that, except for death, no violent changes lay ahead

of them. She had only to nurture, as they faced old age together, a happiness that was already in full measure theirs.

As she turned toward the house she met her husband, come himself to seek her. In the recurrent springs of all her after life the faint smell of the burgeoning earth filled her with an unappeasable desire.

II

The next week Fidus and Perilla started for Libya, leaving the two children with their grandfather rather than expose them to the dangers of the African climate. Ovid and Fabia spent the summer, as usual, in the cool Apennines, at the old family homestead at Sulmo. They lingered on into the autumn for the sake of the vintage, a favorite season with them, and did not return to their beautiful town house at the foot of the Capitoline Hill until late in October. While Fabia was absorbed in the household readjustments entailed by the presence of the children with their servants and tutors, and before social engagements should become too numerous, Ovid undertook to give the final polish to his *Metamorphoses*. Patient work of this kind was uncongenial to him, and he always welcomed an excuse to avoid it. At the end of November, Fabia's cousin, Fabius Maximus, of whom he was very fond, went to the island of Elba to look after some family mines, and he made his wife's business interests a pretext for a holiday in the best of company. He was to be back soon after the Ides of December for a dinner with Macer, his fellow poet, in honor of some friends of both from Athens.

On the morning of the sixth day before the Ides, a message came to Fabia from the Palatine, asking where Ovid was. The inquiry seemed flatter-

ing and Fabia wondered what pleasant attention was in store for her husband. As it happened, she saw no one outside her own household, either that day or the next, being kept indoors by the necessity of installing servants — sent down from the estate at Sulmo — in both kitchen and storerooms. She was, therefore, entirely unprepared for the appalling public news which her uncle, Rufus, brought to her on the second evening. There was something almost terrifying in the wrench of her mind from placid details of linen chests and pantries to the disasters in Cæsar's household. Augustus, without warning, at the opening of what promised to be a brilliant social season, had risen in devastating wrath. Julia, his granddaughter, her lover, Decimus Junius Silanus, and, it was rumored, several other prominent men, had been given the choice of accepting banishment or submitting to a public prosecution. Everybody knew what that meant. The courts would condemn relentlessly, and the only way to save even their lives was for them to leave Rome.

'But the brutal suddenness of it!' Fabia exclaimed. 'It seems more tragic, somehow, than her mother's punishment. Is n't everybody aghast? And do you think she has deserved it?'

Rufus looked very grave and troubled. 'It is not easy to know what one does think,' he said. 'There has been a great deal of boasting about our prosperity, our victories abroad and our lustre at home. But some of us who have been watching closely have felt that there was no security. The Empire has been created at a great cost and cannot be preserved at a lesser price. Insurrections have to be put down in the provinces, efficiency has to be maintained in the capital. It takes harsh courage, inflexible morals, to do all that. Augustus has feared and fought against degeneracy. Julia, and

Roman society with her, have defied his legislation, as her mother and her set defied it ten years ago. Imagine the grief and despair of our old Emperor! He must do something savage, drastic, irrevocable, to save his state. My heart breaks for him, and yet I cannot help pitying our imperial lady. With her light grace and her audacious humor, among our stern old standards, she has often made me think of a Dryad, moving with rosy feet and gleaming shoulders within the gloom of a black forest. All our family, Fabia, have been like the trees, but perhaps Rome needs the Dryads, too. What is moral truth?’

Fabia smiled suddenly. ‘Ovid would say it is beauty,’ she said. ‘That is an old dispute between us.’ Her face fell again. ‘He will be deeply distressed by this news. Julia has been very gracious to him, and he admires her even more than he did her mother.’

‘When is he coming home?’ Rufus asked.

‘I did n’t expect him till the Ides,’ Fabia answered, ‘but I think now he may come earlier. Cæsar sent yesterday morning to inquire where he was, and perhaps some honor is going to be offered that will bring him back immediately — a reading at the Palace, perhaps, or — But, uncle!’ she exclaimed, ‘what is the matter? You look so white! You are sick.’ She came near him with tender, anxious hands, and he gathered them into his thin old ones and drew her to him.

‘No, dear heart,’ he said, ‘I am not sick. For a moment fear outwitted me, a Fabian. You must promise me not to be afraid, whatever happens. Is it cruel to warn you of what may never come to you? But our days are troubled. Jove’s thunderstorm has broken upon us. Your husband is among the lofty. It is only the obscure who are sure of escaping the lightning. Send

for me if you need me. Remember whose blood is in you. I must go — there may yet be time —’

He kissed her forehead hurriedly and was gone.

Fabia never knew accurately what happened before the sun rose a second time after this night. Afterwards she recognized the linked hours as the bridge upon which she passed, without return, from joy to pain, from youth to age, from ignorance to knowledge. But the manner of the crossing never became clear in her memory. Details stood out mercilessly. Their relationship, their significance, were at the time as phantasmagoric as if she had been lost in the torturing unrealities of a nightmare.

Just after her uncle left she was called to the room of Perilla’s youngest child, who had wakened with a sore throat and fever. Against the protests of the nurse, she sat up with him herself all night, through the shadows that darkened her mind groping after some service to her husband. When she was an old woman she could have told what was carved on the cover of the little box from which she took the medicine every hour until the fever broke, and the color of the nurse’s dress when she hurried in at dawn. Practical matters claimed her attention after she had bathed and dressed. The doctor was sent for to confirm her own belief that the child had nothing more than a cold. The older boy’s tutor consulted her about a change in the hours of exercise. A Greek artist came with designs of new decorations for the walls of the dining-room. The forenoon passed. A cold wind, early herald of winter, which had been blowing all night, died down. A portentous silence seemed to isolate her from the rest of the city.

At noon Ovid came home. She felt no surprise. They clung to each other,

and when he spoke he seemed to be saying what she knew already. The words made little impression. She only thought how old he looked,—as old as she was herself. His voice seemed to reach her ears from a great distance.

He was to go away from her to the world's end, to a town named Tomi, on the terrible Black Sea. The formal decree had stated as the cause the immorality of his *Art of Love*. Yes, the volume had been published ten years ago, and he had enjoyed the imperial favor as much since then as he had before. The real reason had been explained to him by the confidential messenger. It was not safe for her to know. Her ignorance was better for them both. He had made a ruinous blunder—the Emperor called it a crime—but he was innocent of evil intent. No; there was no use in making any plea. He had talked it over with Maximus, although he had not told him anything more than he could tell her. Maximus had been sure that nothing could be done, that the publicity of a trial would result only more disastrously. The Emperor was clement, his anger might cool, patience might bring a remission of the sentence. The only hope lay in obedience. Maximus had not been allowed to return with him in the hurried journey by government post. The officers had held out little hope to him. A change had come over Cæsar. Banishment was banishment. '*An exile?*' No, he was not that, he still had his property and his rights,—she was no exile's wife! Yes, she must stay in Rome. It was futile for her to argue, Cæsar was inexorable.

She asked him when he must go. He said before another sunrise—tomorrow must not find him within the city limits. The words held no new meaning for her. What were hours and minutes to the dead? They talked

in broken sentences. She promised to comfort Perilla. He was glad his father and mother were dead. He hoped her daughter would come to her from Verona.

They were interrupted by the stormy arrival of a few friends—how few they were she did not realize until later. Rufus was the first to come, and she thought it strange that he should break down and sob while Ovid's eyes were dry and hard. Knowing the servants, he undertook to tell them what had befallen their master. Their noisy grief throughout the house brought a dreary sense of disorder. Sextus Pompeius arrived and, characteristically, out of the chaos of sorrow plucked the need of preparation for the long journey. He brought out maps and went over every stage of the way. Only the sea journey from Brindisi to Corinth would be familiar to Ovid, but Pompeius had seen many years of military service in northern stations from the Hellespont to the Danube, and knew what to recommend. Although Tomi was a seaport, he advised making the last part of the journey by land through Thrace. He knew what dangers to fear from the natives, what precautions to take against sickness, and what clothing and private supplies a traveler should have with him. They made out a list of necessary things and Pompeius sent some of the servants out to procure what they could before night. The rest could be sent on to Brindisi before the ship sailed; he would see to that. Fabia need have no care. It was a great disadvantage that they could not control the choice of traveling companions, but he would go at once and see if he could exercise any influence.

The packing consumed several hours. This unemotional activity would have strengthened Fabia, had it not had a completely unnerving effect on Ovid. The preparation for a wild and danger-

ous country seemed to bring him face to face with despair. He rushed to the fire and threw upon it the thick manuscript of his *Metamorphoses*. Looking with sullen eyes at the smouldering parchment, he began to talk wildly, passing from a protest that no one should see his unfinished work to a paroxysm of rage against all his poetry, to which he attributed his ruin. He walked up and down the room, pushed his wife aside and mumbled that he was going to take his own life. Only Celsus, who had come after Pompeius left, proved able to influence him. By a patient reasonableness he made headway against his hysterical mood and brought him back, step by step, to saner thoughts.

The servants, stirred to their duties by Rufus, brought in food, and Fabia made Ovid eat a little bread and fruit. The evening wore on. The December moon was mounting the sky. Voices and footsteps of passers-by were vaguely heard. In the distance a dog barked incessantly. Lights had been lit, but the usual decorum of the house was broken. The fire died upon the hearth. The children were brought into the room, roused from sleep and pale and dull with the unwonted hour. Midnight came and went. All sounds of city life died away. Even the dog ceased his howling. Ovid went to the window and drew aside the heavy silk curtain. The moon rode high over the Capitol. Suddenly he stretched out his arms and they heard him praying to the great gods of his country. At this moment Fabia's self-control, like a dam pressed upon too long, gave way. Except on ceremonial occasions, she had never heard her husband pray. Now, he who had had the heart of a child for Rome and for her was cast out by Rome and beyond her help. From her breast he must turn to the indifferent gods in heaven. She broke

into hard, terrible sobs and threw herself upon the hearth, kissing the gray ashes. Reckless of those about her, she prayed wildly to the lesser gods of home, her gods. From the temple on the Capitoline, from the Penates came no answer.

His friends began to urge him to start. His carriage was ready, he must run no risk of not clearing Rome by daylight. Why should he start, he asked with a flicker of his old wit, when to go meant leaving Rome and facing Scythia? He called the children to him and spoke low to them of their mother. The morning star had risen. Again his friends urged him. Three times he started for the door, and three times he came back. At the end Fabia clung to him and beat upon his shoulders and declared she must go with him. What was the Emperor's command to her? Love was her Cæsar. Rufus came and drew her away. The door opened. The cold night air swept the *atrium*. She caught sight of Ovid's face, pitifully white beneath the black mass of his disheveled hair. His shoulders sagged, he stumbled as he went out. She was conscious of falling, and knew no more.

III

Ovid's second birthday in exile had passed. The hope of an early release, harbored at first by his family and friends, had died away. None of them knew what the 'blunder' or 'crime' was which had aroused the anger of Augustus, and every effort to bring into high relief the innocence of Ovid's personal life and his loyalty to the imperial family simply made them more cognizant of a mystery they could not fathom. Access to Cæsar was easy to some of them, and through Martia, the wife of Maximus, they had hoped to reach Livia. But these high personages remained as inscrutable as they

were relentless. At times it seemed as if even Tiberius, although long absent from the city, might be playing a sinister rôle in the drama. All that was clear was that some storm wind, from the fastnesses of the imperial will, had swept through the gayety of Rome and quenched, like a candle, the bright life of her favorite poet.

It was easy to say that an astonishing amount of freedom was still his. His books had been removed from the public libraries, but the individual's liberty to own and read them was in no way diminished, nor was the publication of new work frowned upon. In the autumn before his banishment Ovid had given out one or two preliminary copies of his *Metamorphoses*, and his friends now insisted that a work so full of charm, so characteristic of his best powers, so innocent of questionable material, should be published, even if it had not undergone a final revision. The author sent back from Tomi some lines of apology which he wished to have prefixed. He also arranged with the Sosii for the bringing out of his work on the Roman Calendar when he should have completed it. And he was at liberty, not only to keep up whatever private correspondence he chose, but to have published a new set of elegiac poems in the form of painfully candid letters to his wife and friends about his present life. A third volume of these *Tristia* had just appeared and more were likely to follow. He had an extraordinary instinct for self-revelation.

But in spite of this liberty to raise his voice in Rome, it was obvious that all that made life dear to Ovid had been taken away. The lover of sovereign Rome, of her streets and porticoes and theatres, of her forums and temples and gardens, must live at the farthest limit of the Empire in a little walled town, from whose highest tower a

constant watch was kept against the incursions of untamed barbarians. The poet, to whom war had meant only the brilliance of triumphal pageants in the Sacred Way, must see the rude farmers of a Roman colony either borne off as captives or sacrificing to the enemy their oxen and carts and poor little rustic treasures. The man of fifty, who had spent his youth in writing love poetry and who had never ceased to have an eye for Venus in the temple of Mars, must wear a sword and helmet and dream at night of poisoned arrows and of fetters upon his wrists. The son of the Italian soil, bred in warmth, his eye accustomed to flowers and brooks and trees and fertile meadows, must shiver most of the year under bitter north winds, sweeping over fields of snow which melted neither under sun nor rain, and in spring could watch only for the breaking up of ice in the Danube, the restoration of the gloomy plains to their crop of wormwood, and the rare arrival of some brave ship from Greece or Italy. The acknowledged master of the Latin tongue, the courted talker in fastidious circles, must learn to speak and write a barbarous jargon if he wished to mingle with his fellow townsmen. The husband with the heart of a child, whose little caprices and moods, whose appetite and health had been the concern of tender eyes, must learn how to be sick without food or medicine or nursing, must, before his time, grow old and gray and thin and weak, dragged from the covert of a woman's love.

It was spring again, and the late afternoon air which came through the open window by which Fabia was sitting was sweet with the year's new hope, even though borne over city roofs. Fabia had dwelt with sorrow day and night until there was no one of its Protean shapes which she did not know intimately. She had even attained to a

tolerance of her own hysteria that first night, when her uncle and her servants had had to care for her till morning. It was the last service she had required of others. Her daughter had hurried to her and spent weeks with her in watchful companionship. Perilla had come back in the summer and gone with her to Sulmo. But neither the love of the one child nor the grief of the other had passed into the citadel where her will stood at bay before the beleaguering troops of Pain. Those troops were newer to her than they usually are to a woman of her age. The loss of her child's father had brought regret rather than grief, and her will had been disciplined through the years only by the habitual performance of simple duties which had given her happiness. But, untaught, unaided, it slew her enemies and left her victor. Her daughters had long since given over worrying about her,—had, rather, begun again to draw without thought upon her generous stores. Only her uncle, who knew the cost of warfare better, still silently watched her eyes. He knew that her victory had to be won afresh every night, as soon as the ægis of the day was lifted. For a long time this had meant nights of dry-eyed anguish which threatened her sanity, or nights of weakening tears. Through these months her uncle had come to see her every day. He had not doubted the strength of her will, but he had feared that the strength of her body might be sacrificed to its triumph. Her long days of self-control, however, repaired the ravages of the night hours, and little by little her strong mind, from which she had mercilessly withheld all narcotics, reasserted its sway over her nerves. She recovered her power to think. A clear understanding of principles, by which she was to decide the details of conduct, had always seemed to her essential.

To-day in this favorite hour of hers, when the mask laid by a busy day over the realities of life began to be gently withdrawn, she had set herself the task of analyzing certain thoughts which had been with her hazily for over a week. On Ovid's birthday she had sent little presents to the grandchildren and had written her stepdaughter a letter which she hoped would make her feel that she was still the child of her father's house. In doing this she had been poignantly reminded of the birthday fête of two years ago, and of Perilla's sweetness to her, and of the conversation, so lighthearted at the time, about woman's place in the state.

Since then she had been wondering whether she should still be able to say that it was enough for her to be a wife. She was perfectly sure that she did not miss the outer satisfactions of being Ovid's wife. Except as they indicated his downfall, she did not regret the loss of her place in society or the desertion of many of their former friends. Indeed, she had welcomed as her only comfort whatever share she could have in his losses. But was it true that her life, as a whole, had no meaning apart from his? Had the hard, solitary fight to be brave meant nothing except that she could write her husband stimulating letters and help his child to take up again the joys of youth? She had found and tested powers in herself that were not Ovid's. What significance was there in her old phrase — 'the wife of a Roman citizen'?

She began to think over what Ovid's idea of citizenship was. She realized suddenly, in one of those flashes that illuminate a series of facts long taken for granted, that the time when he had shown most emotion over being a citizen was on the night he had left home, when he had insisted that he still retained his property and rights. On the annual occasions when the Emperor

had reviewed the equestrian order and he had ridden on his beautiful horse in the procession, he had always come home full of enthusiasm. But she had felt vaguely, even then, that the citizen's pride was largely compounded of the courtier's devotion to a ruler, the artist's delight in a pageant, and the favorite's pleasure in plaudits in which he had a personal share. That he loved Rome she had never doubted. He loved the external city because it was fair to the eye. He loved Roman life because in every detail it was free from all that was rustic, because it gave the prizes to wit and imagination and refinement. The culture of Athens had at last become domiciled in the capital of a world-empire. Ovid's idea of citizenship, Fabia said to herself, was to live, amidst the beauties of this capital and in the warmth of imperial and popular favor, freely, easily, joyfully.

And what was her own idea? Fabia's mind fled back to the days when she was a little girl in Falerii and her uncle used to come to the nursery after his dinner and take her on his lap and tell her stories until she was borne off to bed. The stories had always been about brave people, and her nurse used to scold, while she undressed her, about her flushed face and shining eyes. The procession of brave ones walked before her now, as a child's eyes had seen it — Horatius, Virginia, Lucretia, Decius, Regulus, Cato — men and women who had loved the honor and virtue demanded by Rome or Rome's own safety better than their lives. Her favorite story of all had been the one about her own ancestors, the three hundred and six Fabii who, to establish their country's power, fought by the river Cremera until every man was dead.

She had grown old enough to read her own stories, to marry, to tell stories to her child and to grandchildren, but

the time had never come when her heart had not beat quicker at the thought of men sacrificing life or children, will or well-being, to the need of their country. She had become a widely read woman in both Greek and Latin. Her reason told her that appreciation of beauty in nature and art, grace and elegance in manners, intellectual freedom and zest for individual development, were essential factors in the progress of civilization. She knew that if her husband had not believed in these things he could not have been the poet he was, and she believed that his poetry had done something for Roman letters which even Virgil's had not done. Not only had she loved, with the pure passion of her maturity, his charm and his blitheness and his gifted sensitiveness, but she had been proud of his achievement. His citizenship had satisfied her. But always, within the barriers of her own individuality, that faith which is deeper, warmer, more masterly than reason had kept her the reverent lover of duty and of honor, the passionate guardian of character, for whose sake she would deny not only ease and joy, but even, if the dire need came, beauty itself.

Their art the Romans had had to borrow. Their character they had hewn for themselves, with chisels unknown to the Greeks, out of the brute mass of their instincts. Its dignity, its constancy, its magnanimity, probity, and fidelity, Cicero had described in words befitting their massive splendor. To possess this character was to be a Roman citizen, in the Forum and on the battlefield, in the studio and the study, in exile and in prison, in life and in death. Ovid's citizenship, save for the empty title, had been ended by an imperial decree. In losing Rome he had ceased to be a Roman. His voice came back in cries in which there was no fortitude and no dignity. He was tiring

out his friends. Perilla no longer let Fidus see his letters. Even in her own heart the sharpest sorrow was not his exile but his defeat. Her love had outlived her pride.

The dreaded night was coming on. Would he moan in his sleep again without her quieting hand upon his face, or wake from dreams of her to loneliness? She rose impetuously and looked up through the narrow window. The sky was filled with the rose and gold of the April sunset. Of pain she was no longer afraid. But she was afraid to go on fighting, with nothing to justify her successive battles or glorify their result. Against the transfiguring sky rose the Capitol. Burnished gold had been laid upon its austere contours. Strength was aflame with glory. Suddenly an answering flame leaped within her. In that majestic temple dwelt the omnipotent gods of her country. Why should all her prayers be said to the Penates on her hearth? What did her country need, save, in manifold forms which obliterated the barriers of sex, the sacrifice of desires, the performance of duty, the choice of courage? The feverish talk of women about having rights had failed to hold her attention. Now, a mightier voice, rising from the graves of the dead, trumpeted from the lives of the living, filled her ears, calling to her, above the warring of her will with sorrow, to be a

citizen of Rome. She had neither arms nor counsels to give to her country. She could not even give sons, born of her body, taught of her spirit. She was a woman alone, she was growing old, she was ungifted; she would be nothing but a private in the ranks, an obscure workman among master-builders. But she could offer a victory over herself, a character hewn and shaped in accordance with her country's laws. Her husband's citizenship had dwindled to a legal fable. She would take it and weld it with her own and, content never to know the issue, lay them together upon the altar of Rome's immortal Spirit.

The new moon rose out of the radiant west. On another moonlight night she had fallen by the ashes of her hearth and prayed in futile agony to the gods of her home. Now she stood erect and looked out upon the city and with a solemn faith prayed to the greatest gods. Later she slept peacefully, for the first time in fifteen months, as one whose taskmaster has turned comrade.

In the morning her uncle, who had been in Falerii for a few weeks, came to see her. He looked keenly into her eyes as she hastened across the wide room to greet him. Then his own eyes flashed and with a sudden glad movement he bent and kissed her hands. 'Heart of my heart,' he said, 'in an exile's house I salute a Roman.'

‘LOOKING LITERARY’

BY ALEXANDER BLACK

IN *The Real Thing* Mr. James expresses a disenchantment the like of which, it is to be feared, has come to many another. ‘It was a truth,’ he says, ‘of which I had for some time been conscious that a figure with a good deal of frontage was, as one might say, almost never a public institution.’

Such a disenchantment may well be gradual and reluctant, for even the most sordid science seems to foster an expectation that phenomena will, in some recognizable degree, ‘look the part.’ To be sure, we may early encounter the shock of discovering that Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, Grant, had no heroic proportions, that they were little men, as men go; but history and poetry alike see to it that these figures are invested with abundantly identifying marks of greatness. We may have learned, then, to spare mere stature, dubiously as we may have done it in the case of the fighters, without altogether giving up hope that the natural lapse may be corrected in later evidences.

Mr. Howells has commented somewhere upon the popular attitude of mind as illustrated in the familiar remark, ‘I thought he was taller.’ That the marked man should be discovered not to be tall is, unquestionably, a fact perennially disappointing, even after something like resignation has been acquired. A stunted hero retains the capacity to give us a pang, even when he is not making Wagnerian love to a towering Brünhilde.

This attitude of mind is evidently

not essentially vulgar or even juvenile. Writers of eminence have not been immune from the habit of halting before brevity of stature in other writers, for example, even when the discoverers are not so candid as Carlyle, who quite inevitably pounced upon De Quincey as ‘one of the smallest men you ever in your life beheld,’ and found Macaulay ‘a squat, thick-set, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty.’ The rather brutal tautology in the description of Macaulay had, of course, collateral provocation. You will guess what it was. Margaret Fuller, whom the caustic philosopher in Cheyne Walk set down as ‘a strange, lifting, lean old maid,’ remarked that ‘the worst of Carlyle is that you can’t interrupt him.’ Macaulay, who was a pretty good torrent himself, with plenty, as Emerson put it, of ‘fire, speed, fury, talent, and effrontery,’ tried the impossible, and got all three adjectives. How much worse Miss Fuller might have fared is to be judged from Carlyle’s memorandum that she was ‘not nearly such a bore as I expected.’

Thus it was inevitable that George Ticknor should observe that Schlegel was a ‘short, thickset little gentleman,’ and that he should, apparently, be relieved to find Goethe ‘something above middle size.’ To be only ‘something above middle size’ seems only vaguely alleviating, but it serves the purpose of rescue from the class that is more sharply noted. If Chesterfield, for instance, could have grown perhaps a couple of inches further, Thackeray’s

picture of him as 'a little, beetle-browed, hook-nosed, high-shouldered gentleman,' would have been shaven of at least its most accusatory term. And the term often is an implement of resentment. Lamb was irritated when he picked out a London contemporary as 'a middle-sized man both in nature and understanding.' Of course, even face-to-face opportunity does not always assure conclusive estimate. Miss Hawkins says that Walpole was tall; Pinkerton as flatly declares that he was short, though both agree that he walked 'as if the floor were wet.'

And here is our great difficulty when it comes to calling up images of the literary great by the agency of personal testimony. 'Figure,' says Carlyle, 'a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund and relaxed, with a watery mouth, a snuffy nose, a pair of strange, brown, timid, yet earnest-looking eyes, a high tapering brow, and a great bush of gray hair; and you have some faint idea of Coleridge.'

Not so faint an idea, perhaps, if we went no further. But how shall we reconcile the Carlylean brutality with Wordsworth's portrait of the 'wrapt one with the godlike forehead, the heaven-eyed creature'? It is such disparities that might well drive us to a Cubism which forgot the outward and visible signs altogether, and showed us Genius in a geometrical litter.

Yet it is just these outward and visible signs that are least likely to go unsought and unmentioned. Neither nicety nor ardor of description has ever seemed certain to insure forgetfulness of the outward shell. No adversities of contact deter us from eagerly reading descriptions which may disturb, or from writing the same sort of thing to jostle someone else's preconceptions. Sometimes, it is true, the meeting or the description may be pleasantly or at least interestingly corrective. 'Instead

of having a thin and rather sharp and anxious face, as he has in his pictures,' writes Professor Ticknor, after his meeting with Byron, 'it is round and open, and smiling; his eyes are light and not black; his air easy and careless, not forward and striking.' But we shall meet our shock, you may be sure, before we have gone far. We shall have idealized a Fielding, then wince to learn that 'a few pensive lines about the nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been there.' We shall have developed a fine reverence for Dr. Johnson, then run across a description of the spectacle he presented at dinner. Indeed, the anguish of discovering that our giant is not tall will pale before vastly more distressing readjustments.

Yet we shall, it seems, go on hoping if not expecting to objectify our ideals and our prejudices. The instinct cannot be wholly sentimental. Though we may be piqued by the paradoxes, surely there is something elementally practical in this expectation that 'looking the part' will become a fact. Despite Macbeth, there surely is an art 'to find the mind's construction in the face,' — an art to be questioned, to be sure, when it is made a profession, yet one not at all in contempt when it is practiced by individuals. Nothing in post-Darwinian science seems to scold us for the expectation.

Moreover, since life imitates art, there must be psychic pressure which will stamp its influence, however subtly, on physiognomy, and if Epictetus was serious in saying that 'we ought not even by the aspect of the body to scare the multitude from philosophy,' it need not be entirely fanciful to suspect that exponents of literature have felt the same obligation with regard to the multitude. Indeed, Mr. Zangwill dares assert that Tennyson 'dressed for the part almost as well as Beerbohm Tree could have done.'

This influence of the multitude is to be reckoned with. Max Müller, who was astonished that English universities should try to develop manliness without dueling, admitted that in German universities 'pistol duels are usually preferred by theological students, because they cannot easily get a living if the face is scarred all over.' While Epictetus, like the clergyman, was influenced with regard to the 'aspect of the body' by the conditions surrounding the delivery of philosophy in person, and while the literary man is not commonly a man of the forum but of the study, the chance that the writer may hide behind his book grows daily smaller. The psychological century is the most pictorial of all.

Epictetus did not specifically insist that the philosopher should look like a philosopher. Max Müller has not said that the clergyman must look like a clergyman, but the multitude will, you may be sure, go on matching the mask to the fact. Gil Blas found Dr. Sangrado to have 'a medical face.' Lucky Dr. Sangrado, to fulfill all logical requirements and escape the halting obscurations! Shakespeare, who lived before photography, is assumed to have looked sublimely poetical, and thus avoids infinite explanation of one sort at least. Nowadays, shouldered by the camera, the painter must be so literal that we cannot hope to beg the question. Even Futurism does not sweeten the details.

'He does not look like a literary man.' There you have it, much reiterated, in newspaper descriptions, in 'literary gossip,' current and between stiff covers. How he should look, to look literary, we are never told. How he does look now that he does *not* look literary, we are informed in a thousand phrases. To get at the theoretic image we must creep by the eliminations.

In earlier times it was different.

There can be no pretense that genius ever advertised itself by infallible signs. But there were good old days when you were supposed to tell a poet as quickly as you would a policeman. This must have been a great comfort. If you doted on poets you could be grateful for the label that made it easy to pick them out. If you disliked poets, or if you were merely conservative about them, you might be equally grateful. The long hair was an immense help to the imagination — to the poet's, I have no doubt, as well as to the spectator's. It became a sign, and much of humanity joins the Tammany chieftain in welcoming the 'symblem.'

The danger always was — and it came in for remark long before Mr. James's skepticism as to the 'public institution' — that ample locks and a Byronic collar could be acquired by persons who were not literary at all, much less poets or real Parnassian toffs of any sort. Nature will have its joke and men will connive. If no one could be so great as Daniel Webster looked, I have no doubt that no one could be so transcendently literary as some of the counterfeits have succeeded in looking.

But this does not change the fact that the poet, for example, once was standardized. There are a thousand descriptions which prove the existence of an accepted mould for the literary personality, though most description goes by resentment of variation. Goldsmith reminded Miss Reynolds of 'a low mechanic,' particularly of 'a journeyman tailor.' Rogers was never forgiven for being ugly — so gracious an observer as Mr. Whipple saw 'something withered and ghastly in his appearance.' The same writer was quite sure that Lewes was 'one of the homeliest men in Great Britain.' Miss Evans said that he looked like a 'miniature Mirabeau,' though she afterward

(that was a richly significant afterward for both!) admitted that 'he is much better than he seems.' DeQuincey was well enough pleased with the head of Wordsworth, but Lamb's head, he declared, 'was absolutely truncated in the posterior region — sawn off, as it were, by no mean sawyer.'

Tennyson was an instance of the popularly acceptable type. Mrs. Carlyle, who evidently regarded him as extraordinarily handsome, discerned 'something of the gypsy' in his appearance, and for her this was 'perfectly charming.' Comments on the impressiveness of Tennyson recall the ardor of Pope in ascribing to Wycherley 'the true nobleman look.' But of all handsome authors our own Motley appears to have been most fervently described. Lady Byron declared that he more resembled her husband than any person she had ever met. To Wendell Phillips this was not praise enough, for he insisted that Motley was handsomer than Byron. Bismarck, who met the American at Göttingen University, says that Motley's 'most striking feature' was his 'uncommonly large and beautiful eyes,' and that he 'never entered a drawing room without exciting the curiosity and sympathy of the ladies.'

However we may hesitate to commit ourselves to any theory of form, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Dr. Hale, all surely 'visualize well'; so well that the vivid impression of their utter distinction might easily embarrass any effort to determine the later type.

And when we turn to the later type it is difficult not to feel that the last vestiges of picturesqueness are slipping away to join the periwig, the lace, the buckles, and the snuff-box. For the Delilah of convention has shorn the world. Can the august modern author feel the complacency of Mr. Pepys when he had used his new 'razer' after a

week of lying fallow? 'How ugly I was yesterday,' he bursts forth in his diary, 'and how fine to-day!' Are we to watch the ruthless snipping of the new *Zeitgeist* without a word of protest?

The hard contemporary fact is that the gloriously maned authors are becoming sadly rare, even rarer than long-haired actors. The long-haired musician is still with us, though one of the most eminent masters of the piano-forte has yielded something to the modern spirit by submitting briefly to the shears. Individual age has here a potent influence — age, or the getting through with things. What a wonderfully picturesque person Dickens was at twenty-five! And how matter-of-fact at forty! Browning suffered a similarly sobering and averaging effect. The same thing is true of many other figures in that period, and it is not easy to guess whether the changing fashion set in during their middle years, or whether advancing age would have effected the same change in any case.

Those of us who feel bereaved by the departure of the endeared aureole from the head of the type will dwell with the greater warmth of feeling upon memories inspired by Mark Twain, by George Meredith, by Parke Godwin, by Donald G. Mitchell, by Joaquin Miller, as well as by the bearded ones, like Fields and Scudder and Stedman and John Fiske. It may be that my impression of John Fiske's head was affected by the bigness of the man, but surely that head was more than ordinarily impressive. Beecher one day called to one in his audience to join him on the platform. 'Come up here, you shaggy man!' was his challenge. It was Edward Eggleston. But, alas! Eggleston trimmed that splendid mane in his twilight years — a calamity as profound, it seemed to me, as if Walt Whitman had trimmed his.

It might, then, be urged that a

change of fashion has made identification of the literary man a nicer, a more exacting matter, though this would be to affront the tradition that there really is a 'literary face.' But it does not at all explain why literary men are so frequently held to look specifically like something else.

Close upon twenty years ago one critical commentator noted that Ibsen 'did not look like a poet,' but 'like a prosperous railroad president.' It was earlier, I think, that I read of George William Curtis as looking 'the beau ideal of the English country gentleman.' Mr. Davis described Coppée, seen at the Grand Prix, as 'suggesting a priest or a tragic actor.' James Payn looked 'more like a prosperous physician than author.'

Again 'prosperous,' mark you. There is something in that which should, perhaps, be examined. Mr. Howells is not so often described as looking like a 'prosperous banker' as he was, say, a score of years ago. Evidently the phrase has had its day. Authorial prosperity has become trite. New descriptives are needed. Yet what other prosperous thing *can* you look like after you have looked like a prosperous banker? Most of us would be willing to stop there.

And having ventured among the moderns, is there any entirely proper form in which I may, conscientiously, offer the opinion that the evidences to-day are strangely puzzling? John Burroughs and Dr. Mitchell certainly seem to touch the traditions. So does Hall Caine, and perhaps Barrie. But Kipling, and Hardy, and Hewlett and Riley and James we are likely at any moment to see designated as typifying some abstractly professional or merely

gentlemanly embodiment. Chesterton, though he suggests Dumas, is no more literary looking than Conan Doyle or H. G. Wells. I have not seen Sir Gilbert Parker for many years, but here is a photograph of him talking to Edward VII, and it is evident that, so far as traditional signs go, he might be no more differentiated than a king.

These personal contentions are made in the face of the fact that some one with a Futurist perspective will rise to insist that 'there ain't no such animal,' which would be equivalent to maintaining that looking literary is, or has been, either a trick or a delusion. This cynicism belongs with the ancient superstition that the feminine literary type was to be traced by its clothes. If the clothes were antiquated, particularly if they did not fit, the lady was literary. Happily this absurdity is obsolete. Now that literary women are (as I am told) quite commonly fashionable (fancy a 'hobbled' blue-stock-ing!), even the clothes flippancy cannot aid in an identification that always was precarious.

Let us not be diverted by skepticisms. Science and sentiment alike point to the probability that the type still holds true if there be eyes to see. It is not a matter of asking for any reiteration of the 'serene Olympian beauty' of Goethe, not a matter of objectifying either the ascetic or the rebellious on archaic lines, or of risking the receipt of a fling like that of Henley at Thackeray as 'representing the gentlemanly interests.' Surely it is a matter of re-standardization, under the correcting influence of which we shall, like Hogarth, be able once more, and with closer nicety of discrimination, to 'see the manners in the face.'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE VALUE OF SENTIMENT

'No one can fail to see,' writes Miss Repplier, in an article on 'The Cost of Modern Sentiment,' in the *May Atlantic*, 'that sentiment is the motor-power which drives us to intemperate words and actions.' This is true, and no one can fail to see, who reads history and psychology understandingly, that emotion, or sentiment, is the motor-power which drives us to most of our words and to all of our actions, and hence to our foolish as well as to our wise ones.

It seems as impertinent to quote a classic to Miss Repplier as to the ghost of the scholarly Tomlinson, and yet it was 'writ in a book' that 'the chief component of the mind is feeling'; that 'no movement is made but what is preceded by a prompting feeling, as well as a prompting thought'; that in all of our actions 'the emotions are the masters, the intellect is the servant.' William James says, 'Every pulse of feeling which we have is the co-relate of some neural activity that is on the way to instigate a movement.'

To-day the dominant world-movement that is being instigated by emotion is the new religion of social reform. Like all religions in their early stage of active eruption, it is so hot and vehement that some weak minds are swept from their moorings by excess of feeling. But even the extremest manifestations of this new fervor are calm and rational compared with the excesses of the religionists who were flagellants, penitents and crusaders — when whole nations gave up their lives in the hope of seeing the walls of Jerusalem. In

spite of our wonder at the trances and scourgings of frenetic piety, we still must realize what tremendous actualities were instigated by the wills set in action by that emotion. Out of those unparalleled raptures of the past, that stamped the stigmata upon ecstatic palms, grew the most substantial monuments, in governments and in stone, ever raised by the hands of man; just as from the passionate desire for liberty and fraternity, of the maddest revolution of modern times, has come the inspiration of those governments which have, at least for their ideal, the rights of man.

From our new religion, with its heightened sense of shame and responsibility, — its anguished sense of failure as a brother's keeper, — have come inevitable exaggerations: a self-accusatory pity for the prostitute, an unreasoned compassion for the criminal, a brooding over the unmerited sufferings of animals; the old, familiar prostrations of the spirit before the symbols of sorrow, but grown how gentle with the lapse of time! We knew stronger, stranger raptures when the world was young, in the *auto-da-fé*, in the torturing of the Jews, in trances and genuflexions before the handkerchief of St. Veronica, in foot-washings of beggars, embracings of lepers, in the hair shirt and the scourge. To-day's excesses contrast soberly with all that, and make us ask ourselves if we have grown a feeble folk, that we take our new revival so sanely.

When we have fully realized that it is only under super-heated human emotion that the big lump of selfish humanity becomes malleable to great and

disinterested ideas, that the 'cake of custom' can only be melted at white heat, we no longer cry out that certain mutable parts of the mass splash over and form into fantastic shapes.

History shows, a hundred times over, that the inevitable order of social growth is, first, passion with the conception of the new ideal, then its birth and modification. If enthusiasm and moderation could be produced together, enthusiasm would be stillborn, and with this loss the world would lose its power to create new horizons and new moralities. Each 'Thou shalt not' that has been written in man's actual code — not in his decalogue of prophetic vision — has been written with a finger of fire. If excitement were absent from the making of this new mandate, we should be justified in fearing that we are having only one more sterile, intellectual vision, and not the stuff of which realities are made. From the fervor of the present movement we have reason to hope that the emotions of the whole people are becoming involved, and that the great mass is warming toward its next remoulding.

All that was said for sixty years in Congress, with what Miss Repplier would commend as 'good taste and judgment,' was less influential in arousing public sentiment, and therefore public action, against slave-owning, than the emotional and inexact pictures of plantation life — so hotly resented by the South — in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And if, to-day, the factory-slave, in turn, has raised to her defense the trembling voices of impassioned advocates, we may be sure that they will do more toward building up for her substantial justice, than the measured utterances of impeccable debaters. The value of this type of fiction is not in exact scientific statement, its value is in its personal and emotional appeal,

because in such wise, and no other, is man brought to a conviction of sin, and his will prepared for the sacrifice of his selfish interest to the larger interest of society. It was not abstract considerations of justice that shaped Lincoln's convictions about human slavery into the purpose that set itself when he cried out, 'If I ever get a chance to hit this thing, I'll hit it hard'; it was seeing just one Negro girl standing on the auctioneer's block and facing a crowd of leering dealers in human flesh. If sentimentality will do harm, as Miss Repplier points out, it is equally true that without emotion we shall do nothing. It is not so much that 'a campaign cannot be directed by a debating society,' in Macaulay's much-worn phrase, as that it will not be directed by a debating society.

Perhaps the real difference of opinion lies in whether or not we want to see things changed so much that we are willing to accept the full cost of change. Miss Repplier speaks of our 'safety,' and she says that we cannot 'even afford errors of taste and judgment' to-day. This talk of our safety has always had within it the lurking element of humor. The same grim humor that the prudence of the man in the life-boat has for the man in the open sea. But there are many besides the drowning who are questioning this safety. Is it, they ask, the safety of children in factories, or of their fathers, who cannot earn enough to keep them? Or is it the safety of segregated prostitutes, or of widows who cannot hold their families together?

None of these are new things to the intelligence, but men and women are feeling them differently, hotly. A new, emotional ethic is forming in their hearts and consciences, the 'cold and neutral state of intellectual perception' is past. They, too, have seen things as they are, but they are not like the ageing

Fontenelle, they do not ask to die; they are full of the hot blood of youth that will gladly spend itself in labor, drop by drop, to make this world a fit habitation for the children of men.

HOT-WEATHER REFLECTIONS

EVERY one who has studied the code of popular weather-signs must have been impressed by its lack of hot-wave warnings. Winters of unusual length, intense cold and heavy snows, are foretold with abundant assurance, the indications of rain are listed and classified, in a half-dozen other lines the prophets seem to feel entire confidence in themselves; but every long term of heat takes us unawares. How are we to account for the silence of the weather-wise on this one point? Do not the squirrels, which lay in an extra store of food against a long winter, do something or other to prepare for the opposite extreme? There are the nuts whose mature shells indicate by their thickness the degree of cold to be looked for in the coming season: have they no hint to give us, in their embryo stage, of what to expect in July and August? Have the rabbits, whose coats are reputed to thicken in advance of a great fall in temperature, no hot-weather deshabillé to point us the other way? The oak and the ash are trusted in England to foretell, according to a rule of priority in budding, the coming of a wet or a dry season; cannot they do anything for us later? In Gloucestershire the gardeners watch for the mulberry tree to burst into leaf, as a sign that all the frosts are over; and the tradition is as old as Linnaeus which credits the teasle with closing its prickles at the approach of rain. Can none of these plant worthies forecast for us the advent of a torrid wave?

When once the wave has arrived, no course is left us but to make the best

of it. There are no clear avenues of escape from the heats of summer, as from the cold of winter or the rains of spring and autumn. A waterproof coat and umbrella and overshoes are panoply enough with which to brave the dripping clouds. Woolens and furs out-of-doors and a roaring fire on the hearth will render the worst fall of the thermometer contemptible. But with what defense can man provide himself against the terrors of the dog-star? It is out of the question to dwell continuously in a bath-tub or under a shower; there is a limit to the capacity of the normal human stomach for iced drinks; one cannot spend one's entire time exchanging damp for dry underclothing. Electric fans help a little, but, like sitting in grateful drafts, are attended with risks of influenza, neuralgia, and stiffened cords. Undoubtedly, we moderns who live in civilized communities burden our bodies with too much raiment in summer, and of the wrong sort. So convention-ridden are we that we feel disposed to apologize even for the shedding of that superfluous garment, the waistcoat. It is forty-odd years since women discarded, in the informal costume of the morning, a lot of silly wrappings, and adopted the sensible shirtwaist. Somebody organized a league, not so very long ago, for spreading the same wise fashion among the other sex; but it went the way of the single-season fad, and the best concession that can now be got from the typical male swelterer in the streets is an occasional removal of his coat, to be carried over the arm as a badge of subservience to grundism and a creator of almost as much discomfort there as when worn on the back. Even the starched-collar habit is too firmly fixed to be easily pried out, though the mercury go soaring among the nineties.

For those of us who are forced to spend most of our summers in cities,

there are a few consoling thoughts. One is that the severest heat does not prompt men to crime, as the social statisticians have found that the severest cold does. Another is that the worst temperature we are called upon to face falls a long way short of the endurance limit of the human body and brain, as proved by French experiments at the 250-degree level. Another comes from the discovery through the newspapers, with every prolonged hot wave, that we are 'breaking the record' in some line or other. This ought to be a stimulus to our pride; and if we wish to carry further the beneficent influence of mental suggestion, all we need to do is to compare what is happening to us with what has happened to various other peoples at various other times. For instance, when the encyclopedias tell us that in A.D. 627 the heat in France and Germany dried the water-sources and a multitude of people died of thirst; that in the battle of Bela, in 1260, more soldiers were killed by the sun than by the weapons of the foe; that in 1303 three great rivers of Western Europe went dry; that in a Russian city, in 1889, the noon temperature reached 144 degrees and a sunshade was necessary at five in the morning, we are bound to conclude that we are not so badly off, after all.

Already our age of invention has evolved ideas of artificial refrigeration which need only a little further expansion to enable us to rent offices or apartments with a cold-air and a hot-air supply pipe against every wall, and a landlord's guaranty that the temperature shall never, without the tenant's desire, exceed a certain limit in either direction. Then we shall be fairly independent of the changes of season, no matter if we are tied to the densely settled places.

Outside of a city, the most comfortable spot for a hot-weather so-

journ is a clean, roomy, natural cave. The Mammoth, in Kentucky, which is not patronized as a summer resort so much as it deserves, boasts a uniform temperature of 54 degrees throughout the year. Since not all of us can hope to find caves situated conveniently for our needs, those who cannot might do the next best thing and burrow underground on their own account. Is it too bold a prophecy that the time is coming when no rural home, of however modest pretensions, will be deemed complete without its hot-wave cellar, just as to-day on the windy prairies of the West, the cyclone cellar is a standard domestic institution? If we are obliged to live through superheated terms, why not enjoy life instead of merely enduring it? And surely, from the most practical point of view, it is as important to protect one's family from melting as from blowing away.

THE CAT AND THE BELL-COLLAR

It was, by sorrowful count, the twenty-seventh bird Fur-Cat had killed that spring — song-birds all, and protected by law from gun and trap, but not from claw and tooth. The decree went forth that Fur-Cat must be belled, and a bell-collar was accordingly procured. The offending one was called, and came, rubbing and purring against chair-legs and folk-legs all the way. With a touching confidence he submitted to having the collar fastened on, and it settled most becomingly into its place — a dash of red melting into deep gray fur. When he was released there was a moment of pause, then the purrings and rubbings changed to frantic clawings and chewings, aimed at the millstone and designed to remove it instantly and forever from the outraged person of Fur-Cat. There followed a dash through the open door and across the lawn.

We felt anxious. Would the fluffy neck be clawed to ravelings? Would insanity set in? Suddenly Fur-Cat reappeared, bounding lightly and gayly, scarcely touching earth. He came on, with little whirls and pirouettes, toying daintily with his tail; he leaped into the air to paw at some creature of his fancy, he chased imaginary worsted balls about over the grass and the piazzas. Finally, in a burst of enthusiasm born purely of his own mood, he shot up a tree and poised himself, in beautiful ease, on an upper branch.

We laughed, and we marveled a little too. Fur-Cat was not young, the days of his kittenhood lay in a dim past. Yet now the kitten in him had reasserted itself — nay, more than reasserted, for in his antics there had been not only all the gay and whimsical impulses of youth, but all the power of maturity. It was a complete, a satisfying, a deeply artistic expression of cat-nature in all its possibilities.

'If this is what a bell-collar can do,' we said, 'let us give all cats bell-collars.'

But why stop at cats?

For the incident set me wondering how a bell-collar could be provided for this or that friend of mine — picturing what the effect would be.

I fancy that most of us need to have worked in us just the change that the bell-collar brought about in Fur-Cat. Not that I desire to see every lady of my acquaintance bounding lightly about her lawn, or posturing in the tree-tops, or toying with fancied images of the air. These things were right in Fur-Cat because he was Fur-Cat. They were the expression of his nature and therefore beautiful. It is a correspondingly complete and satisfying expression of their inherent nature that I long for in the good ladies, and good gentlemen, of whom I am thinking.

It is, perhaps, a habit of the North-

ern races to repress extreme impulses. It is certainly a habit of the New Englander. Do we not know many and many a character whose natural colors are veiled — are overlaid indeed — with the deep gray of reserve or the pale gray of hesitation? These are they whom I want to draw to me for a moment, slip on the bell-collar, — and then see!

Sometimes I have watched this very thing happen. There is, for instance, a young man who in ordinary life is bound hand and foot by his own self-consciousness. Eye and tongue are held in slavery to it, and he walks as one compelled, looking neither to the right nor to the left. He sits, as it were, always on the edge of his chair. But give him a rag or two of costume, and a song to sing, and a miracle is wrought. He grows taller, his step is firm and elastic, his bearing has the grace of complete ease, he looks the world gayly in the eye, he not only sings his song and acts his part, but he flings out extempore witticisms and meets unforeseen emergencies with blithe unconcern. On a wave of sympathy and success he is carried, not out of himself but into himself. He enters into possession of his own personality.

And when the bell-collar is off, is the spell over? Not quite. Something remains. Each time the transformation is effected it leaves behind it traces. Some day, I believe, he will no longer need the material bell-collar. He will carry one, as Rosalind did *not* carry her doublet and hose, in his disposition.

There are many to whom the bit of rag and the song, or the speech, bring a similar emancipation. But there are more for whom these would never break chains, but rather fasten them tighter. Fortunately, there are other bell-collars, and not the least among them is raiment. Undoubtedly clothes are abused, yet they have their uses,

aside from those of protection. Look at Cinderella! Does any one suppose she would have come into her own place without the help of those gorgeous gowns and those little glass slippers? Does any one fancy her manners were the same, her eyes as bright, her wit as ready, when she sat among the cinders in her dingy rags? No indeed! The slippers and the gowns and the golden coach were an enfranchisement; they were her bell-collar. The Prince was never so dull as to fall in love with a thing of satin and glass. What charmed him was the adorable spirit within, which these had served to release.

Would that we had each of us a fairy godmother to fasten on us, at the right moment, just the right, the magic collar!

The world, out of fairy books, is chary in furnishing its fairy godmothers, yet most of us have friends at whose touch we become more truly and happily ourselves than at other times. They seem able to endow us, through some magic of their own, with the beauteous vestments and the glass slippers that free the spirit. These are our fairy godmothers. We do well to love them and pay them good heed, for through them we may enter into such possession of the precious gifts that we need have no dread of the striking hour. This, we must suppose, is what Cophetua did for his beggar-maid. At his glance, the queen in her blossomed, which later all the world could see.

Some there are, indeed, who are able to play the beneficent part, not to one alone, or to two or three, but to all whom they meet. They go among people flinging bell-collars to right and left. I have seen such a person come into a room, and instantly every one in it grew more vivid, more truly and happily individual. These fairy godmothers themselves are never quite

aware of the spell they exert; they think, perhaps, that the room was the same before they entered it. They see people, inevitably, with their bell-collars on, and to them the world never looks as it often does to the rest of us — a little colorless, a little dull, a little unresponsive.

Success to their magic wands! It is through them, if at all, that the boulevards of the world grow rich with golden coaches, and the assemblies of the world grow bright with the gleaming robes and crystal slippers of spiritual enfranchisement.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEA-CAKES

THERE is a fine art in choosing the food that shall be served with afternoon tea. Although the true lover of the cup concedes that no sort of blunder can wholly destroy his exaltation, yet he admits that his joys may be inexpressibly enhanced by a wise discrimination in what is set before him.

Of muffins and tea we have heard much, and who is there to deny the succulent ecstasy thereof? Toast, well buttered and even jammed or marmaladed, has, too, its own unassailable propriety when taken with The Beverage. Of all kindred dishes one needs not much to speak. No voice can justly be raised against them; yet they are of the tea-room, the dining-room, the A.B.C.; not of the drawing-room, where one holds his cup and chats, refills, and chats again.

Anyone who serves wafers with tea is lacking in gastronomic imagination. Drinking tea and eating a wafer is like having a picnic in the wood-shed, or wearing an Easter hat with goloshes. It is a hueless compromise where there might be a vivid delight. Many otherwise excellent hostesses fail to perceive the relation between afternoon tea and its edible accompaniments. They will

serve you a hard obstinate biscuit that you break, red-faced, on the rim of your saucer, sending as likely as not, your cup bouncing over the other edge, and your tea splashing into your neighbor's lap; or they generously provide you with a huge, gelatinous cube of cake that adheres to your saucer, and renders you temporarily web-fingered, the while you attempt to formulate an epigram on Henry James, or discourse glibly as to why women like men. There is yet another type of hostess who passes with your tea a dribbling sandwich, oozing salad-dressing at every pore and containing, half concealed, a malicious, indivisible lettuce leaf. People who thus fail of maintaining the fitness of things at the tea-hour have no genuine appreciation of the drink which they dispense.

A friend of mine divides the human race into two classes, — those who eat 'Nabiscos' with tea, and those who do not. For myself, I see nothing invidious in a liking for the frail, tasteless little slabs; they are neat and innocent to the eye, they leave no sticky crumbs, and they create no havoc with white kid gloves. If they are a trifle lacking in distinction, why, so are no end of estimable articles and persons in the world. I should, however, be inclined to place more stress upon a taste for caraway cookies. To me, a caraway cooky is a delectable tid-bit, losing nothing if eaten by itself, but gaining incalculably if nibbled with afternoon tea. Those who do not regard it with joy puzzle me a little, I confess. In what spirit, I ask sadly, do they look upon existence, if a caraway cooky fails to stimulate within them a pious gratitude for the privilege of living?

Some of the Chinese dainties are not bad — but that is the best that an Occidental can say of them. The flat rice-cookies derive their interest from the temples and grottoes and running

streams cameoed palely upon their discs. One eats them gingerly, conscious of the fact that he is sweeping away a country-side at a bite, and demolishing a whole landscape at one crunch of the teeth. They are, after all, ephemeral insipidities, quite incapable of pleasing the palate, though they may afford a moment's languid pleasure to the eye. There are, too, the Chinese cakes that come in blocks, like a quart of brick ice-cream, and peel off in layers, after the manner of a writing tablet; a red swastika appears smugly in the centre of every slice, guaranteeing good luck in the eating and no undue qualms afterward. These dainties are anæmic confections enough, that tease the tongue and distract the mind, but make not for that beatific blending of sense and spirit which is the consummate prerogative of afternoon tea.

The discerning tea-drinker finds nothing, perhaps, more appropriate to his mood than some variety of the old-fashioned pound cake. It has a delicate persuasiveness of its own when it appears upon the drawing-room horizon — smooth, golden, firm yet melting, topped with a deep brown crust, and scattered through with red sultanas or translucent parings of citron. Pound-cake in slices not too thick, piled upon a jade-colored Sedgi plate or one of blue-and-white Canton is a little hill of gold ingots, more seductive than Spanish bullion because less evanescent in its blessings. Still more satisfying to the demands of the occasion is the light sponge-cake baked with a rose geranium leaf in the bottom of the tin, — enchanting stuff, exhaling an aroma that puts it with the foods of high romance — not the dull substantials of every-day existence. And who would ask for substantials at afternoon tea? It is not a meal but a rite, founded in the hallowed past by — if not the Fathers, then one may justly say

the Mothers, and preserved by an unbroken apostolic succession of devotees. We dare not say that the food of the flesh in the hour of sacrifice is beneath the nicest consideration. Surely the Greek thought not when he brought forward to the altar his cakes of poppy-seed and honey.

It is fitting, then, that one select with judicious finger the viands that

one spreads before her guests when the tea-cup circulates at the dropping of twilight. There should be no too, too solid, over-unctuous, or deadly commonplace comestibles to destroy the perfect harmony of meat and drink. For with perfect harmony the gods are pleased, and thus in their beneficence they slip a gracious charm into all the recurring monotonies of human life.

LETTERS TO MR. BRADFORD

[MR. BRADFORD's 'Portraits' in the *Atlantic* have stirred many readers to express their likes and dislikes with freedom. On account of their intrinsic interest we print two or three from as many hundred. — THE EDITORS.]

DEAR MR. BRADFORD, —

It has always been a pleasure to read your articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*; in fact, it has well-nigh become a habit. So, anticipating my usual pleasurable half hour I read the article on Judah P. Benjamin which appeared in the last number of that excellent magazine.

That your point of view of Mr. Benjamin's life-activity should differ from mine is your prerogative. That in the course of your article you should have cast a slur upon his people, — my people too, — I cannot but feel to be outrageous and improper. Writing of his having made good a large note which he indorsed for a friend, you say that it was noteworthy for a Jew; such a remark is certainly aside from the supposed object of the article, and a gratuitous reflection upon a group in American life, whose commercial standing and integrity is at least up to that of

their Gentile neighbors and competitors, if not at times a little above it.

I feel certain that if you would take the trouble to look into the matter you might learn some mighty interesting things about the commercial morality of the Jew. I should like you to inquire into the Nipissing incident, in which the Guggenheims — now so prominent in public denunciations — showed a standard of commercial integrity rare in Wall Street or in any other financial quarter. I could tell you of an incident here in this city of an old Jewish money-broker who sacrificed a quarter of a million dollars to his sense of loyalty to a firm in difficulties, who at one time had been trusted clients. I might add several personal experiences, not least of which was the act of a small tailor, whose son I have the honor to be, who paid out the small — yet to him princely sum — of five thousand dollars rather than allow paper to be dishonored which bore his name as guarantor. And I am sure this list could be extended indefinitely.

I feel certain that, with the general prejudice prevailing even in such minds as yours against the Jew, had he not

treated his customers and clients in the business and financial world honorably he never would have attained the position he holds in those circles to-day. Jacob Schiff is still spoken of as the White Man of Wall Street, and in European circles Rothschild is synonymous with honor and steadfastness. What Mr. Benjamin did in this case was what every other Jewish or Christian gentleman would have done under the same circumstances; and surely no rogue, be he Christian or Jew, would have felt in honor bound to respond to the claim.

Why in God's name and in the name of truth, honesty, and justice, cannot gentlemen like yourself write a straight account of an historical character without dragging in perforce such asides as the one to which I have the honor of calling your attention in these lines?

Very respectfully yours,

MARTIN A. MEYER.

[*Rabbi Temple Emanu-el,
San Francisco.*]

DEAR MR. BRADFORD, —

Will you permit me to tell you how very much I have enjoyed reading your *Lee the American*? I had already seen some of the chapters, but I reperused them with the same pleasure with which I read the others. The book from beginning to end is scholarly, fair, and delightful, and I am glad, as a Harvard man myself, that Mr. Adams and yourself have been the means of showing Lee's character not only to the people of the North, but to us of the South as well. I am also immensely proud, as a Southerner and a great admirer of Lee, that two Massachusetts men see him in the same light that I do.

I wonder whether you have read *Stuart's Cavalry*, by John S. Mosby? It occurs to me that it throws some light on General Lee's anxiety at Gettysburg.

The fight there was brought on prematurely by Generals A. P. Hill and Heth, but General Lee accepted it, and found a little later that he had stumbled into a hornet's nest. No wonder he was anxious. It may be that this is the real reason of his statement that the battle and its result was all his fault. I think we should not place much confidence in General Longstreet's book. It was written when he was old and peevish, and his peculiar relation to the people of Georgia on account of his politics, the difference in the way he and Gordon were treated by them, etc., made the old gentleman very sore. He used General Lee's splendidly magnanimous letters to him after the war in a way he should not, and altogether he is not to be taken too seriously. As you of course know, his argument about Gettysburg is absurd, amounting to this, that he did not approve of Lee's plans, and General Lee knew it; therefore he should have ordered some other general to carry them out; therefore Longstreet is to be exonerated from blame in being so terribly slow on two occasions that the fate of the battle was possibly changed by it! Just or unjust, the opinion of practically all the men at Gettysburg is that Longstreet was to blame for the merely partial victory on the second day and the defeat on the third day. The late Major Weston, of the 26th N. C., once said to me with flashing eyes, 'If Stonewall Jackson had been at Gettysburg he'd have had Longstreet shot on the field for disobedience of orders.'

Splendid warrior as he was, General Longstreet was notoriously obstinate, ridiculously so. When he was besieging Knoxville, an old farmer went to him and told him that the Federals were receiving supplies by means of flatboats from the loyal Union people in the N. C. mountains, and that if the

French Broad were blockaded these boats could be stopped and the supplies diverted to the Confederates. Longstreet said, 'What nonsense! The French Broad comes into the Holston below Knoxville.' 'But, General, I know better, — I live just where the rivers come together, 5 miles above Knoxville, and I see the boats floating down.' For answer Longstreet showed him a military map on which some careless draughtsman had made the French Broad come into the Holston below Knoxville, and nothing the old fellow could say would change his conviction. So Dr. James Park, of Knoxville (who related the story to my father-in-law), hearing of this conversation, went himself to Longstreet, and corroborated the old farmer's story. By that time Longstreet was very cross, and dismissed Dr. Park almost roughly, nor did he even send scouts to find out. The whole Knoxville campaign showed how ill-fitted Longstreet was for a completely independent command.

But I have no right to take your time in making you read of matters about which you are doubtless more familiar than I, who am but a lay student of the war, as it were, in my spare hours. But I have always been a great admirer of General Lee, as I said before, and anything about him is of interest to me. So I thank you again for the treat you have given me and thousands of others in your book.

Very truly yours,

A. H. PATTERSON.

[*Dean of the University of
North Carolina.*]

DEAR MR. BRADFORD, —

In common with all who served under General Lee, I have read with sincere admiration your articles upon

him in the *Atlantic Monthly*. I do not know in all literature so profound a study of a man's character drawn from books and not from personal contact. I have to say that these articles have been read and re-read by my friends who served under General Lee, and their *entourage*, and we are grateful to the author. . . .

I beg leave to enclose to you some anecdotes of General Lee which you may not have seen, and which illustrate phases of his character, and beg you to return me the manuscript after you have read it.

There are two other stories of General Lee which you may not have seen: one his conversation with General Hampton after the War, in which he said that he did what he thought was right at the time and would do the same under similar circumstances again, referring to his resignation from the Army and acceptance of service in the Confederate States; and another his conversation with the Governor of Texas, at the White Sulphur Springs, in which (referring to Reconstruction) he said, 'If I had known what use they would make of their victory, I would have died with my sword in my hand and in the midst of my men.' If you have never seen these stories in print, I can send them to you.

Again expressing my profound admiration for your work, I beg leave to ask if the same will be published in book form, which we hope, as it will save us from the necessity of binding your articles taken from the pages of the magazine, which we would otherwise have to do.

Very truly yours,

FREDERICK M. COLSTON.

[*Formerly Captain C. S. A., and Assistant to Chief Ordnance Officer, Army of Northern Virginia.*]